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POETS AT PLAY:

A Handbook of
HUMOROUS RECITATIONS

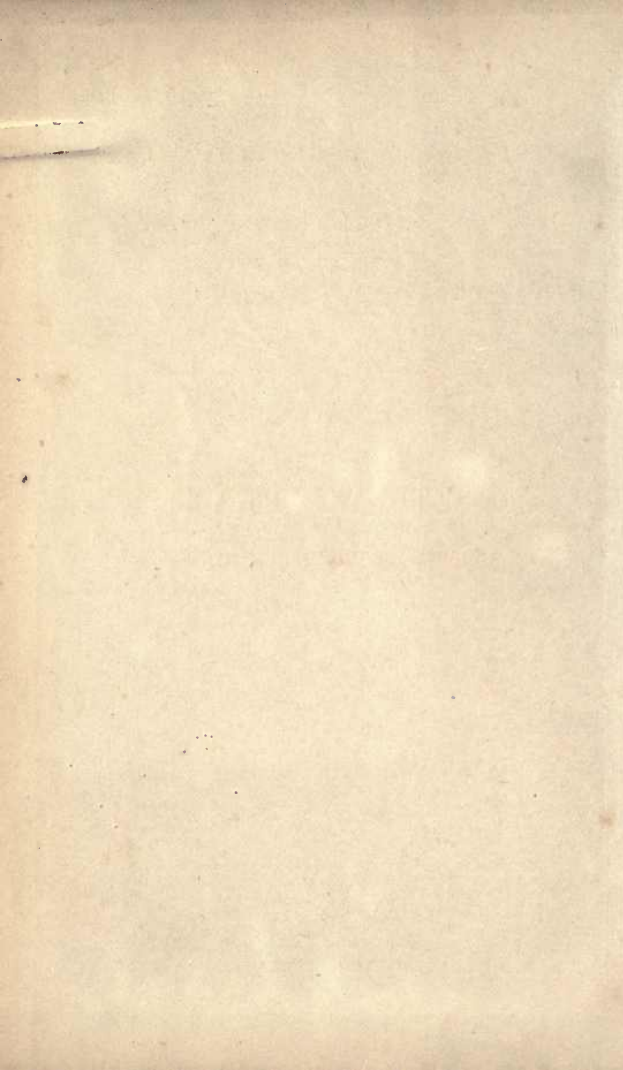
Edited by
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

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POETS AT PLAY:

A HANDBOOK OF HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE,

AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS," "POOR POLKS' LIVES," ETC.

VOL. I.

*"Our tribe never aims for the brow of Parnassus;
We seek no refreshing from Castaly's rill;—
Unheeding the great who mount upward and pass us,
We stop to play games at the foot of the hill."*

HENRY S. LEIGH.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE,

Queen's Printers:

LONDON: GREAT NEW STREET, FETTER LANE, E.C.

POETS AT PLAY:

THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE

BY THE REV. J. H. STODOLSKY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I. THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE

THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE

London:

PRINTED BY EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE,

Her Majesty's Printers,

DOWNS PARK ROAD, HACKNEY, E.

To
W. S. GILBERT,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A HEAVY DEBT,
WHICH WAS INCURRED TWENTY YEARS AGO
WHEN THE FIRST 'BAB' BALLAD APPEARED IN "FUN,
AND WHICH HAS BEEN ACCUMULATING, AT COMPOUND INTEREST
EVER SINCE.

F. L.

2015178

PREFACE.

IN presenting these poems to the public, I have not attempted any labelling or classification. I wished to let their authors appear as poets at play, not as poets on pins. My system of arrangement is therefore an elaborate absence of any. I feel sure that the reader will give his practical approval to my unmethodical method. He will flit from flower to flower with the *abandon* of a bee off duty. He will be perpetually dipping into a lucky bag ; a lucky bag, however, in which (an editor writing from Limerick may be permitted the phrase) even the blanks are prizes.

If the intelligent reader should complain (he is quite capable of doing it) that a good many of the poems are deficient in earnestness of tone ; that definite dogma is too little insisted upon ; or that the collection as a whole fails in logical cogency ; I fear that I should be compelled to admit the impeachment. I might, however, remind such an objector that even *Paradise Lost* has been held to prove very little ; and that a monkey-on-a-stick is not, primarily, a moral engine.

And yet—so far-reaching and beneficent are the functions of humour—I doubt if the finest temperance sermon ever preached be not Thomas Hood's lines, "A Drop of Gin." I doubt if any tract hits out, in the same cause, so effectually as G. R. Sims' "Christmassing à la mode de Slumopolis." I believe that the selfish folly of extravagance was never so powerfully rebuked as by W. A. Butler's "Nothing to Wear." If any one wants the philosophy of life crystallized from a profoundly Christian standpoint, I hardly think he will find it better done elsewhere than in Jefferey Prowse's "Learning the Verbs." Was self-negation ever more nobly taught than

by Bret Harte and John Hay? And—to come, last of all, even to definite dogma—what text-book of geology tells the story of creation with such pith and *verve* as Professor Blackie's "Song of Geology?" It is true that I have not as yet succeeded in fixing the somewhat elusive moral of "The Walrus and the Carpenter;" nor is "The King of Canoodle-Dum" obviously didactic. Still, I think I have made out my case that even those coming to poets at play for edification need not go away empty.

Again, a few super-sensitive people may take offence at a vivid expression here and there, or even at the exuberant vivacity of one or two whole poems. I have considered the case of these easily-upset digestions, and I would have provided for it if I could. My conscience, however, forbade my tampering with the text of my authors; and, after all, it is better to adapt one's *menu* to the appetites of healthy people than to those of dyspeptics or *malades imaginaires*.

I have endeavoured to maintain generally a high literary standard. When this has been lowered, there has almost always been some special justification. The piece has been admitted, either because it was peculiarly fitted for recitation, or because it represented exceedingly well some characteristic phase of humour which claimed recognition and illustration. I should mention here that for the absence of the names of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, "Bon Gaultier," Mr. George Outram, and Mr. F. Anstey, I am not responsible.

I hope that the collection, *en masse*, will represent adequately enough the humorous poetry which has been produced by England and America during, roughly speaking, the last hundred years. When, however, I have been able to give only one or two examples of an author's work, I have preferred, *ceteris paribus*, fresh to hackneyed pieces. From the domains—often almost unexplored—of living humorists I have been permitted to bring away many curiosities and treasures, and, whatever else may be alleged against the collection, it cannot be affirmed that it is not brought down to date.

The book is, ostensibly and actually, a collection of humorous recitations. I have, however, allowed the word "recitation" its fullest latitude. Not a few poems in these volumes which might possibly prove ineffective as platform pieces are precisely the things that one would like to repeat to a little gathering of friends. I have even in two or three cases, when authors of marked individuality have written nothing belonging to the order of recitations, admitted specimens of their humour on the sole claim of literary merit. With all deductions made, I trust that the collection will, as a whole, amply justify its title, and satisfy the needs of all sorts and conditions of humorous reciters.

The text of the various poems may in nearly every case be relied upon as that of the authorized version. Except in the instances of a few American poems, and of a few by anonymous authors—when shift has had to be made with the best copy that presented itself—the compositors have set up the type from the actual volumes, without the intermediary of a manuscript copy. The type itself has been carefully selected with a view to legibility and clearness.

And now, having said my say, I step aside, and heartily invite the public to join the poets at play. They will be found delightful companions—as kindly as merry; for the very core of humour is sympathy.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

September 28, 1888.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Editor desires to express his hearty gratitude to the many living Authors whose poems are quoted in these volumes, as well as to the representatives of several Authors deceased, for the ready courtesy which they have displayed in placing their copyrights at his disposal. He has also to thank, very sincerely, Mr. H. E. Clarke, Mr. W. A. Gibbs, Mr. Samuel K. Cowan, and Mr. Fred. W. Lucas, for the contribution to his pages of unpublished poems; and Dr. W. C. Bennett, Professor Blackie, Mr. J. Ransome Corder, Mr. J. S. Metcalfe, the Rev. Francis Meredyth, Major Norton Powlett, R.A., and Mr. B. Montgomerie Ranking, for much kind interest and for many valuable suggestions. Among Publishers and Editors, he is indebted to the following:—To Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, for two poems by “Agrikler;” to Messrs. R. Bentley & Son, for several excerpts from “*The Ingoldsby Legends*;” to Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., for three poems by the late Mr. Shirley Brooks; to Messrs. Cassell & Company, Limited, for a poem from “*Five Little Pitchers*;” and for “*A Lay of a Cannibal Island*,” by Mr. J. G. Watts, which originally appeared in “*Cassell’s Saturday Journal*;” to Messrs. Chatto & Windus, for poems by Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, and the late Mr. Henry S. Leigh, and, jointly with Mrs. Mackarness, for poems by the late Mr. J. R. Planché; to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Limited, for poems by Mr. Herman C. Merivale; to Mr. Samuel French, for “*Supers*” by Mr. H. Chance Newton; to Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner, for three poems by Mr. F. E. Weatherly; to Messrs. Ishister & Co., Limited, to Mr. Arthur Locker, of the “*Graphic*,” and to Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., for verses by the Editor himself; to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., in conjunction with the Author, for extracts from Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell’s “*From Grave to Gay*;” to Mr. J. M. Lowry, the Editor of “*A Book of Jousts*,” for poems by Mr. Samuel K. Cowan, as well as for poems by himself; to Mr. W. M’Gee, of Dublin, the publisher of “*Kottabos*,” for poems by respectively, Mr. Samuel K. Cowan and the late Mr. Hubert de Burgh; to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., for “*A Bit o’ Sly Coortèn*,” from the late Rev. W. Barnes’ *Dorset Poems*; to Mr. B. Montgomerie Ranking, representing the Proprietors of the volume called “*The Quadrilateral*,” for a poem by the late Mr. J. H. Gibbs; to Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, for several poems by Samuel Lover; to the Proprietors of “*The Spectator*,” for Mr. Charles L. Graves’ poem, “*The Galway Mare*;” to Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., for three extracts from “*Minora Carmina*;” to Messrs. Ward & Downey (in conjunction with the Author), for three poems from Mr. Edwin Hamilton’s volume, “*The Moderate Man*;” to Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., for extracts from the copyright poems of Thomas Hood, W. M. Praed, and “*Hans Breitmann*,” as well as for a poem by W. Basil Wake, taken from “*Hone’s Everyday Book*;” and to Messrs. John Wright & Co., of Bristol, for poems by “*Agrikler*.” To Messrs. Dalziel Brothers he is deeply indebted for the generous kindness with which they have made him welcome to the files of “*Fun*” and the volumes of “*Hood’s Comic Annual*,” with their store of good things; and to Mr. George Dalziel, personally, for more kind sympathy and help than he can ever repay—or forget.

For any possible trespass inadvertently made upon copyright preserves, he begs leave to tender in advance his sincere apologies.

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POETS AT PLAY:

A HANDBOOK OF HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

VOL. I.

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

It was a balmeous day in May, when spring was springing high,
And all amid the buttercups the bees did butterfly;
While the butterflies were being enraptured in the flowers,
And winsome frogs were singing soft morals to the showers.

Green were the emerald grasses which grew upon the plain,
And green too were the verdant boughs which rippled in the rain,
Far green likewise the apple hue which clad the distant hill,
But at the station sat a man who looked far greener still.

An ancient man, a boy-like man, a person mild and meek,
A being who had little tongue, and nary bit of cheek.
And while upon him pleasant-like I saw the ladies look,
He sat a-counting money in a brownsome pocket-book.

Then to him a policeman spoke, "Unless you feel too proud,
You'd better stow away that cash while you're in this here crowd;
There's many a chap about this spot who'd clean you out like ten."
"And can it be," exclaimed the man, "there are such wicked men?"

"Then I will put my greenbacks up all in my pocket-book,
And keep it buttoned very tight, and at the button look."
He said it with a simple tone, and gave a simple smile,—
You never saw a half-grown shad one-half so void of guile.

And the bumble-bees kept bumbling away among the flowers,
While distant frogs were frogging amid the summer showers,
And the tree-toads were tree-toadying in accents sharp or flat,—
All nature seemed a-naturing as there the old man sat.

Then up and down the platform promiscuous he strayed,
Amid the waiting passengers he took his lemonade,
A-making little kind remarks unto them all at sight,
Until he met two travellers who looked cosmopolite.

Now even as the old was green, this pair were darkly brown;
They seemed to be of that degree which sports about the town.
Amid terrestrial mice, I ween, their destiny was Cat;
If ever men were gonoffs,* I should say these two were that.

And they had watched that old man well with interested look,
And gazed him counting greenbacks in that brownsome pocket-book;
And the elder softly warbled with benevolential phiz,
“Green peas has come to market, and the veg’tables is riz.”

Yet still across the heavenly sky the clouds went clouding on,
The rush upon the gliding brook kept rushing all alone,
While the ducks upon the water were a-ducking just the same,
And every mortal human man kept on his little game.

And the old man to the strangers very affable let slip
How that jealousy policeman had given him the tip,
And how his cash was buttoned in his pocket dark and dim,
And how he guessed no man alive on earth could gammon him.

In ardent conversation ere long the three were steeped,
And in that good man’s confidence the younger party deeped.
The p’liceman, as he shadowed them, exclaimed in blooming rage,
“They’re stuffin’ of that duck, I guess, and leavin’ out the sage.”

He saw the game distinctly, and inspected how it took,
And watched the reappearance of that brownsome pocket-book,
And how that futile ancient, ere he buttoned up his coat,
Had interchanged, obliging-like, a greensome coloured note.

* *Gonoff*. A Scriptural term for a Member of the Legislature, or suchlike.

And how they parted tenderly, and how the happy twain
Went out into the Infinite by taking of the train;
Then up the blue policeman came, and said, "My ancient son,
Now you have gone and did it; say what you have been and
done?"

And unto him the good old man replied with childish glee,
"They were as nice a two young men as I did ever see;
But they were in such misery their story made me cry;
So I lent 'em twenty dollars—which they'll pay me by-and-bye.

"But as I had no twenty, we also did arrange,
They got from me a fifty bill, and gimme thirty change;
But they will send that fifty back, and by to-morrer's train——"
"That note," out cried the constable, "you'll never see again!"

"And that," exclaimed the sweet old man, "I hope I never may,
Because I do not care a cuss how far it keeps away;
For if I'm a judge of money, and I *reether* think I am,
The one I shoved was never worth a continental dam.

"They hev wandered with their sorrers into the sunny South,
They hev got uncommon swallows and an extry lot of mouth.
In the next train to the North'ard I expect to widely roam,
And if any come inquirin', jist say I ain't at home."

The p'liceman lifted up his glance unto the sunny skies,
I s'pose the light was fervent, for a tear were in his eyes,
And said, "If in your travels a hat store you should see,
Just buy yourself a beaver tile and charge that tile to me."

While the robins were a-robbing acrost the meadow gay,
And the pigeons still a-pigeoning among the gleam of May,
All out of doors kept out of doors as suchlike only can,
A-singing of an endless hymn about that good old man.

CHARLES G. LELAND: *Brand-New Ballads.*

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

COME here, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who " King David " was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
King David was a mighty man,
And he was King of Spain, sir,
His eldest daughter, " Jessie," was
The " Flower of Dunblane," sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
" Sir Isaac Newton," who was he ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Sir Isaac Newton was the boy
That climbed the apple tree, sir ;
He then fell down and broke his crown,
And lost his gravity, sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who old " Marmion " was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Old Marmion was a soldier bold,
But he went all to pot, sir ;
He was hanged upon the gallows-tree
For killing Sir Walter Scott, sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who " Sir Rob Roy " was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to
The King of the Cannibal Islands ;
He spoiled a pair of breeches, and
Was banished to the Highlands.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Then " Bonaparte," who was he ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Old Bonaparte was King of France
Before the Revolution ;
But he was kilt at Waterloo,
Which ruined his constitution.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who " King Jonah " was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
King Jonah was the strongest man
That ever wore a crown, sir ;
For though the whale did swallow him,
It couldn't keep him down, sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who that " Moses " was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Sure Moses was the Christian name
Of good King Pharaoh's daughter ;
She was a milkmaid, and she took
A profit from the water.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me now where " Dublin " is ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Och ! Dublin is a town in Cork,
And built upon the Equator ;
It's close to Mount Vesuvius,
And watered by the " Cratur."

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me now where " London " is ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.

Och ! London is a town in Spain,
 'Twas lost in the earthquake, sir ;
 The Cockneys murther the English there,
 Whenever they do spake, sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
 You're now a jintleman, sir ;
 For in history and geography
 I've taught you all I can, sir.
 And if any one should ask you now
 Where you got all your knowledge,
 Just tell them 'twas from " Paddy Blake,
 Of Bally Blarney College."

JAMES A. SIDEY, M.D.: *Mistura Curiosa.*

KING CANUTE.

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for years a
 score,
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and rob-
 bing more ;
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps
 sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and goldsticks
 great,
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped
 their jaws ;
 If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and
 young :
 Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite glee-
 men sung,
 Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold
 her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served to dinner, or the veal?"

"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair :

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care ?

Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one cried, "The King's arm-chair !"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,

Straight the King's great chair was brought him by two footmen able-bodied ;

Languidly he sank into it : it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered ! Where was glory like to mine ?"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed : "Where is glory like to thine ?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms ? Weary am I now and old ; Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold ; Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mould !

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent ! at my bosom tears and bites ; Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights ; Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires ; Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."—

"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant by-gones cease, my gracious lord, to search,

They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church ; Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

“Look ! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace’s bounty raised ;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised :
You, my lord, to think of dying ? on my conscience I’m amazed !”

“Nay, I feel,” replied King Canute, “that my end is drawing near.”

“Don’t say so,” exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).

“Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.”

“Live these fifty years !” the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

“Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute ?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do’t.

“Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn’t the King as well as they ?”

“Fervently,” exclaimed the Keeper, “fervently I trust he may.”

“He to die ?” resumed the Bishop. “He a mortal like to us ?
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus* :
Keeper, you are irreligious for to talk and cavil thus.

“With his wondrous skill in healing ne’er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet ;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

“Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still ?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.”

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop ?” Canute cried ;

“Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride ?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned toward the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat; Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat: Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey:
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

W. M. THACKERAY: *Ballads*.

TRIBULATIONS OF A HAM SANDWICH.

WHEN our lives are in the gloaming, and the night comes
hither fast,

Stern Mem'ry beckons back again the sunlight of the past.

The task becomes a torture as we sadly reckon o'er

The delights and the ambitions that are flown for evermore.

The last of my companions disappeared this very morn;

He has left me to my solitude, neglected and forlorn.

Alas! my sole employment is to heave the bitter sigh,

And recall my double birthplace in the cornfield and the sty.

But away, fond recollections! A distinguished Poet sings

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is rememb'ring happier things."

Why dwell on reminiscences that summon me so far,

While pining ignominiously within this tavern bar?

I vainly seek from dawn to eve to tempt the outer world
With coagulated mustard and a corner crisply curled.
The most untutored epicure would spurn me where I lie,
And the famine-stricken mendicant would coldly pass me by.

Can aught retard the wing of Time? Say, visionary wild,
Canst look to feel in middle age the freshness of the child?
The cruel hand of Destiny—no failing of my own—
Hath struck me down in sorrow here—stale, crumpled and alone.
Three days ago, or little more, my brief career began!
I then was topmost in the crowd, the leader of my clan.
We braved the rivalry of beef—of buns—of bread and cheese;—
We braved, to speak in metaphor, the battle and the breeze.

That merry time is over: it was yet for me to learn
All the horrors of an atmosphere that made my edges turn;—
And the fumes of the tobacco, and the odours of the drink,
And a hundred other miseries too deep for pen and ink.
While ghostly waiters flitted on their duty to and fro,
I courted public appetite where lunchers come and go;
But they deemed me all unfitted for their palates or their teeth,
So they lifted me, and bore away a friend from underneath.

And thus my life has crawled along till not a hope survives
But that of being bolted by the boy who cleans the knives:
I have my doubts about him—he's a hungry-looking brat,
But I hardly dare to fancy he would stoop so low as *that*!
I might be handed over to the kittens or the pup;
But my mustard is against me—they would cock their noses up.
I believe, if I were offered them for food this very day,
That the dog would never touch me, while the cats would run
away.

HENRY S. LEIGH: *A Town Garland.*



O'CONNOR'S WAKE.

AN IRISH FIDDLE TUNE.

To the wake of O'Connor
What boy wouldn't go?
To do him that honour
Went lofty and low.
Two nights was the waking,
Till day began breaking,
And frolics past spaking,
To please him, were done;
For himself in the middle,
With stick and with fiddle,
Stretch'd out at his ease, was the King of the Fun.

With a dimity curtain overhead,
And the corpse-lights shining round his bed,
Holding his fiddle and stick, and drest
Top to toe in his Sunday best,
For all the world he seem'd to be
Playing on his back to the companie.
On each of his sides was the candle-light,
On his legs the tobacco-pipes were piled;
Cleanly wash'd, in a shirt of white,
His grey hair brush'd, his beard trimm'd right,
He lay in the midst of his friends, and smiled.
At birth and bedding, at fair and feast,
Welcome as light or the smile of the priest,
Ninety winters up and down
O'Connor had fiddled in country and town.
Never a fiddler was clever as he
At dance or jig or *pater-o'-pee*;
The sound of his fiddle no words could paint—
'Twould fright the devil or please a saint,
Or bring the heart, with a single skirl,
To the very mouth of a boy or girl.

He played—and his elbow was never done ;
 He drank—and his lips were never dry ;
 Ninety winters his life had run,
 But God's above, and we all must die.
 As she stretch'd him out quoth Judy O'Roon—
 " Sure life's like his music, and ended soon—
 There's dancing and crying,
 There's kissing, there's sighing,
 There's smiling and sporting,
 There's wedding and courting,—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune ! ”

“ *Shin suas, O'Connor,* ”*

 Cried Kitty O'Bride—
 Her best gown upon her,
 Tim Bourke by her side—
 All laughed out to hear her,
 While Tim he crept near her
 To kiss her and cheer her
 At the back o' the door ;
 But the corpse in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,

All done with diversion, would never play more !

On the threshold, as each man entered there,
 He knelt on his knee and said a prayer,
 But first, before he took his seat

 Among the company there that night,
 He lifted a pipe from O'Connor's feet,

 And lit it up by the bright corpse-light.
 Chattering there in the cloud of smoke,
 They waked him well with song and joke ;
 The gray old men and the *cauliaghs* † told
 Of all his doings in days of old ;
 The boys and girls till night was done,
 Played their frolics and took their fun,
 And many a kiss was stolen sure
 Under the window and behind the door.

Andy Hagan and Kitty Delane

 Hid in a corner and courted there,
 “ *Monamondioul !* ” cried old Tim Blane,
 Pointing them out, “ they're a purty pair ! ”

* “ Play up, O'Connor ! ”

† Old women.

But when they blushed and hung the head,
 "Troth, never be shamed!" the old man said;
 "Sure love's as short as the flowers in June,
 And life's like music, and ended soon—
 There's wooing and wedding,
 There's birth and there's bedding,
 There's grief and there's pleasure
 To fill up the measure,—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

At the wake of O'Connor
 Great matches were made,
 To do him more honour
 We joked and we played—
 Two nights was the waking,
 Till day began breaking,
 The cabin was shaking
 Before we were done,
 And himself in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 As large as in life, was the King of the Fun!

"Well, I remember," said Tony Carduff,
 Drawing the pipe from his lips with a puff,
 "Well, I remember at Ballyslo',—
 And troth and it's thirty years ago,—
 In the midst of the fair there fell a fight,
 And who but O'Connor was in the middle?
 Striking and crying with all his might,
 And with what for weapon? the ould black fiddle!
 That day would have ended its music straight
 If it hadn't been strong as an iron pot;
 Tho' the blood was on it from many a pate,
 Troth, divil a bit of harm it got!"
 Cried Michael na Chauliuy,* "And troth that's true—
 Himself and the fiddle were matched by few.
 They went together thro' every weather,
 Full of diversion and tough as leather,—
 I thought he'd never think of dying,
 But Jesus keep us!—there he's lying."

* "Michael the Ferryman;" lit. "belonging to the ferry."

Then the *cauliaghs* squatting round on the floor
 Began to *keenagh* * and sob full sore ;
 " God be good to the ould gossoon !
 Sure life's like music, and ended soon.
 There's playing and plighting,
 There's frolic and fighting,
 There's singing and sighing,
 There's laughing and crying,—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune ! "

At the wake of O'Connor,
 The merry old man,
 To wail in his honour
 The *cauliaghs* began ;
 And Rose, Donnell's daughter
 From over the water,
 Began (sure saints taught her !)
 The sweet *drimindhu* ; †
 All was still ;—in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 O'Connor, stretched silent, seem'd hearkening too !

Oh, 'twas sweet as the crooning of fairies by night,
 Oh, 'twas sad,—as you listened, you smiled in delight,
 With the tears in your eyes ; it was like a shower falling,
 When the rainbow shines thro' and the cuckoo is calling ;
 You might feel through it all, as the sweet notes were
 given,

The peace of the Earth and the promise of Heaven !
 In the midst of it all the sweet singer did stand,
 With a light on her hair, like the gleam of a hand ;
 She seemed like an angel to each girl and boy,
 But most to Tim Cregan, who watch'd her in joy,
 And when she had ended he led her away,
 And whisper'd his love till the dawning of day.
 After that, cried Pat Rooney, the rogue of a lad,
 " I'll sing something merry—the last was too sad ! "
 And he struck up the song of the Piper of Clare,
 How the bags of his pipes were beginning to tear,
 And how, when the cracks threaten'd fairly to end them,
 He cut up his own leather *breeches* to mend them !

* To cry, as during the coronach at a funeral.

† A melancholy ditty.

How we laugh'd, young and old ! " Well, beat *that* if you can,"

Cried fat Tony Bourke, the potheen-making man—
 " Who sings next ? " Tony cried, and at that who came in,
 Dancing this way and that way in midst of the din,
 But poor Shamus the Fool ? and he gave a great spring—
 " By the cross, merry boys, 'tis mysilf that can sing ! "
 Then he stood by the corpse, and he folded his hands,
 And he sang of the sea and the foam on the sands,
 Of the shining *skiddawn** as it flies to and fro,
 Of the birds of the waves and their wings like the snow.
 Then he sunk his voice lower and sang with strange sound
 Of the caves down beneath and the beds of the drown'd,
 Till we wept for the boys who lie where the wave rolls,
 With no kinsmen to stretch them and wake their poor souls.
 When he ceased, Shamus looked at the corpse, and he said,
 " Sure a dacenter man never died in his bed ! "

And at that the old *cauliaghs* began to croon :
 " Sure life's like his music, and ended as soon—

There's dancing and sporting,
 There's kissing and courting,
 There's grief and there's pleasure
 To fill up the measure,—

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune."

" A health to O'Connor ! "

Fat Anthony said :

" We'll drink in the honour
 Of him that is dead."

A two-gallon cag, then,
 Did Anthony drag then
 From out his old bag then,
 While all there grew keen.

'Twas sweet, strong, and filling—
 His own best distilling ;

Oh, well had the dead man loved Tony's *potheen* ! †

Then the fun brightened up ; but of all that befell
 It would take me a long day in summer to tell—
 Of the dancing and singing, the leaping and sporting,
 And sweetest of all, the sly kissing and courting !

* Herring.

† Whisky, illicitly distilled.

Two nights was the waking ; two long winter nights
 O'Connor lay smiling in midst of the lights,
 In the cloud of the smoke like a cloud of the skies,
 The blessing upon him, to close his old eyes.

Oh, when the time comes for myself to depart,

May I die full of days like the merry old man !

I'll be willing to go with the peace on my heart,

Contented and happy, since life's but a span ;

And O may I have, when my lips cease to spake,

To help my poor soul, such an elegant wake !

The country all there, friends and kinsmen and all,

And myself in the middle, with candle and pall ! . . .

Came the dawn, and we put old O'Connor to rest,

In his coffin of wood, with his hands on his breast,

And we follow'd him all by the hundred and more,—

The boys all in black, and his friends sighing sore.

We left him in peace, the poor sleeping gossoon,

Thinking, " Life's like his music, and ended too soon.

There's laughing and sporting,

There's kissing and courting,

There's grief and there's pleasure

To fill up the measure,—

But the wake and the grave are the end of the tune ! "

" Good-bye to O'Connor,"

Cried Barnaby Blake,

" May the saints do him honour

For the ould fiddle's sake !

If the saints love sweet playing—

It's the thruth that I'm saying—

His sowl will be straying

And fiddling an air !

He'll pass through their middle,

With stick and with fiddle,

And they'll give him the *cead mile fealta** up there ! "

ROBERT BUCHANAN : *Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour.*

* " Hundred thousand welcomes."

A WHITE-PINE BALLAD.

RECENTLY with Samuel Johnson this occasion I improved,
Whereby certain gents of affluence I hear were greatly moved ;
But not all of Johnson's folly, although multiplied by nine,
Could compare with Milton Perkins, late an owner in White
Pine.

Johnson's folly—to be candid—was a wild desire to treat
Every able male white citizen he met upon the street ;
And there being several thousand—but this subject why pursue ?
'Tis with Perkins, and not Johnson, that to-day we have to do.

No : not wild promiscuous treating, not the wine-cup's ruby
flow,
But the female of his species brought the noble Perkins low.
'Twas a wild poetic fervour, and excess of sentiment,
That left the noble Perkins in a week without a cent.

"Milton Perkins," said the Siren, "not thy wealth do I admire,
But the intellect that flashes from those eyes of opal fire ;
And methinks the name thou bearest surely cannot be misplaced,
And, embrace me, Mister Perkins !" Milton Perkins her em-
braced.

But I grieve to state, that even then, as she was wiping dry
The tear of sensibility in Milton Perkins' eye,
She prigged his diamond bosom-pin, and that her wipe of lace
Did seem to have of chloroform a most suspicious trace.

Enough that Milton Perkins later in the night was found
With his head in an ash-barrel, and his feet upon the ground ;
And he murmured "Seraphina," and he kissed his hand, and
smiled
On a party who went through him, like an unresisting child.

MORAL.

Now one word to Pogonippers, ere this subject I resign,
In this tale of Milton Perkins,—late an owner in White Pine,—
You shall see that wealth and women are deceitful, just the same;
And the tear of sensibility has salted many a claim.

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

(Vide *The Times*, March 14, 1879.)

I'm a reporter, bound to do
Reporter's duty;
In language beautiful all through
I sing of Beauty.

And he who thinks these words of mine
Something too many,
Let him reflect—for every line
I get a penny.

I sing of how the Red Prince took
His pretty daughter,
To marry her to Connaught's Dook
Across the water.

Oh, bright was Windsor's quaint old town,
Decked out with bravery;
And blessèd Spring had ne'er a frown
Or such-like knavery.

The sea of legs before the gate
And round the steeple,—
In short, the marvellously great
Amount of people,—

Instead of treading upon toes
And dresses tearing,
Was (as a royal marriage goes),
I thought, forbearing.

The church-bells rang, the brass bands played,
The place was quite full,
Before the Quality had made
The scene delightful.

They came from Paddington by scores,
'Mid rustics ploughing,
And women huddled at the doors,
And infants bowing.

While condescension on their part
We quite expected,
On ours, as usual, England's heart
Was much affected.

Whene'er we welcome Rank and Worth
From foreign lands, it
Becomes a wonder how on earth
That organ stands it!

* * * * *

The Berkshire Volunteers in gray
(Loyd Lindsay, Colonel),
And the bold Rifles hold the way,
With Captain Burnell.

To guard St. George's brilliant nave,
Believe me, no men
Could properly themselves behave
Except the yeomen.

Spring dresses came "like daffodils
Before the swallow,"
On ladies' pretty forms (with bills,
Alas! to follow).

Their beauty "took the winds of March"
(Which in my rhymes is
A theft Shakesperean and arch:
It is the *Times's*).

Sir Elvey played a solemn air;
I sent a wish up;
Four Bishops came to join the pair,
And one Archbishop.

Nine minor parsons after that
To help them poured in;
One strange-named man among them sate,
The Rev. Tahourdin.

But oh! how this "prolific pen"
Of mine must falter,
When I describe the noblemen
Before the altar!

There was the Lady Em'ly King-
scote, like a tulip;
The Maharajah Duleep Singh,
And Mrs. Duleep.

The gallant Teck might there be seen
With sword and buckler,
His Mary in a dark sage green,
And Countess Puckler.

Count Schlippenbach, the Ladies Schlie-
fen and De Grunne,
And other names that seem to me
A little funny.

Though from his years the child was warm,
Prince Albert Victor
Looked, in his naval uniform,
A perfect pictur.

The Marchioness of Salisbury
I wondered at in
Reseda velvet draped with my-
osotis satin.

Dark amethyst on jupes of poult
Wore the Princesses;
And ostrich feathers seemed to moult
From half the dresses.

Real diamonds were as thick as peas,
And sham ones thicker—
Till, overcome, your special flees
To ask for liquor!

* * * * *

The show is o'er: by twos and twos
I see them fleeting off,
Lord Beaconsfield, the *Daily News*,
And Major Vietinghoff.

The happy couple lead the way,
For life embarking;
Then Captain Egerton and La-
dy Adela—Larking.

Louisa Margaret! to thee
Be grief a stranger,
And may thy husband never be
A Connaught Ranger.

If in the blush of mutual hopes,
And fond devotion,
You're honeymooning on the slopes,
I've not a notion.

But this I feel, that for your true
And honest passion,
All sober folks wish well to you
In manly fashion.

While, for your chroniclers, I know,
Regnante V.R.,
From east to west 'twere hard to show
Such men as we are!

HERMAN C. MERIVALE: *The White Pilgrim*.



GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

IT was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like
you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed,
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The *padre* said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear:
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind ;

Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find :
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget ;
But, oh ! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet !

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies ;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me !"

"For shame !" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter ! On my word

This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band !

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so !
They are the most remunerative customers I know ;
For many many years they've kept starvation from my doors :
I never knew so criminal a family as yours !

"The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good ;
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul ?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown—
To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well :
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell ;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two:
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do—
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.

W. S. GILBERT: *Fifty "Bab" Ballads.*



TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

I ONCE believed those simple folk
Who hold love a reality;
And marriage not a social yoke
Of mere conventionality.

I thought the light of maidens' eyes,
Their smiles and all the rest,
Were *not* mere baits to catch rich flies
And landed interest.

I once believed (which only shows
My most refreshing greenness)
That breaking faith and breaking vows
Came little short of meanness.

I once believed that matrimony
Was linking hearts and fates;
And *not* transferring sums of money
And joining large estates.

I once imagined (in my youth)
That not to keep a carriage
Was no impediment forsooth
To any happy marriage.

I also fancied (but I own
My verdure was delicious)
That trampling young affections down
Was positively vicious.

I did not think the Greeks were right—
Before I worshipped Mammon—
Who, in declining marriage, write
The accusative case γάμον.

The past ideas agree but ill
With our enlightened present;
The lesson must be learnt, but still
The learning was not pleasant.

Good qualities girls don't expect,
Or bodily or mental;
You seldom find much intellect
Go with a princely rental.

True love is an exploded thing,
Fit only for romances;
Who ever heard of marrying
A man without finances?

In short I disbelieve them all,
Those doctrines fundamental
I learnt when I was very small,
And very sentimental.

J. H. GIBBS: *The Quadrilateral.*



A LAY OF A CANNIBAL ISLAND.

'Twas in the isle of Hubbubboo,
Out in the Unpacific,
The natives of a lively turn,
Of doughty deeds prolific,

Had lived in stolid ignorance
For ages and for ages,
Until at length their land was sought
By one of England's sages.

Strange folk! their fondness for a friend
Was shown in ways unpleasant,
And, oh, they loved their enemies
As most men love a pheasant.

Black-pudding was a favourite dish;
White-pudding most alluring;
And any shipwrecked mariner
Deemed worthy the sea-curing.

One day, within a little bay,
A little boat was stranded;
And then, forthwith, all clad in black,
A little man was landed.

The little boat put off again,
When, with a limp advancing,
The little one soon stared to see
The natives round him dancing.

Their dress was largely primitive,
Bare skin the manufacture,
A suit would last a man his life,
And nature heal each fracture.

The rude untutored savage bore
A club, a spear, or chopper;
His ornaments were human teeth,
With rings of burnished copper.

The little man at once drew up,
And thus addressed the meeting:
"Ski-skibberenee, chug-a-wug!"
Which means, "A pleasant greeting!"

"Ski-skibberenee, chug-a-wug!"
Responded every caitiff,
And blinked his eyes and licked his lips,
And looked so like a native.

"I've come to do you good, my friends,"
Went on the little party.
Each spearman rubbed his stomach then,
And looked so dreadful hearty.

"The white man is the dark skin's friend,"
Continued the speaker.
His accents now were tremulous,
His voice was growing weaker.

"I love the white man as the dawn,"
Spoke forth one chieftain slender,
"The white man, he is always good,"
Re-echoed round, "and tender."

The small man saw a fire now made
Wherein he was to enter,
And though a High Church-man at heart,
At once he turned Dissenter.

"What are you going at, you scamps?
This body you devour,
And not a soul of you will be
Alive within the hour!

"You doubt me? Well, then, try a limb!"
He sought the glowing ember,
Seized on a hatchet—bash! bash! bash!
Off flew the limping member.

"There, cook you that!" he cried, and tossed
His leg upon the fire.
Some oped their mouths, all oped their eyes,
And some said they'd retire.

He took a spear, reversed the limb,
When one side was well toasted;
He browned it top and bottom, till
At length it was well roasted.

Then, to the gentry who remained
He issued invitations.
And from the limb, upon the spear,
Prepared to serve their rations.

"Has any one a favourite cut?"
He cried. "There, pray be seated."
The favourite "cut" he quickly learned—
For one and all retreated!

The leg went spinning after them,
And smote a chieftain hoary,
Who glanced behind, upon the nose,
And left him grim and gory.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! that leg of cork
Had cheated the unwary—
He was an artful little chap
Was that old missionary.

But, oh! all confidence was gone,
So Hubbubboo he quitted,
To labour where he saw less chance
Of being singed and spitted.

J. G. WATTS: *A Lay of a Cannibal Island.*



AN HONEST VALENTINE.

Returned from the Dead-Letter Office.

THANK ye for your kindness,
Lady fair and wise,
Though love's famed for blindness,
Lovers—hem! for lies.
Courtship's mighty pretty,
Wedlock a sweet sight;—
Should I (from the city,
A plain man, Miss—) write,
Ere we spouse-and-wive it,
Just one honest line,
Could you e'er forgive it,
Pretty Valentine?

Honey-moon quite over,
If I less should scan
You with eye of lover
Than of mortal man?
Seeing my fair charmer
Curl hair spire on spire,
All in paper armor,
By the parlor fire;
Gown that wants a stitch in
Hid by apron fine,
Scolding in her kitchen,—
O fie, Valentine!

Should I come home surly
Vexed with fortune's frown,
Find a hurly-burly,
House turned upside down,
Servants all a-snarl, or
Cleaning steps or stair:
Breakfast still in parlor,
Dinner—anywhere:

Shall I to cold bacon
 Meekly fall and dine?
No,—or I'm mistaken
 Much, my Valentine.

What if we should quarrel?
 —Bless you, all folks do:—
Will you take the war ill
 Yet half like it too?
When I storm and jangle,
 Obstinate, absurd,
Will you sit and wrangle
 Just for the last word,—
Or, while poor Love, crying,
 Upon tiptoe stands,
Ready plumed for flying,—
 Will you smile, shake hands,
And the truth beholding,
 With a kiss divine
Stop my rough mouth's scolding?—
 Bless you, Valentine!

If, should times grow harder,
 We have lack of pelf,
Little in the larder,
 Less upon the shelf;
Will you, never tearful,
 Make your old gowns do,
Mend my stockings, cheerful,
 And pay visits few?
Crave nor gift nor donor,
 Old days ne'er regret,
Seek no friend save Honor,
 Dread no foe but Debt;
Meet ill-fortune steady,
 Hand to hand with mine
Like a gallant lady,—
 Will you, Valentine?

Then, whatever weather
 Come, or shine, or shade,
We'll set out together,
 Not a whit afraid.

Age is ne'er alarming,—
I shall find, I ween,
You at sixty charming
As at sweet sixteen :
Let's pray, nothing loath, dear,
That our funeral may
Make one date serve both, dear,
As our marriage day.
Then, come joy or sorrow,
Thou art mine,—I thine.
So we'll wed to-morrow,
Dearest Valentine.

Author of JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN: Thirty Years.



MY FIRST-BORN.

“HE shan't be their namesake, the rather
That both are such opulent men :
His name shall be that of his father,
My Benjamin, shorten'd to *Ben*.

“Yes, *Ben*, though it cost him a portion
In each of my relatives' wills :
I scorn such baptismal extortion—
(That creaking of boots must be Squills).

“It is clear, though his means may be narrow,
This infant his Age will adorn ;
I shall send him to Oxford from Harrow,—
I wonder how soon he'll be born !”

A spouse thus was airing his fancies
Below, 'twas a labour of love,
And was calmly reflecting on Nancy's
More practical labour above ;

Yet while it so pleased him to ponder,
Elated, at ease, and alone ;
That pale, patient victim up yonder
Had budding delights of her own :

Sweet thoughts, in their essence diviner
 Than paltry ambition and pelf;
 A cherub, no babe will be finer!
 Invented and nursed by herself;

At breakfast, and dining, and teaing,
 An appetite nought can appease,
 And quite a Young-Reasoning-Being
 When call'd on to yawn and to sneeze.

What cares a heart, trusting and tender,
 For fame or avuncular wills?
 Except for the name and the gender,
 She's almost as tranquil as Squills.

That father, in reverie centred,
 Dumbfounder'd, his thoughts in a whirl,
 Heard Squills, as the creaking boots enter'd,
 Announce that his Boy was—a Girl.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON: *London Lyrics.*

THE INVENTION OF WINE.

As one day I was restin'
 Mount Mangerton's crest on,
 An ould hedge schoolmaster so larned and fine;
 My comrade on the mountain,
 Began thus recountin',
 In this poem so romantic, THE INVENTION OF WINE.

Before Bacchus could talk
 Or dacently walk,
 Down Olympus he leaped from the arms of his nurse,
 But though three years in all
 Were consumed by the fall,
 He might have gone further and fared a deal worse;

For he chanced, you must know,
On a flower and fruit show,
In some parish below, at the Autumn Assizes,
Where Solon and Cræsus,
Who'd been hearin' the cases,
By the people's consint were adjudgin' the prizes.

"Fruit prize Number One
There's no question upon—
We award it," they cried, in a breath, "to—the divle!
By the powers of the delft
On your Lowness's shelf,
Who's this Skylarking Elf wid his manners uncivil?"

For, widout even a ticket,
That deity wicked,
Falling whack in their midst in a posture ungainly,
Pucked the bunch of prize grapes
Into all sorts of shapes,
And made them two judges go on most profanely.

"O, the deuce!" shouted Solon,
"He's not left a whole un!"
"It's the juice thin, indeed," echoed Cræsus half-cryin';
For a squirt of that same,
Like the scorch of a flame,
Was playing it's game the ould Patriarch's eye in.

Thin Solon said, "Tie him,
At our pleasure we'll try him.
Walk him off into quad, if he's able to stand it:
If not, why thin get, sure,
The loan of a stretcher,
And convey him away—do yez hear me command it?"

But Cræsus, long life to you,
Widout sorrow or strife to you,
And a peaceable wife to you, that continted you'll die!
Just thin you'd the luck
The forefinger to suck
That you'd previously stuck wid despair in your eye.

No more that eye hurt you—
 For the excellent virtue
 Of the necther you'd sipped cured its smarting at once,
 And you shouted to Solon,
 "Stop your polis patrollin',
 Where's the sinse your ould poll in, you ignorant dunce?

Is it whip into quad
 A celestial god?—
 For I'll prove in a crack that the craythur's divine."
 "Look here! have a sup,"
 Some more juice he sopped up
 In a silver prize cup, and THEY FIRST TASTED WINE.

Said Solon, "Be Japers,
 Put this in the papers,
 For this child wid his capers is divine widout doubt,
 Let's kneel down before him,
 And humbly adore him—
 Then we'll mix a good jorum of the drink he's made out."

Now the whole of this time
 That Spalpeen Sublime
 Was preparing his mind for a good coorse of howling,
 For you've noticed, no doubt,
 That the childer don't shout
 Till a minute or more on their heads they've been rowling.

"*Milleah murther!*" at last,
 He shouted aghast,
 "My blood's flowing as fast as a fountain of wather;
 It'll soon be all spilt,
 And then I'll be kilt—"
 Mistaking the juice of the grapes for his slaughter.

Thin, glancing around,
 He them gintlemen found
 Their lips to the ground most adoringly placed,
 Though I'm thinking the tippie,
 Continuin' to ripple,
 Round that sacred young cripple, their devotion increased.

“By Noah’s Ark and the Flood,
They’re drinking my blood.
O you black vagabones,” shouted Bacchus, “take that!”
Here wid infantile curses
He up wid his thyrsus,
And knocked the entire cavalcade of them flat.

But soon to his joy
That Celestial Boy,
Comprehendin’ the carnage that reddened the ground,
Extending his pardon
To all in the garden,
Exclaimed wid a smile, as a crater he crowned,

“My bould girls and boys,
Be using your eyes,
For you now recognise the god Bacehus in me.
Come, what do you say
To a slight dajoonay,
Wid cowl’d punch and champagne, for I’m on for a spree?”

So, widout further pressing,
Or the bother of dressing,
Down to table they sat wid that haythen divine,
And began celebrating,
Wid the choicest of ating,
And drinking like winking, The Invintion of Wine.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES: *Songs of Killarney.*

THE USUAL WAY.

THERE was once a little man, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, “I’ll go a-fishing in the neighbouring brook.”
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;
“I thought,” she shyly whispered, “you’d be fishing all the
day!”

And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand, and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly that he was not looking out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you!" but she said she could
not stay:

But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh,
As they watched the silver ripples, like the moments, running
by;

"We must say good-bye," she whispered, by the alders old
and gray,

And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream they wandered to and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below;
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,

Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and coo?

Do they never fret and quarrel as other couples do?

Does he cherish her and love her? Does she honour and obey?

Well—they do—in the usual way.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY: *Rhymes and Roses.*

A PLUMBER.

AN EPISODE OF A RAPID THAW.

THE dirty snow was thawing fast,
As through the London streets there past
A youth, who, mid snow, slush, and ice,
Exclaimed, "I don't care what's the price—
A Plumber!"

His brow looked mad, his eye beneath
Was fixed and fierce—he clenched his teeth.
While here and there a bell he rung,
But found not all the shops among
A Plumber.

He saw his home, he saw the light
Wall paper sopped—a gruesome sight.
He saw his dining-room afloat,
He cried, “I’ll give a fi’pun note—
A Plumber!”

“O stop the leak!” his wife had said;
“The ceiling’s cracking overhead.
The roaring torrent’s deep and wide”—
“I’ll go and fetch,” he had replied,
“A Plumber.”

“Pa ain’t at home,” the maiden said,
When to the plumber’s house he sped.
He searched through London, low and high,
But nowhere could he catch or spy
A Plumber.

Next morn, a peeler on his round,
A mud-bespattered trav’ler found,
Who grasped the “Guide to Camden Town”
With hand of ice—the page turned down
At “Plumbers.”

They brought a parson to his side,
He gently murmured ere he died—
“My house has floated out to sea,
I am not mad—it’s not d.t. :—
It’s Plumbers.”

GEORGE R. SIMS: *The Lifeboat, etc.*

NELL COOK.

A LEGEND OF THE ‘DARK ENTRY.’

“HARK! listen Mrs. Ingoldsby,—the clock is striking nine!
Give Master Tom another cake, and half a glass of wine,
And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,
And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

‘ And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said
That nine o’clock’s the hour he’ll have his boarders all in bed ;
And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,
They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day !’

‘ —Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know’s the nearest way ;
I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
It fears me quite—it’s Friday night !—and then Nell Cook hath
pow’r !’

‘ And, who’s Nell Cook, thou silly child ?—and what’s Nell
Cook to thee ?
That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark
entrée ?’

—‘ Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear ! such fearsome things
they tell
Of Nelly Cook, that few may brook at night to meet with Nell !’

‘ It was in bluff King Harry’s days,—and Monks and Friars
were then,
You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.
They’d coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns,—no shirts,—and
no cravats,
And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no shovel
hats !

‘ It was in bluff King Harry’s days, while yet he went to shrift,
And long before he stamped and swore, and cut the Pope
adrift ;
There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk ;
He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark !

‘ The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,
And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on his
cheek.
The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,
The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

‘ For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,
The Canon’s house it stood without ;—he kept good cheer
within ;
Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,
And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*.—He called her “ Nelly Cook.”’

'For soups, and stews, and choice *ragouts*, Nell Cook was famous still;

She'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wondrous skill:

'Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely brown'd,

Her boil'd and roast, they were the boast of all the "Precinct" round;

'And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
And earthward bent her modest look—yet was she passing fair;
And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people shook:

—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty Cook.

'One day, twas on a Whitsun-Eve—there came a coach and four;—

It pass'd the "Green-Court" gate, and stopp'd before the Canon's door;

The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way,—
Each panting steed relax'd its speed—out stept a Lady gay.

"Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,"—the Canon then did cry,

And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye,—

"Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece! in sooth, thou'rt welcome here,

'Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother dear?"—

"Now, thanks, my loving Uncle," that Lady gay replied:

"Gramercy for thy benison!"—then "Out, alas!" she sighed;

"My father dear he is not near; he seeks the Spanish Main;

He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again!"—

"Now, welcome! welcome; dearest Niece; come lay thy mantle by!"

The Canon kissed her ruby lip—he had a merry eye,—

But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind

They were a little less than "kin," and rather more than "kind."

'Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day,
Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay;
On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,
And they quaff good store of Bordeaux wine,—so dainty is their
fare.

'And fine upon the virginals is that gay Lady's touch,
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you'll scarce hear any such;
But is it "*O Sanctissima!*" she sings in dulcet tones?
Or "*Angels ever bright and fair!*"—Ah, no!—it's "*Bobbing
Joan!*"

'The Canon's house is lofty and spacious to the view;
The Canon's cell is ordered well—yet Nelly looks askew;
The Lady's bower is in the tower,—yet Nelly shakes her head—
She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady's bed!

'Six weeks were gone and over—full six weeks and a day,
Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay!
From which, I fear, it's pretty clear that Lady rest had none;
Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.

'But where that Lady pass'd her nights, I may not well divine,
Perhaps in pious oraisons at good St. Thomas' Shrine,
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true—
It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly look'd askew.

'And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were lock'd in
sleep,
She'd listen at the Canon's door,—she'd through the keyhole
peep—
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury fill'd her eye—
—She bought some nasty Doctor's-stuff, and she put it in a
pie!

'It was a glorious summer's-eve—with beams of rosy red
The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook her
head!
Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell—
—Upon the Canon's startled ear it sounded like a knell!

“ Now here’s to thee, mine Uncle ! a health I drink to thee !
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie ! ”—
The Canon sigh’d—but, rousing, cried, “ I answer to thy call,
And a Warden-pie’s a dainty dish to mortify withal ! ”

“ ’Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning
pray’r—

And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not there !
Nor in the small Refect’ry hall, nor cloister’d walk is he—
All wonder—and the Sacristan says, “ Lauk-a-daisy-me ! ”

“ They’ve search’d the aisles and Baptistry—they’ve search’d
above—around—

The “ Sermon House ”—the “ Audit Room ”—the Canon is not
found.

They only find that pretty Cook concocting a *ragout*,
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks askew.

“ They call for crow-bars—“ jemmies ” is the modern name they
bear—

They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar—but what a sight
is there !—

The Canon’s head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the floor !
—They are as dead as any nail that is in any door !

“ The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back !
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and
black !—

The livid spot is on her cheek,—it’s on her neck of snow,
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, “ Well—here’s a pretty
Go ! ”

“ All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,
A knell is rung, a *requiem*’s sung as for a sinful soul,
And there’s a grave within the Nave ; it’s dark, and deep, and
wide,

And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side !

“ An Uncle—so ’tis whisper’d now throughout the sacred
fane,—

And a Niece—whose father’s far away upon the Spanish
Main—

The Sacristan, he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers
out !

‘ And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely lass ?
Ay, where?—for ne’er from forth that door was Nelly known
to pass.

Her coif and gown of russet brown were lost unto the view,
And if you mention’d Nelly’s name—the Monks all looked
askew !

‘ There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon’s door,
Of granite gray, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,
And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
Where sun or moon-beam never play’d, or e’en one starry spark.

‘ That heavy granite stone was moved that night, ’twas darkly
said,
And the mortar round its sides next morn seem’d fresh and
newly laid ;
But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,
Or if that there be vault, or no—I cannot tell—not I !

‘ But I’ve been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail and
shriek
Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week—
For three long days and three long nights came forth those
sounds of fear ;
Then all was o’er—they never more fell on the listening ear.

‘ A hundred years were gone and past since last Nell Cook was
seen,
When worn by use, that stone got loose, and they went and
told the Dean.—
—Says the Dean, says he, “ My Masons three ! now haste and
fix it tight ; ”
And the Masons three peep’d down to see, and they saw a
fearsome sight.

Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they found—
It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet
round ;
—A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well !
But who the deuce ’twas put it there those Masons could not
tell.

‘ And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of “kissing crust,” as from a Warden-pie !
And Doctor Jones declared the bones were female bones and
“Zooks !

I should not be surprised,” said he, “if these were Nelly
Cook’s !”

‘ It was in good Dean Bargrave’s days, if I remember right,
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought
to light ;

And you may well in the “Dean’s Chapelle” Dean Bargrave’s
portrait view,

“Who died one night,” says old Tom Wright, “in sixteen
forty-two !”

‘ And so two hundred years have passed since that these Masons
three,

With curious looks, did set Nell Cook’s unquiet spirit free ;
That granite stone had kept her down till then—so some
suppose,—

—Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb unto
their nose.

‘ But one thing’s clear—that all the year, on every Friday night,
Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook’s unquiet
Sprite :

On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried ;
On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side !

‘ And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook doth
still pursue

Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may
rue ;

Her fatal breath is fell as death ! the Simoom’s blast is not
More dire—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).

‘ But all unlike the Simoom’s blast, her breath is deadly cold,
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young and
old,

And whoso in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year some dire, untimely death !

‘ No matter who—no matter what condition, age, or sex,
 But some “get shot,” and some “get drown’d,” and some
 “get” broken necks;
 Some “get run over” by a coach;—and one beyond the seas
 “Got” scraped to death with oyster-shells among the Carib-
 bees!

‘ Those M^asons three, who set her free, fell first!—it is averred
 That two were hang’d on Tyburn tree for murdering of the
 third:
 Charles Storey,* too, his friend who slew, had ne’er, if truth
 they tell,
 Been gibbeted on Chatham Downs, had they not met with
 Nell!

‘ Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh! send me not I pray,
 Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other
 way!
 I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
 For Heaven forbend that ever I foregather with Nell Cook!

The class was call’d at morning tide, and Master Tom was
 there;
 He look’d askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and
 chair.
 He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye,—
 He had not e’en that sad resource, to sit him down and cry.

Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go out to
 dine,
 They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine;
 For if when they’ve their great-coat on, they pause before they
 part
 To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may smart!

* In or about the year 1780, a worthy of this name cut the throat of a journeyman paper-maker, was executed on Oaten Hill, and afterwards hung in chains near the scene of his crime. It was to this place, as being the extreme boundary of the City’s jurisdiction, that the worthy Mayor with so much *naïveté* wished to escort Archbishop M *** on one of his progresses, when he begged to have the honour of attending his Grace *as far as the gallows*.

MORAL.

—A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town—
Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet
brown!—
Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan!"—don't, with a
merry eye,
Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don't eat too much pie!!

And oh! beware that Entry dark,—especially at night,—
And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moon-
light!—
So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans,—and the Prince
whose hand she took,—
And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from Nell
Cook!

R. H. BARHAM: *Ingoldsby Legends*.



THE CHIMPANZOR AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

ONE Balaam Vermicelli Lepidoptera FitzApe
(Zoological Professor in a College at the Cape),
As a competent authority is quoted even now,
As the Royal Zoological Society allow.

Without ever introducing any element of chance,
He could tell an armadillo from a spider at a glance;
A beetle from a buffalo, a lobster from a leech,
And he knew the scientific terminology for each.

And he hesitated rarely to pronounce upon the spot
Whether any given object was an animal or not;
He was clever at comparative anatomy—he knew
The aurora borealis from the common cockatoo.

He studied perseveringly, and had, so people said,
For a work on entomology material in his head;
But he left it there to germinaté, and hopefully began
To investigate the question of the origin of man.

Humanity descended, as he confidently showed,
From the ape, the sloth, the otter, the chameleon, and the toad;
And the latter from a tadpole, which was only head and tail,
And whose parents were respectively a minnow and a snail.

Those who noted his appearance were contented to agree
That such, for anything they knew, was his ancestral tree;
His claim to such progenitors they scrupled to condemn,
But the Adam and the Eve descent was good enough for them.

He said, "The use of weapons is depriving man of nails;
For, the element of artificiality prevails.
The nails of men—no longer claws—grow softer every day:
And even those of women have a tendency that way.

"Abnormally hirsute myself, I think it only fair
To publish the humiliating theory that hair
Is a remnant of the monkey—as the 'mannikin' is called;
And men of real intellect are generally bald."

He started for the central parts of Africa, and he
Found the hairier inhabitants the further from the sea,
Till, finally he came upon a most undoubted ape,
Which resembled him remarkably in feature and in shape.

It possessed the human instincts in a marvellous degree;
It could readily distinguish between alcohol and tea,
And developed such a fancy for the former of the two,
That it followed him to Capetown, where he put it in the Zoo.

He delivered then a lecture to the *savants* of the place,
And they said it served to illustrate his theory of race.
He dressed it up in clothes of his, which seemed to make it
proud,
And it smoked, and drank, and chattered, and attracted quite
a crowd.

The two were seldom separate—the Doctor and his prize—
And the latter soon was looking preternaturally wise;
For the sake of wearing glasses, it had feigned its sight was
dim;
For, in everything conceivable it imitated him.

“Observe this cultured creature,” said FitzApe, “and, if you can,
Discriminate at sight between the monkey and the man.”
But as they looked from it to him, and then from him to it,
They declared themselves unable to discriminate a bit.

“I now shall bring it home,” he said, “to stay with me a week ;
And, before that time is over, I’ll have taught it how to speak.
I’ve had a cage constructed in my study, though indeed
For such coercive measures there’s no longer any need.”

The Professor and his *protégé* were sitting, after tea,
Enjoying some Havannahs and liqueurs of *eau de vie*,
When, the animal was seized with such ungovernable rage
That the man suspected violence, and got into the cage.

But, further disconcerting the distinguished refugee,
The monkey calmly locked the cage and pocketed the key ;
It took the flask of brandy and a bundle of cigars,
And scornfully regarded the Professor through the bars.

It seized its patron’s hat and cane, umbrellas, overcoats,
A purse or two of sovereigns, a roll or so of notes ;
Then—consulting the barometer—a mackintosh or two,
And, bowing to him more or less respectfully, withdrew.

His friends next morning found him in a pitiable plight ;
He said, “Pray let me out of this, I’ve been locked up all
night.

That most inhuman monkey has incarcerated me :
Run after him, and force him to deliver up the key.”

Then one of them remarked : “I heard our good Professor tell
That a monkey might articulate, and this one does it well.”
Another said, “FitzApe is gone to travel north again,
I met him muffled up last night, and making for the train.”

In vain the Doctor pleaded ; it was all of no avail.
He said, “The real monkey had a little bit of tail.”
But “No,” they said, “your friend has gone to bring you home
a mate,
And, pending his arrival, you will only have to wait.”

MORAL.

In starting a menagerie, you safely may assume
 That a cage is less commodious than an ordinary room.
 So, harbour no phenomenon too like yourself in shape,
 Like Balaam Vermicelli Lepidoptera FitzApe.

EDWIN HAMILTON: *The Moderate Man* (Ward & Downey).



THE TRAVELLING TRAIN.

WE'VE a furious hate for the travelling train,
 However we try to disguise it,
 Express, Parliamentary, Local or Main,
 We fiercely anathematise it;
 When, horribly roaring, it lets off the steam,
 We swear at it—groan at it—hiss it,
 Whenever it whistles, we savagely scream,
 And don't we get mad if we miss it!

It's a terrible thing, is the travelling train!
 While ever you're in it, it's busy
 In bumping and banging you, body and brain,
 Till you're aching, exhausted, and dizzy;
 With a rattle and jangle and jolting and jar
 It speeds on its way—to elicit
 The words that are better unuttered by far—
 And make us half mad if we miss it!

We travel first-class and there fall on us pat
 The parties who come through the wickets,
 To ride in superior classes to that
 For which they have taken their tickets;
 They talk in a loud, ungrammatical strain,
 And gambol and cuddle and "kiss it,"—
 It's a terrible thing, is the travelling train,
 And don't we get mad if we miss it!

The "seconds" have babies a-bawling, and boys,
Who roll in in boisterous batches,
And squirm on the floor with ingenious noise,
And wrestle in hobnail matches;
They hang through the windows and shout to their
friends,
And change at each stop, with "Is this it?"
Till they come to the point where their journeying ends,
And don't we feel glad if they miss it!

We fly to the "third" and discover—oh, dear!—
They pack us like fish in a barrel;
We faint with the smell of bad "baccy" and beer,
And rather high-flavoured apparel;
Then we say all that's bad of the travelling train,
And consign to the lowest abyss it,
And swear that we never will use it again,
And get very mad if we miss it!

It's a hideous thing, is the travelling train,
And it hasn't the slightest compunction
In luring us on, till we have to remain
Half-a-day at some desolate junction;
Then it dawdles and crawls till, with rage, we could bite,
Then it does the reverse—*videlicet*—
It dashes along till we're fainting with fright,
And don't we get mad if we miss it!

If we're late on the scene (through indulging in sleep)
That train will have gone, to our sorrow,
But if we're "all there," with appointments to keep,
It never arrives till to-morrow.
It looses our luggage, or leaves it behind,
Though labels be clear and explicit,
Or smashes our box and unhinges our mind,
And makes us that mad if we miss it!

Its foot-warmers never are ready to hand—
Or their warmth will defy our detection—
We've always to change from its carriages, and
We're certain to miss the connection.

It's full of the sharper expert with the card,
 Of thieves who assistance solicit,
 And ladies who suddenly scream for the guard—
 And don't we get mad when we miss it!

It takes us and smashes us all into bits,
 And maims us or gives us the rickets,
 Its murders and robberies scare us to fits,
 And they're always demanding our tickets!
 It harasses, worries, and shortens our days,
 And never makes up the deficit,
 It tortures and goads us in hundreds of ways,
 And it drives us quite mad if we miss it.

JOHN W. HOUGHTON: *Hood's Comic Annual*, 1888.



FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

"Aurum potable: "—"Gold biles the pot."—FREE TRANSLATION.

FAREWELL then, my golden repeater,
 We're come to my Uncle's old shop;
 And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
 The Cerberus growls for a sop!

To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,
 My feelings will certainly scotch;
 But oh! there's a riot internal,
 And Famine calls out for the Watch!

Oh! hunger's a terrible trial,
 I really must have a relief,—
 So here goes the plate of your dial
 To fetch me some Williams's beef!

As famish'd as any lost seaman,
 I've fasted for many a dawn,
 And now must play chess with the Demon,
 And give it a *check* with a *pawn*.

I've fasted, since dining at Buncle's,
Two days with true Perceval zeal—
And now must make up at my Uncle's,
By getting a *duplicate* meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,
That rifles my fob with a snatch;
Alas! I must pick my own pocket,
And make gravy-soup of my watch!

So long I have wander'd a starver,
I'm getting as keen as a hawk;
Time's long hand must take up a carver,
His short hand lay hold of a fork.

Right heavy and sad the event is,
But oh! it is Poverty's crime;
I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,
I thus must be "out of my Time."

Alas! when in Brook Street the Upper,
In comfort I lived between walls,
I've gone to a dance for my supper;
And now I must go to Three Balls!

Folks talk about dressing for dinner,
But I have for dinner undrest;
Since Christmas, as I am a sinner,
I've eaten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mummock
To fetch me a chop or a steak;
I wish that the coats of my stomach
Were such as my Uncle would take!

When dishes were ready with garnish
My watch used to warn with a chime—
But now my repeater must furnish
The dinner in lieu of the time!

My craving will have no denials,
I can't fob it off, if you stay,
So go,—and the old Seven Dials
Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes—I shall never more hear 'em,
 To part is a Tic Douloureux!
 But Tempus has his edax rerum,
 And I have my Feeding-Time too!

Farewell then, my golden repeater,
 We're come to my Uncle's old shop—
 And Hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
 The Cerberus growls for a sop!

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works.*

CARRYING OUT INSTRUCTIONS.

A REAL INCIDENT.

His name wears faint upon the stone,
 The grass grows rank above him,
 And Dick and I remain alone
 Of all who used to love him.
 Yet memory keeps—and always will—
 Among its hoarded riches
 My Uncle's shining face, his frill,
 His broadbrim and his breeches.

Dear Uncle Ben! how oft he'd rush,
 With flying tails, bare-headed—
 The quivering fork within the gush
 Of stuffing left imbedded—
 And burst amid the carters' smocks,
 And stay the lash from whipping,
 And—having threatened gaol and stocks—
 Conclude with general tipping!

And oh! that day when every eye
 Was fixed in fascination,
 As arm-in-arm two forms went by
 With lurch and wild gyration.
 One toper—here was nothing new—
 Was Peter Cripps, the baker;
 But t'other—*did* one's eyes speak true?—
 Dear heart! it *was* the Quaker!

He'd tell the tale a hundred times,
With sudden cracks of laughter
That made his seals ring little chimes
For full a minute after.
And John, the man, must needs exclaim,
As solemn as a statue,
"Escortin' drunkards' 'ome! for shame!
Lor', Sir, I wonder *at* you!"

Good John had come to Uncle Ben
A raw-boned lad ungainly,
And made small scruple now and then
To speak his counsel plainly.
The mention of those early days
Recalls a queer disaster,
The outcome of a formal phrase
Of John's old-fashioned master.

Said Uncle, "John, if gentry call,
Be sure thou doest rightly;
Thou'lt carry them across the hall,
And seat them here politely.
And then—when thou hast raised the blind,
And, may be, drawn the curtain—
Thou'lt bring their cards in: dost thou mind?"
Said John, "I do for certain."

My Uncle dined at two o'clock;
Dessert was on the table,
When—rat-tat-tat—a mighty knock
Brought footsteps from the stable.
"I hope," said Uncle, "John is neat;
It's early yet for calling—"
He stopped, and bounded in his seat;
"Why, bless us! What's this brawling?"

He pulled the door ajar in haste,
And there stood John the giant,
His arms around the Parson's waist,
Who fought and yelled, defiant.
"It ain't no use to carry on,
And make these blessed ructions;
He bid me carry you," said John,
"And I'll obey instructions."

And there—the while my Uncle gazed,
 A paralysed beholder—
 The wriggling, red divine he raised,
 And flung him o'er his shoulder.
 He slammed him in an elbow-chair;
 Then, standing at Attention,
 Enquired, with grave and stolid air,
 "What name, sir, shall I mention?"

The outraged parson stamped away,
 Rejecting explanation,
 And Uncle Ben thenceforward lay
 'Neath excommunication.
 And when the tale was told anon,
 With chuckled interjections,
 "It wasn't my mistake," said John;
 "I carried out directions."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE: *Good Words.*

THE DEVELOPED.—A LAMENT.

IAGO: "I would change my humanity with a baboon."

OH, why was I developed—why? What bothers I'd escape.
 If I had my ancestral tail and lived a careless ape!
 Excelsior is very well, but higher may be worse;
 Whoever heard a monkey gent his hapless fortune curse?
 The ills our flesh is heir to, into monkeydom can't win;
 Of ruin if we talked to apes, their apeships all would grin.
 No ups and downs can hap to them that make us fume and fuss;
 Nature invented tears and signs, and groans and growls, for us.
 A curly tail could I display, what woes I'd then escape;
 Oh, why was I developed and not left a careless ape?

Imprimis, now, a man is born to shiver without clothes,
 Not furred in a close-fitting suit that nought of tailors knows;
 Of my thatchings—that's our Carlyle's phrase—I know too well
 the cost;
 If Nature now had been my Poole, what dunnings I had lost!
 Then in my human infancy how I'd to bawl and squall
 At towels, soap, and scrubbings monkeys never know at all.

And later on, while simious boys had but to play the fool,
How' I was bored with the three R's and scurried off to school!
Oh, happy monkey youngsters, what wiggings you escape;
Oh, why was I developed and not left a careless ape?

To be born in such a clime as this no ape would condescend;
If our tailed relations do come here, their grumblings know no
end.

Nature made for apes the tropics, with sunshine always on,
Such real good torrid blazing as never on us shone.
From Eden we were chased away—no chance of a recall;
Still monkeys live in paradise, unbored with any Fall.
No curse of Adam or of Cain affrights them night or day:
They breathe to sleep or sun themselves, to wed and munch
and play.

All thoughts of familes too large our hairy friends escape;
Oh, why was I developed and not left a careless ape?

With nuts provided for them, they've not a care, because
Their only toil is pleasantly to work at times their jaws;
No bills nor botherations their jolly days perplex!
No Bank accounts with balances too low, their musings vex.
Their cloudless years slide by them nor wrinkle any face;
They know no vain ambitions, they never dread disgrace;
Nor Past nor Future scares them, they neither know as we;
The Present is enough for them, the happiness to be;
They're never bored for rent or rates, no *ennui* makes them
gape;

Oh, why was I developed and not left a careless ape?

They nothing know of vices and sermons, thus blest twice,
And all their days are Sundays, not parsons' ones, but nice;
They don't want big-sleeved bishops or any cure of souls;
They do just all they like, nor dread to be called o'er the coals;
They have no laws or judges, gaols, or courts, or wig-wise Bar.
Why should they? They've no crimes at all—they don't know
what they are.

For such a thing as wrong or right they have no monkey
word,

And if you spoke to them of sins, they'd hold you quite absurd.
From all our worry for our souls, our hairy friends escape;
Oh, why was I developed and not left a careless ape?

They make no ultra-slaughtering guns, or anything that slays !
 They—they kill other monkeys, and for that to God give praise ?
 For them no rifle rattles, for them no cannon roars ;
 They are not men and Christians, and so they have no wars.
 They leave to men and aldermen to guzzle, gorge, and stuff,
 They're not such brutes as we are to take more than just
 enough ;

Their only drink is water pure, and that but when they thirst,
 They leave to us the manishness to choose of drinks the worst.
 They drunk ? No, no ; they are not men, and so that slough
 they 'scape ;

Oh, why was I developed and not left a sober ape ?

As they've no need for cash at all, they never thirst for pelf ;
 They have no need of being ruled—each monkey rules himself ;
 They've not a simious Gladstone to lead a string of tails,
 A hairy Disraeli to prove how Gladstone fails ;
 They would'nt have the suffrage, either aged ape or young ;
 Elections, Members, Commons, Lords, are not words in their
 tongue ;

There is no monkey Upper Ten, no monkey King or Court ;
 There's neither want, nor work, nor fuss in monkeyland ; in
 short,

From their first breaths until their last, our ills they quite
 escape ;

Oh, why was I developed and not left a careless ape ?

WILLIAM COX BENNETT: *The Lark*.

THE STORY OF ARIADNE.

A NEW PER-VERSION.

THREE or four thousand years ago, as may be roughly reckoned ;
 King Minos ruled the isle of Crete, of that great name the
 second.

Minos the first, for wisdom famed, his grandfather, you know,
 Was dead, and Lord Chief Justice in—well, in the courts below.

The second Minos wasn't quite as wise as was the first,
 But there is no dispute about his being much the worst ;
 And on such terms he forced the poor Athenians to treat,
 The major part full often wished that he was Minus Crete.

In his garden was a labyrinth, according to report,
Much more intricate than the one you'll find at Hampton Court;
Of its construction Dædalus has always had the credit,
And dead, alas ! were speedily all who essayed to thread it.

For a most fearful monster was therein incarcerated,
Who to his Cretan majesty was distantly related.
If we may trust the poets, he was called the Minotaur,
And, half a bull and half a man, was quite an awful *bore* :

At least to the Athenians, for cruel Minos drove 'em
To pay a yearly tribute to this "semi virumque bovem ;"
Seven fine young men, seven sweet young maids—with rage it
used to fire 'em—
Consigned per annum to the jaws of this "semi bovemque
virum."

But as it chanced, among the batch of bachelors one year,
A youth of royal parentage came out a volunteer—
Prince Theseus, who swore by all the Gods Olympian
That he would be an *eaten*-boy or slay that *oxen*-man.

Now Minos had a daughter, young, beautiful, romantic,
Who for this handsome foreigner conceived a passion frantic ;
At the first sight of him she felt she couldn't live without him,
Because, excepting his good looks, she nothing knew about him.

She instantly decided from the monster-man to save him—
A wondrous clue to guide him through the labyrinth she gave
him ;
And in return he pledged to her his royal word of honour
He'd marry her and settle all he had on earth upon her.

This portion of our ox-tale we propose quite short to cut ;
Suffice it the young fellow cracked the ox-man's occiput,
Then, by the clue escaping through its thousand winding ways,
Left no one in the labyrinth, but all folks in a-maze.

The happy pair to Naxos sped to pass their honey moon,
But when it came to forking-out, the bridegroom ceased to
spoon ;
And early one fine morning, I'm quite ashamed to say,
He left poor Ariadne with the tavern-bill to pay.

Remember this was in an age when such affairs were common ;
No one in any rank of life now so deserts a woman.
Even the monstrous Minotaur—deny it those who can—
Was less a brute than Theseus, and more a gentleman.

She beat her breast, she tore her hair, which she'd a right to do,
For it was all her own, except, perhaps, a lock or two ;
And would have died (herself, not hair), if Bacchus, half-seas
o'er,
Hadn't stopped to bait his tigers at the very tavern door.


"Fair one!" he hiccupped, "though 'tis but the first time that
you've seen us,
Of course you know the saying, 'Sine Baccho friget Venus.'
Come, dry your eyes; I whining hate, though god of wine
I am;
And I'll drown your real pain, my dear, in bumpers of my
cham."

The jokes were old ! but still they told, as old jokes often do,
Especially on those who're but accustomed to the new.
She dried her eyes, accepted his too tempting invitation,
And took, as many since have done, to drink for consolation.

What finally became of her is not so very clear ;
Some say she hanged herself when in a maudlin state of beer ;
Others, that she reformed, became a model of sobriety,
And actually founded the first Temperance Society.

Whatever may have been the fact, which thus remains in
mystery,
Young ladies all, take warning from this most veracious history ;
By handsome foreign strangers if you wouldn't be decoyed, it
Is plain you shouldn't fall in love, unless you can't avoid it.

J. R. PLANCHÉ: *Songs and Poems.*



THE VOYAGE.

We hired a ship: we heaved a shout:
We turned her head toward the sea:
We laughed, and sculled, and bailed her out:
We screamed, and whistled loud for glee.
We laughed: we screamed: we sculled: we sang,
Beneath the merry stars of June:
Went flute tu-tu, and banjo bang:
We meant to sail into the moon!

Far-off a boatman hailed us high:
"My boat is named 'The Bonnie Bess':
Old Jack will charge you more than I,
For I will charge you sixpence less:
My boat is strong, and swift, and taut,
But Jack's—she is not worth a cuss':
We held his terms in scorn, for what
Was sixpence, or a bob, to us?

We banged, we bailed; we sculled: we screamed:
The water gained upon us fast:
We lookt upon the moon: she seemed
As far as when we saw her last:
We lookt: we did not mind a blow:
We did not care a button, we:
We knew the good ship could not go
Beyond the bottom of the sea.

But one—at best he was a lout:
The same, we guess, was short of chink—
Exclaimed in terror: "Let me out:
I am quite sure the ship will sink.
The leak is quickly gaining height:
"Twill soon be half-way up the mast:"
And thro' the hatch, that starry night,
We let him out, and on we past!

But the jester's lightsome mien,
 And his spangles and his sheen,
 All had vanished, when the scene
 He forsook;
 Yet in some delusive hope,
 In some vague desire to cope,
One still came to view the rope
 Walked by Cooke.

* * * * *

Amid Beauty's bright array,
 On that strange eventful day,
 Partly hidden from the spray,
 In a nook,
 Stood Florinda Vere de Vere;
 Who with wind-dishevelled hair,
 And a rapt, distracted air,
 Gazed on Cooke.

Then she turned, and quickly cried
 To her lover at her side,
 While her form with love and pride
 Wildly shook,
 "Clifford Snook! oh, hear me now!
 Here I break each plighted vow:
 There's but one to whom I bow,
 And that's Cooke!"

Haughtily that young man spoke:
 "I descend from noble folk.
 'Seven Oaks,' and then 'Se'nnoak,'
 Lastly Snook,
 Is the way my name I trace:
 Shall a youth of noble race
 In affairs of love give place
 To a Cooke?"

"Clifford Snook, I know thy claim
 To that lineage and name,
 And I think I've read the same
 In Horne Tooke;
 But I swear, by all divine,
 Never, never to be thine,
 Till thou canst upon yon line
 Walk like Cooke."

Though to that gymnastic feat
 He no closer might compete
 Than to strike a *balance-sheet*
 In a book;
 Yet thenceforward, from that day,
 He his figure would display
 In some wild athletic way,
 After Cooke.

On some household eminence,
 On a clothes-line or a fence,
 Over ditches, drains, and thence
 O'er a brook,
 He, by high ambition led,
 Ever walked and balanced;
 Till the people, wondering, said,
 "How like Cooke!"

Step by step did he proceed,
 Nerved by valour, not by greed,
 And at last the crowning deed
 Undertook:
 Misty was the midnight air,
 And the cliff was bleak and bare,
 When he came to do and dare
 Just like Cooke.

Through the darkness, o'er the flow,
 Stretched the line where he should go
 Straight across, as flies the crow
 Or the rook:
 One wild glance around he cast;
 Then he faced the ocean blast,
 And he strode the cable last
 Touched by Cooke.

Vainly roared the angry seas;
 Vainly blew the ocean breeze:
 But, alas! the walker's knees
 Had a crook;
 And before he reached the rock
 Did they both together knock,
 And he stumbled with a shock—
 Unlike Cooke!

Downward dropping in the dark,
Like an arrow to its mark,
Or a fish-pole when a shark
Bites the hook,
Dropped the pole he could not save,
Dropped the walker, and the wave
Swift ingulfed the rival brave
Of J. Cooke!

Came a roar across the sea
Of sea-lions in their glee,
In a tongue remarkably
 Like Chinook;
And the maddened sea-gull seemed
Still to utter, as he screamed,
"Perish thus the wretch who deemed
 Himself Cooke!"

But, on misty moonlit nights,
Comes a skeleton in tights,
Walks once more the giddy heights
 He mistook;
And unseen to mortal eyes,
Purged of grosser earthly ties,
Now at last in spirit guise
 Outdoes Cooke.

* * * * *

Still the sturdy ocean breeze
Sweeps the spray of roaring seas,
Where the Cliff-House balconies
Overlook ;
And the maidens in their prime,
Reading of this mournful rhyme,
Weep where, in the olden time,
Walked J. Cooke.

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

THE SONG OF MRS. JENNY GEDDES.

(TUNE—*British Grenadiers.*)

SOME praise the fair Queen Mary, and some the good Queen
 Bess,
 And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by Pericles;
 But o'er all the world's brave women, there's one that bears the
 rule,
 The valiant Jenny Geddes, that flung the four-legged stool.
With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling the stool!

'Twas the twenty-third of July, in the sixteen thirty-seven,
 On Sabbath morn from high St. Giles' the solemn peal was
 given:
 King Charles had sworn that Scottish men should pray by
 printed rule;
 He sent a book, but never dreamt of danger from a stool.
With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—there's danger in a stool!

The Council and the Judges, with ermined pomp elate,
 The Provost and the Bailies in gold and crimson state,
 Fair silken-vested ladies, grave Doctors of the school,
 Were there to please the King, and learn the virtue of a stool.
With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—there's virtue in a stool!

The Bishop and the Dean came in wi' mickle gravity,
 Right smooth and sleek, but lordly pride was lurking in their e'e;
 Their full lawn sleeves were blown and big, like seals in briny
 pool;
 They bore a book, but little thought they soon should feel a
 stool.
*With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—they'll feel a four-legged
 stool!*

The Dean he to the altar went, and, with a solemn look,
 He cast his eyes to heaven, and read the curious-printed book:
 In Jenny's heart the blood upwelled with bitter anguish full;
 Sudden she started to her legs, and stoutly grasped the stool!
With a row-dow—at them now!—firmly grasp the stool!

As when a mountain wild-cat springs on a rabbit small,
 So Jenny on the Dean springs, with gush of holy gall;
Wilt thou say the mass at my lug, thou Popish-puling fool?
 No! no! she said, and at his head she flung the four-legged
 stool.

With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling the stool!

A bump, a thump! a smash, a crash! now gentle folks beware!
 Stool after stool, like rattling hail, came tirling through the air,
 With, Well done, Jenny! bravo, Jenny! that's the proper tool!
 When the Deil will out, and shows his snout, just meet him
 with a stool!

With a row-dow—at them now!—there's nothing like a stool!

The Council and the Judges were smitten with strange fear,
 The ladies and the Bailies their seats did deftly clear,
 The Bishop and the Dean went, in sorrow and in dool,
 And all the Popish flummery fled, when Jenny showed the
 stool!

With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny show the stool!

And thus a mighty deed was done by Jenny's valiant hand
 Black Prelacy and Popery she drave from Scottish land;
 King Charles he was a shuffling knave, priest Laud a meddling
 fool,

But Jenny was a woman wise, who beat them with a stool!

With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—she conquered by the stool!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE: *Lyrical Poems.*



WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman, in the moonlight there
 Looks through the side-light of the door,
 I hear him with his brethren swear,
 As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
 He envies me my brilliant lot,
 Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
 And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Poetical Works*.

SHY AND SIMPLE.

As I comes out by Thompson's rick,
And steps across the clover,
If e'er a chap had heaved a brick
He might have knocked me over.
For all at wanst my glance saloots
A wench without a hekle;
With eyes like maister's Sunday boots,
And shape like duff and treacle.

I steps aside to let her by—
She was a beauty, rayther!
Says she, "If you goes follerin' I,
Young man, I'll tell my feyther."
She spoke that cross, you might ha' thought
I'd been and gone and smacked her;
Says I, "I beant a-doing nought,
And bears a high cha-rak-ter."

I turns, and swings my arms like fun,
And then commences humming,
To show I warn't the lad to run—
Until I seed him coming.
I'd took a dozen strides, mayhap,
When she begins to holler,
"Come *with* me, if you like, young chap,
I said you warn't to *foller*."

We'd walked along about a mile,
And then my cheeks turn yellor;
Says she, a-climbing on a stile,
"There's lots o' room, young feller."
Describe my feelings, them as can,
Beside that black-eyed Wenus—
A hunpertected, lone young man,
With but the stile between us.

Her chestnut curls was blowing free,—
 She really looked bewitchin';
 Says she, "Don't hitch so close to me;"
 Says I, "I ain't a-hitchin'."
 I shifts away—at least I tries—
 With that she starts a-squalling;
 "I'm tumblin' off, young man," she cries,
 "Oh, ketch me quick, I'm falling."

I had to squeeze her wanst or twice,
 I didn't mind it neyther;
 Says she, "If you intends a splice,
 You'll have to ax my feyther."
 "Dear heart!" says I, and kind o' grins,
 "That notion's reyther faddy,
 I've got a wife at home, and twins,
 Exac'ly like their daddy!"

CHARLES BRUCE WADE: *Fun.*

THE GALWAY MARE.

In the course of my wand'rings, from Cong to Kanturk,—
 And a man of his honour is Jeremy Burke,—
 I've seen many horses, but none, I declare,
 Could compate wid Jack Rafferty's fox-hunting mare.

She was black as the sut,
 From the head to the fut,
 And as nate in her shapes as a Royal Princess;
 Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
 'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

No Arabian charger that's bred in the South
 Had so silky a coat or obaydient a mouth;
 And her speed was so swift, man alive! I'd go bail
 She'd slip clane away from the Holyhead mail.

Her asiest saunther
 Was quick as a canther,
 Her gallop resimbled a lightning express;
 Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
 'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

There was never a fence so contrârny or cruel
 But she would contrhve to surmount it, the jewel!
 And Jack on her back, widout getting a toss,
 Clared ditches, no matther how crabbed or cross.

An iligant shteppe,

A wondherful lepper,—

Don't talk of Bucephalus or of Black Bess,—
 Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
 'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

They were clifted,* the two of them, Jack and the mare,
 Returning one night from the Blackwater fair:
 Bad 'cess to that road! in the worst place of all
 There isn't a sign or a taste of a wall.

Sure the Barony's grief

Was beyant all belief,—

'Twas the loss of the mare caused the greater disthress;—
 Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
 'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

CHARLES L. GRAVES: *Spectator*.



THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
 Shining with all his might:
 He did his very best to make
 The billows smooth and bright—
 And this was odd, because it was
 The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
 Because she thought the sun
 Had got no business to be there
 After the day was done.
 "It's very rude of him," she said,
 "To come and spoil the fun!"

* *Anglicé*, "Fell over a cliff."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it *would* be grand ! ”

“ If seven maids, with seven mops,
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“ That they could get it clear ? ”
“ I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat :
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us,” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!”
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said.
“Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come,
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL: *Through the Looking-Glass.*



THE MAID I LOVE.

I LOVE a maid whose eyes are blue,
Who never walks but runs,
Whose voice is shrilly-clear and who
Is very fond of buns.
You'll not be shocked if you behold
Her seated on my knee,—
The maid I love is six years old,
And I am thirty-three!

She thinks I'm very old, I know,
She treats me like her slave,
She laughs in mockery when I show
Her how she should behave.
She pulls my whiskers when I scold,
And dances round in glee—
But then—she's only six years old,
And I am thirty-three!

I fear she's rather fickle, too,
She's many other flames,—
She makes them tell her tales untrue,
And play at noisy games.
In search of crumbs, like robin bold,
She hops from knee to knee—
But then, she's only six years old,
And I am thirty-three!

And when my back is bent with years,
And I no longer sing,
And she hath known the cares and tears
That life must surely bring,
I know her loving heart will hold
A tender thought of me,
In days when she was six years old,
And I was thirty-three!

HAMILTON AIDÉ: *Songs without Music.*

BEN AND THE BUTTER.

You've heerd thic tale afor? Well, I beant zurprized at that,
Of the man as stoal tha butter, and put et in hes hat:
But mebbly you'll excuse ma, ef I tells tha tale again,
Vor thic varmer were my father, and thic very man wer Ben.
Ben had been churmin' aal tha day,
Churmin', and churmin', and churmin' awaay:

Vor tha weather wer cowl'd, and hes vengers wer num,
And the butter uncommonly loath to come;
Zlow and shour like a miser's cash,
The churm went round, and the craim went splash;
And tha daay went by, and tay-time past,
And tha butter com'd flumpity flump at last.
Now Ben, as I zed, wer a hongry oaf,
And moor than a match vor a quartern loaf,
But whether tha bread wer white or brown,
Ben liked zome butter to towl et down.
Ben awpen'd the churn, and luk'd about,
And tha cooast wer clear, and tha mussus wer out;
Zo a tuk o' tha butter a biggish pat,
And stuff'd et into hes owld velt hat;
But a'd skeersly pop'd hes yead into et,
When fiather com'd in, and zeed un do et.
Now tha daay wer past, and work wer done,
And fiather wer up vor a bit o' fun.
Zoo a diddent cus, nor a diddent zwear,
Vor a knaw'd what Benny's wakeness were.
Yo mid trust a cat wi' yer pet canairy,
Or a hongry sheep dog in tha daairy;
Or yer goolden watch wi' a London thief,
Or a methody passon wi' a brief;
But yo cooden trust Ben, not while yo mid wenk,
Wher ther wer aught for to ate or to drenk.

"Ben! zet thee down in thic ther cheer,
And Betty shall draa thee a mug o' beer,
Thes weather's anough ta shram a cat,
We'll miake up a vire—tiake off thy hat."
"Thank ye," zed Ben, "ef I mid be zo bowld,
I'll keep un on, vor I've got a bad cowl'd."
"Thee hast," zed fiather, "then draa up nigher."
And a shov'd un cloas to the girt wood vire;
And clap'd on another fagot o' wood;
"A zweatin," zes fiather, "ull do thee good."
Ben drenk'd his beer at once outright.
"Thenk ye, miaster, I wish ye good night."
"Stop!" zes fiather, "my trusty Ben,
Betty shall vill thy mug agian,
And warm et up wi' a drap o' gin,
And put some shugger and nutmag in."

Ben lick'd hes chops at the thought o' that,
But velt reather oniasy about hes hat.
Tha drenk went down, and tha vire bleazed up,
And Betty a third time vill'd hes cup;
Tha vire bleazed up, and tha drenk went down,
And a velt reather gracy about the crown;
Down awver hes eyes, hes hat a thrust,
And fiather wi' laffin wer fit to bust.
But a put on another fagot o' wood,—
“A zweatin, Benny, ull do thee good.”
Ben got very shiny about the fiace,
And down on hes zmockvrock drap'd the griace;
Ben's cloas wer zuch as yo coodent spwile,
But hes waskit and breeches were zooak'd like ile.
Zes fiather—and Ben were all in a flutter—
“Thee'st caught thy cowl'd a churmin' butter;
I hoap thee'rt cur'd vor this here bout,
Vor I've done my best to zweat un out;
But tiake my advice, my honest Ben,
Dooant never thee ketch zuch a cowl'd agian.”

“*Agrikler*”: *Rhymes*.

THE REVEREND SIMON MAGUS.

A RICH advowson, highly prized,
For private sale was advertised;
And many a parson made a bid;
The REVEREND SIMON MAGUS did.

He sought the agent's: “Agent, I
Have come prepared at once to buy
(If your demand is not too big)
The Cure of Otium-cum-Digge.”

“Ah!” said the agent, “*there's* a berth—
The snuggest vicarage on earth;
No sort of duty (so I hear),
And fifteen hundred pounds a year!

"If on the price we should agree,
The living soon will vacant be;
The good incumbent's ninety-five,
And cannot very long survive.

"See—here's his photograph—you see,
He's in his dotage." "Ah, dear me!
Poor soul!" said SIMON. "His decease
Would be a merciful release!"

The agent laughed—the agent blinked—
The agent blew his nose and winked—
And poked the parson's ribs in play—
It was that agent's vulgar way.

The REVEREND SIMON frowned: "I grieve
This light demeanour to perceive;
It's scarcely *comme il faut*, I think:
Now—pray oblige me—do not wink.

"Don't dig my waistcoat into holes—
Your mission is to sell the souls
Of human sheep and human kids
To that divine who highest bids.

"Do well in this, and on your head
Unnumbered honours will be shed."
The agent said, "Well, truth to tell,
I *have* been doing very well."

"You should," said SIMON, "at your age;
But now about the parsonage.
How many rooms does it contain?
Show me the photograph again.

"A poor apostle's humble house
Must not be too luxurious;
No stately halls with oaken floor—
It should be decent and no more.

"No billiard rooms—no stately trees—
No tennis-grounds or pineries."
"Ah!" sighed the agent, "very true:
This property won't do for you."

"All these about the house you'll find."—
"Well," said the parson, "never mind ;
I'll manage to submit to these
Luxurious superfluities.

"A clergyman who does not shirk
The various calls of Christian work,
Will have no leisure to employ
These "common forms" of worldly joy.

"To preach three times on Sabbath days—
To wean the lost from wicked ways—
The sick to soothe—the sane to wed—
The poor to feed with meat and bread ;

"These are the various wholesome ways
In which I'll spend my nights and days :
My zeal will have no time to cool
At tennis, archery, or pool."

The agent said, "From what I hear,
This living will not suit, I fear—
There are no poor, no sick at all ;
For services there is no call."

The reverend gent looked grave. "Dear me !
Then there is *no* 'society' ?—
I mean, of course, *no* sinners there
Whose souls will be my special care ?"

The cunning agent shook his head,
"No, none—except—"—(the agent said)—
"The DUKE OF A., the EARL OF B.,
The MARQUIS C., and VISCOUNT D.

"But you will not be quite alone,
For though they've chaplains of their own,
Of course this noble well-bred clan
Receive the parish clergyman."

"Oh, silence, sir !" said SIMON M.,
"Dukes—Earls !—What should I care for them ?
These worldly ranks I scorn and flout !"
"Of course," the agent said, "no doubt !"

"Yet I might show these men of birth
The hollowness of rank on earth."
The agent answered, "Very true—
But I should not, if I were you."

"Who sells this rich advowson, pray?"
The agent winked—it was his way—
"His name is HART; 'twixt me and you,
He is, I'm grieved to say, a Jew!"

"A Jew?" said SIMON, "happy find!
I purchase this advowson, mind.
My life shall be devoted to
Converting that unhappy Jew!"

W. S. GILBERT: *Fifty "Bab" Ballads.*

MRS. JONES'S PIRATE.

A SANGUINARY pirate sailed upon the Spanish main
In a rakish-looking schooner which was called the "Mary
Jane."

She carried lots of howitzers and deadly rifled guns,
With shot and shell and powder and percussion caps in tons.

The pirate was a homely man, and short and grum and fat;
He wore a wild and awful scowl beneath his slouching hat.
Swords, pistols and stiletos were arranged around his thighs,
And demoniacal glaring was quite common with his eyes.

His heavy black moustaches curled away beneath his nose,
And dropped in elegant festoons about his very toes.
He hardly ever spoke at all; but when such was the case,
His voice 'twas easy to perceive was quite a heavy bass.

He was not a serious pirate; and despite his anxious cares,
He rarely went to Sunday-school and seldom said his prayers.
He worshipped lovely woman, and his hope in life was this:
To calm his wild, tumultuous soul with pure domestic bliss.

When conversing with his shipmates, he very often swore
That he longed to give up piracy and settle down on shore.
He tired of blood and plunder; of the joys that they could
bring;

He sighed to win the love of some affectionate young thing.

One morning as the "Mary Jane" went bounding o'er the sea
The pirate saw a merchant bark far off upon his lee.

He ordered a pursuit, and spread all sail that he could spare,
And then went down, in hopeful mood, to shave and curl his
hair.

He blacked his boots and pared his nails and tied a fresh
cravat;

He cleansed his teeth, pulled down his cuffs and polished up
his hat;

He dimmed with flour the radiance of his fiery red nose,
For, hanging with that vessel's wash, *he saw some ladies' hose.*

Once more on deck, the stranger's hull he riddled with a ball,
And yelled, "I say! what bark is that?" In answer to his
call

The skipper on the other boat replied in thunder tones:

"This here's the bark 'Matilda,' and her captain's name is
Jones."

The pirate told his bold corsairs to man the jolly-boats,
To board the bark and seize the crew, and slit their tarry
throats,

And then to give his compliments to Captain Jones, and say
He wished that he and Mrs. Jones would come and spend the
day.

They reached the bark, they killed the crew, they threw them
in the sea,

And then they sought the captain, who was mad as he could be,
Because his wife—who saw the whole sad tragedy, it seems—
Made all the ship vociferous with her outrageous screams.

But when the pirate's message came, she dried her streaming
tears,

And said, although she'd like to come, she had unpleasant fears,
That, his social status being very evidently low,
She might meet some common people whom she wouldn't care
to know.

Her husband's aged father, she admitted, dealt in bones,
But the family descended from the famous Duke de Jones ;
And such blue-blooded people, that the rabble might be
checked,
Had to make their social circle excessively select.

Before she visited his ship she wanted him to say
If the Smythes had recognised him in a social, friendly way ;
Did the Jonsons ever ask him 'round to their ancestral halls ?
Was he noticed by the Thomsons ? Was he asked to Simms's
balls ?

The pirate wrote that Thomson was his best and oldest friend,
That he often stopped at Jonson's when he had a week to
spend ;
As for the Smythes, they worried him with their incessant
calls ;
His very legs were weary with the dance at Simms's balls.

(The scoundrel fibbed most shamelessly. In truth he only
knew
A lot of Smiths without a y—a most plebeian crew.
His Johnsons used a vulgar h, his Thompsons spelled with p,
His Simses had one m, and they were common as could be.)

Then Mrs. Jones mussed up her hair and donned her best
delaine,
And went with Captain Jones aboard the schooner Mary
Jane.
The pirate won her heart at once by saying, with a smile,
He never saw a woman dressed in such exquisite style.

The pirate's claim to status she was very sure was just
When she noticed how familiarly the Johnsons he discussed.
Her aristocratic scruples then were quickly laid aside,
And when the pirate sighed at her, reciproc'ly she sighed.

No sooner was the newer love within her bosom born
Than Jones was looked upon by her with hatred and with
scorn.
She said 'twas true his ancestor was famous Duke de Jones,
But she shuddered to remember that his father dealt in bones.

So then they got at Captain Jones and hacked him with a sword,
And chopped him into little bits and tossed him overboard.
The chaplain read the service, and the captain of the bark
Before his widow's weeping eyes was gobbled by a shark.

The chaplain turned the prayer-book o'er; the bride took off
her glove;
They swore to honour, to obey, to cherish and to love.
And, freighted full of happiness, across the ocean's foam
The schooner glided rapidly toward the pirate's home.

And when of ecstasy and joy their hearts could hold no more,
That pirate dropped his anchor down and rowed his love
ashore.
And as they sauntered up the street he gave his bride a poke,
And said, "In them there mansions live the friends of whom
I spoke."

She glanced her eye along the plates of brass upon each door,
And then her anger rose as it had never done before.
She said, "That Johnson has an h! that Thompson has a p!
The Smith that spells without a y is not the Smith for me!"

And darkly scowled she then upon that rover of the wave;
"False! False!" she shrieked, and spoke of him as "Monster,
traitor, slave!"
And then she wept and tore her hair, and filled the air with
groans,
And cursed with bitterness the day she let them chop up Jones.

And when she'd spent on him at last the venom of her tongue,
She seized her pongee parasol and stabbed him in the lung.
A few more energetic jabs were at his heart required,
And then this scand'lous buccaneer rolled over and expired.

Still brandishing her parasol she sought the pirate boat;
She loaded up a gun and jammed her head into its throat;
And fixing fast the trigger, with string tied to her toe,
She breathed "Mother!" through the touch-hole, and kicked
and let her go.

A snap, a fizz, a rumble; some stupendous roaring tones—
 And where upon earth's surface was the recent Mrs. Jones?
 Go ask the moaning winds, the sky, the mists, the murmuring
 sea;
 Go ask the fish, the coroner, the clams—but don't ask me.

MAX ADELER: *Out of the Hurly-Burly.*

THE FORLORN ONE.

AH! why those piteous sounds of woe,
 Lone wanderer of the dreary night?
 Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
 Thy bosom pants in wild affright!

And thou, within whose iron breast,
 Those frowns austere too truly tell,
 Mild pity, heaven-descended guest,
 Hath never, never deign'd to dwell;

“That rude, uncivil touch forego,”
 Stern despot of a fleeting hour!
 Nor “make the angels weep” to know
 The fond “fantastic tricks” of power!

Know'st thou not “mercy is not strain'd
 But droppeth as the gentle dew,”
 And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
 It blesseth him who gave it, too?

Say, what art thou? and what is he,
 Pale victim of despair and pain,
 Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
 Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain?

Cold, callous man!—he scorns to yield,
 Or aught relax his felon gripe,
 But answers, “I'm Inspector Field!
 And this here warment's prigg'd your wibe.”

R. H. BARHAM: *Ingoldsby Legends.*

THE STUDENT OF BONN.

A HIGHLY-SEASONED SENSATIONAL GERMAN ROMANCE.

(From "*Fun*,")

MEIN HERR VON SHRINN was tall and thin, his mien was grave and wise,

And a pair of great green spectacles he wore to shade his eyes;
His lungs weren't strong; his hair was long; he had a brain
of brains;

But to one sort of learning this scholar discerning devoted all
his pains

And spent all his time upon—

It was Beer—Beer—Beer,

So sparkling bright and clear!

Oh! this young metaphysical, quizzical, phthisical, bibulous
student of Bonn.

A gallon a day he held child's play—a barrel not too big,

For a very capacious throat had he, and dearly loved to swig!

But, by my troth, though I am loth, from truth I must not
shrink—

His pastors and masters predicted disasters for one so given to
drink.

But he said to them all, "Begone!

Philosophy, like Beer,

It should be always clear,"

Said this young metaphysical, quizzical, phthisical, bibulous
student of Bonn.

Alas! at last his health broke fast. They called the doctors in,
And they prescribed cold-water cure and slops both thick and
thin.

But he shook his head and faintly said, "I can't take water
neat—

Yet tonic drops, with malt and hops decocted, were a treat!

Without it I can't get on!

I swallow nought but Beer

So foaming, bright and clear,"

Said this young metaphysical, quizzical, phthisical, bibulous
student of Bonn.

But every one, that it mustn't be done, protested loud and long,
 And he couldn't bribe the nurse to do a thing so very wrong.
 And day after day he faded away, and this—if you would ask—
 Was the latest word of his they heard, "Oh, pray don't shake
 the cask!"

And thus reflecting upon
 His Beer—Beer—Beer,
 He quitted this mortal sphere,
 Did this young metaphysical, quizzical, phthisical, bibulous
 student of Bonn.

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER: *Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.*

THE HOUSEMAID.

WISTFUL she stands—and yet, resign'd,
 She watches by the window-blind:
 Poor Girl. No doubt
 The passers-by despise thy lot:
 Thou canst not stir, because 'tis not
 Thy *Sunday out*.

To play a game of hide and seek
 With dust and cobweb all the week
 Small pleasure yields:
 Oh dear, how nice it were to drop
 One's pen and ink—one's pail and mop;
 And scour the fields.

Poor Bodies few such pleasures know;
 Seldom they come. How soon they go!
 But souls can roam;
 For, lapt in visions airy-sweet,
 She sees in this unlovely street
 Her far-off home.

The street is now no street! She pranks
 A purling brook with thymy banks.
 In Fancy's realm
 Yon post supports no lamp, aloof
 It spreads above her parents' roof,—
 A gracious elm.

A father's aid, a mother's care,
 And life for her was happy there :
 But here, in thrall
 She waits, and dreams, and fondly dreams,
 And fondly smiles on One who seems
 More dear than all.

Her dwelling-place I can't disclose !
 Suppose her fair, her name suppose
 Is *Car*, or *Kitty* ;
 She may be *Jane*—she might be plain—
 For must the Subject of my strain
 Be always pretty ?

*Oft on a cloudless afternoon
 Of budding May and leafy June,
 Fit Sunday weather,
 I pass thy window by design,
 And wish thy Sunday out and mine
 Might fall together.*

*For sweet it were thy lot to dower
 With one brief joy : a white-robed flower
 That prude or preacher
 Hardly could deem it were unmeet
 To lay on thy poor path, thou sweet,
 Forlorn young Creature.*

* * *

But if her thought on wooing run
 And if her Sunday-Swain is one
 Who's fond of strolling,
 She'd like my nonsense less than his,
 And so it's better as it is—
 And that's consoling.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON : *London Lyrics*.



A VILLANOUS AMBITION.

IN Lambeth, at the "Dragon" tap,
Upon a day it came to pass
I met as affable a chap
As ever took a friendly glass.
We drank—a very little while
Dissolved one shilling and a kick:
And then he told me with a smile
He play'd the villains at the "Vic."

I felt a sudden sense of awe,
Where admiration bore a part,
When dimly through the smoke I saw
That son of histrionic art.
I answer'd him in eager tone,
In accents passionate but thick;—
"I would thy lot had been my own,
To play the villains at the 'Vic.'"

"Methinks," I said, "I see thee now
On Queen Victoria's classic boards;
There sits a frown upon thy brow,
That cork—and only cork—affords.
Thine ev'ry act proclaims thee ripe
At nothing but thy foes to stick;—
I hail thee as a goodly type
To play the villains at the 'Vic.'"

We parted shortly after one,
By Legislature's harsh decree:
But ere we parted we had done
Another drink—or two—or three:
He bade me tenderly good night,
And call'd me amicably "brick;"
I loved the man with all my might
Who play'd the villains at the "Vic."

I envied him with all my heart—
 I feel it would have been my pride
 To act a very wicked part
 In dramas on the Surrey side.
 Had I to seek a fresh career—
 If Fate would let me have my pick,
 I'd say, "Well, Destiny, look here,
 I'll play the villains at the 'Vic.'"

Serene my days would be and bright,
 My deeds exceptionally good;—
 But I would cork my brow at night
 And be as naughty as I could.
 And on my grave, when I am dead,
 I'd plant no *jacet* with its *hic*;
 But just this little phrase instead—
 "*He play'd the villains at the 'Vic!'*"

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Gillott and Goosequill.*

MY OLD COAT.

THIS old velvet coat has grown queer, I admit,
 And changed is the colour and loose is the fit;
 Though to beauty it certainly cannot aspire,
 'Tis a cosy old coat for a seat by the fire.

When I first put it on it was awfully swell:
 I went to a picnic, met Lucy Lepel,
 Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,
 And disjoined the nose of her lover, the Earl.

We rambled away o'er the moorland together:
 My coat was bright purple, and so was the heather,
 And so was the sunset that blazed in the west,
 As Lucy's fair tresses were laid on my breast.

We plighted our troth 'neath that sunset aflame,
But Lucy returned to her Earl all the same;
She's a grandmamma now, and is going down hill,
But my old velvet coat is a friend to me still.

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown,
Whose art is no longer the talk of the town :
A magical picture my memory weaves
When I thrust my tired arms through its easy old sleeves.

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe,
Sweet maidens of old that are long over-ripe,
And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavaliers,
Whose guineas paid well for champagne at Watier's.

A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never missed,
Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high—
We remember them well, sir, my old coat and I.

Ah, gone is the age of wild doings at Court,
Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port ;
Still I've got a magnum to moisten my throat,
And I'll drink to the Past in my tattered old coat.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Selection from the Poetical Works of Mortimer Collins.*



A NEW PEER.

"Is not a poet better than a lord?"

ALFRED the Loved, the Laureate of the Court,
The poet of the people, he who sang
Of that great order of the Table Round,
Had been a-sailing ; first into the North,
Then Southward, then toward the middle sea ;
And with him went the Premier, journeying,

Some said for health, and some to hatch new schemes
With kings and statesmen. Howsœ'er, they came
To Denmark's Court, where princes gathered round
To hear our Alfred read his songs aloud.

And as they journeyed homeward to the shores
Of England, where the Isle our poet loved
Lay sparkling like a gem upon the sea,
They leaned athwart the bulwarks and spake low.
"We are but Commoners, no more, we two,"
Said Gladstone; "no adornment to our names,
No sounding titles; simply Mister This
And Mister That. But yet, the other day,
You read your verse to Emperors and Kings;
Princesses smiled upon you. You were great
As they, except in title. It were well
The distance lessened somewhat. Poet you,
The prince of all the poets of our time,
Be something more; be noble, be a lord."

Then Alfred sate him down, his good grey hairs
Blown o'er his shoulders by the summer wind,
His eyes all dreamy; and he hummed a song,
Like, and yet unlike, that which Enid sang—

"Turn, Gladstone, turn thy followers into lords,
Turn those whose wealth has gathered into hoards;
Turn those, and whom thou wilt, but turn not me.

Leave, Gladstone, leave the name I always bore,
One that, mayhap, may live for evermore;
'Tis mine alone, and mine shall always be.

Turn into lords the owners of broad lands,
Turn him who in the path of progress stands,
And he who doeth service to the State.

Leave me the name that all the people know,
A prouder title than your kings bestow,
Made by myself, and not by station, great."

Yet, notwithstanding what he murmured then,
The thought dwelt in his heart; and many a day
Thereafter, as he sat at Haslemere,
Revolving and resolving, till his mind
Could scarce distinguish his resolves from doubts,
He muttered, "Ah, and I might be a lord!"
And so the thought grew on him, and brake down,

And overcame him ; and the grand old name
Which the world knows, and reverences, and loves,
Seemed plain and bare and niggard, far too poor
For him who sang of Arthur and his knights,
And Camelot, and that strange haunted mere.

And one who knew the name and honoured it,
Went to him, pleaded, then spake hotly thus :—
“ Doubtest thou here so long ? Art thou the man
Whose tongue grew bitter only at the sound
Of titles, and whose satire never leaped
Forth from its hiding place but when some claim
Of place and privilege provoked thy wrath ?
Wherever travels our bold English speech—
Across the broad Atlantic, 'mid the sands
Of scorching Africa, or in the bush
Of the young, strong, far-off Antipodes—
Thy name is greater, more familiar, more
In all men's mouths than that of any lord.
O fair, full name, o'er which I used to dream,
Not thinking ; O imperial-spreading fame,
And glory such as never poet bore
Until they came, a kingdom's pride, with thee ;
I cannot know thee if thou art a lord ;
Be Alfred Tennyson until the last ;
Not Baron, nor another. Is there none,
Can yet persuade thee, ere it be too late ?

But he, the poet, listened, and was dumb,
And yet resolved. Ah, he would be a lord,
And sink the name round which his glory grew.
And so there came a herald with a scroll,
One who makes ancestors and coats of arms,
And gives alike to poet or to peer
A pedigree as long as Modred's lance ;
And he brought with him much emblazonry,
A quartered shield, with, on the dexter side,
The grand old gardener, Adam, and his wife,
A-smiling at the claims of long descent.

AARON WATSON : *Waifs and Strays*.

THE PEARL OF PALENCIA.

A SPANISH TRAGEDY OF IRREGULAR VERBS.

No maiden in Spain was more lovely to see
 Than sweet Donna A., only child of Don B.,
 "The Pearl of Palencia." Two lovers she had,
 Don C. (who was good) and Don D. (who was bad).
 'Twas C. she preferr'd, but she thought herself bound
 To mind her papa, whom she always had *mound*.
 He said, "Rich Don D. is a 'catch' to be caught;
 The prize you must snatch—it is easily *snaught*."
 Thus, though she might feel just the same as she'd felt,
 She now must conceal what she'd never *concelt*;
 Not speak to her love, though he tenderly spoke,
 Nor seek the affection she'd hitherto *sok*.
 Don B. told Don C. he must leave, and he left.
 The blow made him grieve, and most deeply he *greft*;
 But Love's sun will shine, and still brightly it shone.
 When lovers combine—as these lovers *combone*,
 In secret to meet—as they secretly met,
 Stern parents they'll cheat—as her father was *chet*.
 One night when the moon on "the rise" gently rose,
 Don D. in surprise the two lovers *surprose*.
 His weapon he drew; and the moment 'twas drawn,
 His rival he slew; with a blow he was *slawn*.
 Prepared not to smite, and so suddenly smitten,
 He'd no time to fight, or of course he'd have *fitten*,
 His fate was to fall—what a cropper he fell!
 A sight to appal. Donna A. it *appel*.
 Her hand, within reach, with an effort he reach'd,
 And this was the "last dying speech" that he *speech'd*:
 "Dear maid, fare thee well. Be my slayer forgiven;
 My hour, but too quick to arrive, hath *arriven*.
 Away from existence I slide"—and he slid.
 "I die as my fathers have died"—and he *did*.
 Oh, fearful to hear was the scream that she *scrempt*!
 Her eyes did not beam as they'd hitherto *bempt*,
 But glared fit to freeze. The assassin they froze.
 She shrieked, "This I seize!"—'twas a dagger she *soze*.

"My loved one I lose—through thy deed he is lost ;
 But had I to choose, *thou* wouldst never be *chost*.
 Die, villain ! Thy gold cannot gild up thy guilt.
 My will is to kill !" So the villain she *kilt*.
 Then said, "Though my heart, doomed to break, is now
 broken,
 The vengeance I thirsted to slake I have *sloken*."
 So saying, she drank up a poisonous draught,
 Her queenly form shrank with a terrible *shraft*,
 On C.'s poor remains with a wild fling 'twas flung ;
 Her spirit, which long'd to take wing, then took *wung*.
 Her pa—"such a turn" the catastrophe gave—
 Did grieve till he *grove* himself into his grave.
 So there was an end—lack-a-day ! woe is me !—
 Of sweet Donna A. and Dons B., C., and D.

WALTER PARKE: *Patter Poems*.



TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A GENTLEMAN."

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

It may be so,—perhaps thou hast
 A warm and loving heart ;
 I will not blame thee for thy face,
 Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,
 Unsightly though it be,—
 In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
 It may be much to thee.

Those eyes,—among thine elder friends,
 Perhaps they pass for blue,—
 No matter,—if a man can see,
 What more have eyes to do ?

Thy mouth,—that fissure in thy face,
 By something like a chin,—
 May be a very useful place
 To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,
I know thou hast a child,
By that subdued, domestic smile
Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,
That cherub on thy knee;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook,—
A portrait once was there;
It was thine only ornament,—
Alas! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,
She begged thee all in vain;
She wept,—and breathed a trembling prayer
To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see
That picture torn away;
It was a solemn thought to think
What all her friends would say!

And often in her calmer hours,
And in her happy dreams,
Upon its long-deserted hook
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head
In melancholy wise,
And looks to meet the placid stare
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one,—
Perchance I never may;
It is not often that we cross
Such people in our way;

But if we meet in distant years,
Or on some foreign shore,
Sure I can take my Bible oath,
I've seen that face before.

THE QUARREL.

"HUSH, Joanna! 'tis quite certain
That the coffee was not strong;
Own your error, I'll forgive you,—
Why so stubborn in the wrong?"

"You'll forgive me! Sir, I hate you!
You have used me like a churl;
Have my senses ceased to guide me?
Do you think I am a girl?"

"Oh, no! you're a girl no longer,
But a woman formed to please;
And it's time you should abandon
Childish follies such as these."

"Oh, I hate you! but why vex me?
If I'm old, you're older still;
I'll no longer be your victim,
And the creature of your will."

"But, Joanna, why this pother?
It might happen I was wrong;
But, if common sense inspire me—
Still, that coffee was not strong."

"Common sense! you never had it!
Oh, that ever I was born!
To be wedded to a monster
Who repays my love with scorn!"

"Well, Joanna, we'll not quarrel;
What's the use of bitter strife?
But I'm sorry that I married,—
I was mad to take a wife."

"Mad, indeed! I'm glad you know it!
But, if law can break the chain,
I'll be tied to you no longer
In this misery and pain."

"Hush, Joanna, shall the servants
Hear you argue ever wrong?
Can you not have done with folly?—
Own the coffee was not strong."

"Oh! you goad me past endurance,
Trifling with my woman's heart!
But I loathe you, and detest you,—
Villain! monster! let us part!"

Long this foolish quarrel lasted,
Till Joanna, sore afraid
That her empire was in peril,
Summon'd never-failing aid;—

Summon'd tears, in copious torrents,—
Tears, and sobs, and piteous sighs;
Well she knew the potent practice,
The artillery of the eyes!

And it chanced as she imagined,—
Beautiful in grief was she,—
Beautiful to best advantage,
And a tender heart had he.

Kneeling at her side, he soothed her,
"Dear Joanna! I was wrong;
Nevermore I'll contradict you,—
But, oh make my coffee strong!"

CHARLES MACKAY: *Poetical Works.*

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

THE supper and the song had died
When to my couch I crept;
I flung the muslin curtains wide
And took a "first-class place inside"—
It might have seemed I slept.

Yet scarce the drowsy god had woo'd
My pillow to befriend,
When, fancy! how extremely rude—
A fellow evidently screw'd
Got in *the other end*.

The bolster from my side he took
To make his own complete,
Then sat, and gazed with scornful look,—
With wrath my very pulses shook
And quivered to my feet.

I kicked of course—long time in doubt
The war waged to and fro;
At last I kicked the rascal out
And woke—to find explosive gout
Developed in my toe.

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL: *Pegasus Re-saddled*.



JUDGE WYMAN.

A RURAL YANKEE LEGEND.

LONG ago, in the State of Maine,
There lived a Judge—a good old soul,
Rather well up in the “genial vein,”
And not by any means “down on” the bowl.
N.B.—By “bowl” I mean the “cup,”
And by “cup”—N.B.—I mean a *glass*,
Since neither bowls nor cups go up
At present when we our liquor pass.
(Although I recall—
’Tis three years this Fall—
When travelling in the wilderness,
And things were all in an awful mess,
And our crockery, with a horrible crash,
Had gone its way to eternal smash
(It came, as the driver allowed, from racin’),
We drank champagne from a tin wash-basin.
Excuse the digression—*non est crimen*—
And return to our Judge, whose name was Wyman.)
The Judge oft drank in a hostelry
Kept by a man whose name was Sterret,
Where he met with jolly company,
But where the whisky was void of merit—
The real Minie rifle brand,
That at forty rods kills out of hand.

Well, it came to pass that one night the Judge
At Sterret’s, after a long, hot day,
Got so tight that he couldn’t budge,
And found himself “well over the bay,”
With a “snake in his boot” and one in his hat
Like a biled owl, or a monkey horned,
Tangle-legged, hawk-eyed, on a bat,
Peeped, skewered, and slewed, and corned.

Couldn't tell a skunk from a pint of Cologne,
 Couldn't see the difference 'tween *fips* and cents.
 And when he attempted to walk alone,
 Simply made a Virginia fence;
 Till liquor yielded at last to sleep,
 And he sank into Dream River—four miles deep.

Sanctus Ivus fuit Brito, advocatus sed non latro.

"Saint Ives the Briton first took a brief,
 For, though a lawyer, he wasn't a thief."
 This is what the story declares,
 Which says he listens to lawyers' prayers.
 Likely enough! perhaps he may—
 Whenever a lawyer tries to pray!
 But another legend, old and quaint,
 Assigns them a different kind of saint,
 With a singular foot and peculiar hue,
 Whose breath is tinged with a beautiful blue;
 And this was *rather* the saint, I think,
 Who inspired the young lawyers, twenty-four,
 Who helped Judge Wyman to stow his drink,
 And made them rejoice to hear him snore.
 Who, save the devil, would not have wept
 To see these graceless legal loons
 Tricking the good old Judge as he slept,
 And filling his pockets with Sterret's spoons?
 With silver spoons; likewise for butter
 A handsome ten-dollar silver knife;
 Then put Judge Wyman on a shutter,
 And carried him home to his loving wife.

If any ladies read these rhymes,
 Which in Edgar A. Poetry are called "runes,"
 They may just imagine what sort of times
 Mrs. Wyman had when she found the spoons!
 The Judge's grief was full of merit,
 And his lady wasn't inclined to flout it;
 But she quietly took the spoons to Sterret,
 And nothing more was said about it.
 A month went by, and *Fama*, the wench!
 Had not spread a whisper to urge remorse,
 And Judge Wyman sat on the legal bench,
 Trying a fellow for stealing a horse.

The evidence was all due north,
It froze the prisoner every minute,
Till Judge Wyman called the culprit forth,
And asked what "he had to say *agin* it?"

The prisoner looked at the planks of pine
Of the little rural court-house ceiling,
At all the jury in a line,
Then answered, his only small card dealing,
"Judge, I hev lots of honesty,
But when I'm drunk I can't control it;
And as for this 'ere hoss—d'ye see?—
I was drunk as blazes when I stole it."
Answered the Judge, "If this Court were a dunce,
She would say, in law that is no excuse;
For the Court held that opinion *once*,
But of late her connection's been gettin' loose.
One may be certain on law to-day,
And find himself to-morrow dumb.—
But answer me one thing truly, and say
Where'bouts it was you got your rum?"
"I drank because I was invited,
And got my rum at Sterret's, d'ye see?"
"Mr. Sheriff," cried the Judge, excited,
"This instant set that poor man free!
The liquor that Sterret sells, by thunder!
Would make a man do anything,
And some time or other, I shouldn't wonder
If it made a saint on the gallows swing;
It will run a man to perdition quicker
Than it takes a fiddler to reel off tunes;
*Why, this Court herself once got drunk on that liquor,
And stole the whole of old Sterret's spoons!*"

CHARLES G. LELAND: *Brand-New Ballads.*

THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."—COLERIDGE.

It is a jolly Mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,
Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No Sea-Romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell!

Against the mast he leans a-slope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy "starn;"
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn:—

"As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit and rum,
It blew a heavy gale:
A storm that scared the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and then
The wind began to fail.

"Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

"No, not a cat's-paw anywhere :
Hold up your finger in the air
 You couldn't feel a breath ;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
 Had blown itself to death.

"No cloud aloft to throw a shade ;
No distant breezy ripple made
 The ocean dark below.
No cheering sign of any kind ;
The more we whistled for the wind
 The more it did not blow.

"The hands were idle, one and all ;
No sail to reef against a squall ;
 No wheel, no steering now !
Nothing to do for man or mate,
But chew their cud and ruminate,
 Just like the Captain's Cow.

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
 As if she had been moor'd :
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
 Of water left aboard !

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
 As still as any log ;
The parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
 And panting like a dog—

"A dog half mad with summer heat
And running up and down the street,
 By thirst quite overcome ;
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,
 Except Jamaica rum !

"The very poultry in the coop
Began to pine away and droop—
The cock was first to go;
And glad we were on all our parts—
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

"But worse it was, we did allow,
To look upon the Captain's Cow,
That daily seemed to shrink:
Deprived of water hard or soft,
For though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she wouldn't drink:

"But only turn'd her bloodshot eye,
And muzzle up towards the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain;

"And sometimes with a steadfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

"If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
She would have had the half:
But as for John the Carpenter,
He couldn't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

"So soft of heart he was and kind
To any creature lame, or blind,
Unfortunate, or dumb:
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathising with the Cow,
To give her half his rum;—

“An oath from which he never swerved,
For surely as the rum was served
He shared the cheering dram;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
Who took it like a lamb.

“At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
That stiffen'd to a gale:
Steady, steady, and strong it blew;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
Beneath a press of sail!

“Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
At last to sight the land!
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
Appear'd to understand.

“And was not she a mad-like thing
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of fiery glass:
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
And crop the juicy grass!

“Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
By giving Rum-and-Milk!”

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works.*

ZOOLOGICAL MEMORIES.

AH, Dora, my darling, can your recollection
Revert to a Sunday once early in June?
When leaving your Aunt's ever-watchful protection,
You saucily said you'd "come back again soon,
But must see the seal and the spotted hyena,
And doted on zoöphytes scarlet and blue,"—
Poor Aunt left at three, and at six we'd not seen her—
That bright summer Sunday we met at the Zoo.

You wore, I remember, the nicest of dresses,
So simple and fresh, though it would not compare
With Miss Buhl's splendid train, while your sunny bright
tresses
Could never out-rival her "Britanny" hair:
Her parasol shaded the costliest bonnet—
'Twas gorgeous and showy, 'twas heavy and new
While yours was of lace, with blush roses upon it,
That gay summer Sunday we lounged in the Zoo.

You recollect loitering down by the water—
I mean by the pond where the pelicans dwell—
A small glove was pressed, it was six and a quarter,
A hand rather smaller was p'raps pressed as well;
You said it was nonsense, and would not believe me—
I vowed, on my honour, 'twas perfectly true—
Those lashes down-drooping could never deceive me,
That sweet summer Sunday we passed at the Zoo.

While strolling around the green pond edged with rushes—
I wished we could wander for miles and for miles—
Your eyes brightly shone, whilst the loveliest blushes
Flushed cheeks dimpled o'er by the sweetest of smiles.

Then archly you said, with the sweetest of glances,
"Who flirted at Prince's with Lily and Loo?
What makes you so churlish at dinners and dances,
When you can be so nice when me meet at the Zoo?"

How swift flew the hours as we wandered together,
Forgetful of Aunt as she sat in the shade!
'T was really too bad in that broiling hot weather;
And when we returned what excuses you made!
"Past six, Aunt? It can't be! You surely are joking—
We've not seen the zebra nor red kangaroo!"
Then prettily pouting, you looked so provoking,
That fine summer Sunday we roamed at the Zoo.

While bright autumn leaves in the country are falling,
And London is empty, the butterflies flown;
That sunshiny Sunday I can't help recalling,
As I sit in dull chambers and ponder alone.
And now you are down at "The Larches," my treasure,
To find short days long, for there's nothing to do,
Does ever come o'er you with exquisite pleasure
The thought of that Sunday we loved at the Zoo?

J. ASHBY-STERRY: *Boudoir Ballads*.

THE DEMON OF THE PIT.

A BALLAD OF THE BOARDS.

If you chance to make a sally
Through the region of Soho,
You may pass a frightful alley
That is known as Eden Row;
And among the children playing
On the cobble pavement there,
There is one that's worth surveying,
For she's really very fair.

She's a perfect darling—bless her!
And she has such charming ways
That the passers-by address her
With a word or two of praise;
And enthusiastic stoppers
Are occasionally known
To present the child with coppers—
Having darlings of their own;
Whereupon she'll call her cronies,
Who are always pretty near,
And invest in proud polonies,
Or imperial ginger-beer:
She will call her friends and cronies,
Who make answer with a cheer,
And invest in proud polonies,
In the fat and fair polonies,
In the rich and rare polonies,
Or imperial ginger-beer.

So when next you're not too busy,
Let me beg of you to go,
And inquire for little Lizzy
In her grimy Eden Row;
You will find her, sweet and dimply,
On a doorstep sitting down,
And she'll look an angel simply
In her short and shabby gown.
Now I fancy few, if any,
Who have seen my little pet,
And have tipped her with a penny,
Which she laughed aloud to get,
Have imagined for a second
That this charming little fay
Must decidedly be reckoned
Quite a "woman of the day."
It has never crossed their fancy
For a moment, I'll engage,
That the child was Miss Delancy
Of the Pandemonium Stage—
It would never cross the fancy,
If one pondered for an age,

That the child was Miss Delancy,
 The surprising Miss Delancy,
 The prodigious Miss Delancy,
 Of the Pandemonium Stage.

Though herself no hint affording
 Of the footlights' lurid fame,
 Each adjacent shop and hoarding
 Is emblazoned with her name :
 See—"Aërial flights of fancy !
 Pyrotechnic blaze of wit !
 With Miss Juliet Delancy
 As the Demon of the Pit !
 Though the boldest might have faltered
 At an outlay half as large,
 Yet the prices are unaltered—
 There will be no extra charge !
 Amid plaudits loud as thunder,
 And emotion past control,
 The astounding Infant Wonder
 Will sustain her famous role.
 In a *mise* where all entrances,
 The most unexampled hit
 Is Miss Juliet Delancy's,
 As the Demon of the Pit ;
 While the *tout ensemble* entrances,
 It is owned the choicest grit
 Is Miss Juliet Delancy's—
 The enormous Miss Delancy's,
 The astounding Miss Delancy's,
 As the Demon of the Pit !"

* * * * *

While the eye delighted ranges
 Through the Halls of Dazzling Light,
 Lo ! the scene by magic changes
 To the Rayless Realms of Night.
 Through the caverns weird and gloomy
 Of that Stygian world below,
 You may see (the stage is roomy)
 All the marshalled goblins go.

Then the lights burn dim and bluely,
And the music dies away,
And the thunder rumbles truly
In a very awful way.
There's a yet more frightful rumble,
There's a chord from wind and strings,
And the goblins prostrate tumble
As their chief before them springs.
You may hear John whisper Nancy—
And they tremble where they sit—
"It's Miss Juliet Delancy
As the Demon of the Pit."
You may hear him say to Nancy—
And his accents shake a bit—
"It's Miss Juliet Delancy,
The enormous Miss Delancy,
The astounding Miss Delaney,
As the Demon of the Pit!"

So until the opening closes,
With just here and there a pause,
Miss Delancy flits and poses
'Mid tumultuous applause;
While a matron, short and snuffy,
With a face that's not unkind,
And a cold that's always stuffy,
Waits resignedly behind.
See! the supers nudge each other,
And the fairy tells the gnome
"That there's Miss Delancy's mother,
As will stay to take her 'ome."
So at ten, or shortly after,
While the Monstrous Little Joe
Is evoking shrieks of laughter,
They are trudging to Soho.
Then they've something light to dream on,
And the childish prayer is said,
And the weary little Demon
Goes contentedly to bed.
They have tripe, as light to dream on,
Or it may be chops instead,

And the weary little Demon—
Not at all a wicked Demon,
But a sleepy, blinking Demon—
Is put quietly to bed.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE: *Sent Back by the Angels.*

GEMINI AND VIRGO.

SOME vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child;
A young bud bursting into blossom;
Artless, as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum:

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a "limb";
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers:

And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities: and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for:

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather:

And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday;

And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many:

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came.
Real love, at that time, was the fashion;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

Old POSER snorted like a horse:
His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse:—
But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing gushing thing;
All—more than all—my fancy painted;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue :

But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two ;
And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do ;

(None ever did that I've heard tell of ;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of :

Oh sweet—as to the toilworn man

The far-off sound of rippling river ;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was ANNA ; dear as gold

That fills the miser's sunless coffers ;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit ;

I'd written lines to her as Venus ;
I swore unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us :

And it was you, my Thomas, you,

The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand ;

There was no doubt about the matter ;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we 'planted' blows on blows :

We fought as long as we were able :
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable.

When the school-bell cut short our strife,

Miss P. gave both of us a plaister ;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

* * * * *

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
 Only one must not love Another's:
 But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
 When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
 Peace only: that the blood is brisker
 In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
 Are partially obscured by whisker;

Or that the growing ages steal
 The memories of past wrongs from us.
 But this is certain—that I feel
 Most friendly unto thee, oh Thomas!

And wheresoe'er we meet again,
 On this or that side the equator,
 If I've not turned teetotaller then,
 And have wherewith to pay the waiter,

To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
 Ignite with thee the mild Havannah;
 And we will waft, while liquoring up,
 Forgiveness to the heartless Anna.

C. S. CALVERLEY: *Verses and Translations.*



THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laughed as I would die;
 Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."


He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within ;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear ;
He read the third ; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
The fifth ; his waistband split ;
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES : *Poetical Works.*



DOLLY'S CHRISTENING.

"I'LL be the goodest little girl that ever you did see,
If you'll let me take my dolly to church with you and me.
It's too drefful bad to leave her when we's all gone away ;
Oh, Cosette will be so lonesome to stay at home all day."

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes and winsome little face,
That mamma could'nt well refuse—though church was not the
place
For dolls or playthings, she well knew. Still mamma's little
maid
Was always so obedient, she did'nt feel afraid.

* * * * *

No mouse was ever half so still as this sweet little lass,
Until the sermon was quite through—then this did come to
pass :
A dozen babies (more or less), dressed in long robes of white,
Were brought before the altar rail—a flash of Heaven's own
light.

Then Mabel stood upon the seat, with Dolly held out straight,
And this is what the darling said : " Oh ! minister, please to
wait,
And wash my dolly up like that—her name it is Cosette."
The "minister" smiled and bowed his head ; but mamma
blushes yet.

ELEANOR KIRK.



THE CITY OF PRAGUE.

Scene: "Bohemia; a desert country near the sea."—SHAKESPEARE.

I DWELT in a city enchanted,
And lowly, indeed, was my lot;
Two guineas a week, all I wanted,
Was certainly all that I got.
Well, somehow I found it was plenty—
Perhaps you may find it the same,
If—if you are just five-and-twenty,
With industry, hope, and an aim:
Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
And the longitude also is vague,
The persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague!

Bohemian of course were my neighbours,
And not of a pastoral kind!
Our pipes were of clay, and our tabors
Would scarcely be easy to find.
Our Tabors? Instead of such mountains
Ben Holborn was all we could share,
And the nearest available fountains
Were the horrible things in the square:
Does the latitude still seem uncertain?
Or think ye the longitude vague?
The persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague!

How we laughed as we laboured together!
How well I remember, to-day,
Our "outings" in midsummer weather,
Our winter delights at the play!
We were not over nice in our dinners;
Our "rooms" were up rickety stairs;
But if hope be the wealth of beginners,
By Jove, we were all millionaires!


Our incomes were very uncertain,
Our prospects were equally vague;
Yet the persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague!

If at times the horizon was frowning,
Or the ocean of life looking grim,
Who dreamed, do you fancy, of drowning?
Not we, for we knew we could swim;
Oh, Friends, by whose side I was breasting
The billows that rolled to the shore,
Ye are quietly, quietly resting,
To laugh and to labour no more!
Still, in accents a little uncertain,
And tones that are possibly vague,
The persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague!

L'ENVOI.

As for me, I have come to an anchor;
I have taken my watch out of pawn;
I keep an account with a banker,
Which at present is *not* overdrawn.
Though my clothes may be none of the smartest,
The "snip" has receipted the bill;
But the days I was poor and an artist
Are the dearest of days to me still!
Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
And the longitude also is vague,
The persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague!

W. JEFFERY PROWSE: *Nicholas' Notes.*



A TALE OF A TIGER'S HEAD;

OR,

THE "RIME" OF ANOTHER ANCIENT MARINER.

'Twas off the Muddywaddy coast,
Upon a summer's day,
The good ship "O'Keefoozleum"
Was plowin' of her way.

The wind was wery troublesome,
The sea rolled mountains high,
And every gallant mariner
On board was standin' by.

For everything aloft was gone,
And Cap'in Cockle said,
To Ben, the bos'an at the wheel,
"You let her 'ave 'er head.

"She's weathered many a wusser storm.
There's nothing we can do;
So let her 'ave 'er head, I say,
And she will pull us through."

Ben turned his quid, let go his hold
An' let the wessel drive,—
And twenty minutes arterwards
None on 'em was alive—

Save Ben, who'd donned the cap'n's belt—
Life-belt of London make—
By ac-cident; and so was washed
Ashore in pure mistake.

For eight-and-forty hours did he
Go wand'rin' on the beach,
In search of food—likewise of drink—
But nothing came in reach.

His "bacca" box was empty quite,
His stomach was the same;
At last he thought he'd better go,
But not the way he came.

He turned his back upon the sea,
Beneath a scorchin' sun;
For half-a-day he broiled and baked,
Till he felt all but done.

And then he sunk beside a tree
And thought of little Bill,
His pooty boy, an' Bess, his wife,
And wished he'd made his will.

"It's all u p," he sighed, "wi' me;
No 'elp or aid at hand!"
When, lo, a dark-complexioned gent
In front of him did stand.

"Ma-ha-ka-wo-kar-ro-kar-ree,"
The stalwart stranger cried:
"The werry same to you, my friend,"
Ben instantly replied.

"I'm empty as a Hindian drum,
I'm dyin', do ye hear?"
The stranger seemed to understand,
And brought both bread and beer.

Then on the unpertendin' meal,
Poor Ben, he did regale;
And, 'avin' ate and drunk the lot,
Slewed round and told his tale—

His tale of woe, for Ben, you know,
At langwidges was fine;
And where they didn't understand
His words, he'd make a sign.

But this 'ere darky's knowledge of
Our langwidge, it was such,
He spoke it like a native, so
That 'elped Ben werry much.

"My gratitood, I'd like to prove,
For all you've done, my friend,
For me," says Ben; the stranger grinned,
"Then to my words attend.

"A great big ugly tiger lúrks,
About these parts to slay,
A man, a woman, or a child
For dinner every day.

"He's gobbled up my children three,
He's carried off my wife;
But worse—my pigs and cow he's had,
And I am poor for life.

"Now our nabob, the great Ski-hi,
Hath written, and hath said,
He'd give a hatful of rupee
For that ole tiger's head."

"If that old tiger came my way,
And I was armed, d'y'e see,"
Says Ben, "that hat would pooty soon,
I think, belong to me."

"Brave Inglese, I'll a weapon find,
We'll track the monster down,
And you shall win the bright rupee,
And also great renown."

The native went and got a knife,
At least a yard in length,
Then called on Ben to follow him,
And prove his pluck and strength.

He led him to a jungle wast,
And said, "That where him live;
To any pale-faced visitor
An audience will he give.

“He rarely stir abroad by day,
He’ll be at home, don’t fear,
So go to victory; while I
Keep a look-out up here.”

Ben put his knife between his teeth,
An’ through the jungle crawled
Until he came upon the lair
Where this man-eater sprawled.

At first the monster seemed surprised,
Then dropped his mighty jaw
To give a growl, when Ben’s big knife
Went slick into his maw.

So taken all aback was he,
That tiger wast and grim,
He hadn’t time to wag his tail
Ere Ben had settled him.

And next Ben haggled off his head,
Then, jolly as could be,
Came forth in triumph to his friend,
And found him up a tree.

“Down, down you come, an’ you shall share
The prize,” says honest Ben.
“No—no, it all belong to you,
Most generous of men.

“You done the deed, the prize is yours,
An’ if with me you come,
I’ll take you to the great Ski-hi,
But, first— a drop o’ rum.”

The native flourished, then, a flask;
Ben smelt it, took a spell;
He drained it dry, then rolled his eye,
And said he wasn’t well.

He next began to rock and reel
As if he had been drunk;
And presently upon the ground
Onsensible he sunk.

He had been hocussed, had poor Ben,
And now the native sped
To claim the hatful of rupees
For that man-eater's head.

The great Ski-hi upon a mat,
His hookah in his hand,
Sat blowin' of a easy cloud,
While he was bein' fanned

Wi' w'ackin' wings that worked wi' ropes,
And sent a breeze his way,
While two dark ladies all in white
Brought liquors on a tray.

Now when the native did appear,
With that huge tiger's head,
"The hatful of rupee I claim,"
The grinnin' rascal said.

"That tiger ne'er was slain by thee,"
The nabob made reply.
The other, "By the prophet's beard,
I couldn't tell a lie!

"I slew that tiger." "Then come here;
And now look well at me,
And from my beard pluck one grey hair,
The longest thou canst see."

The wily native stretched his hand;
A snap the nabob made,
And nearly bit a finger off
Of that black renegade,
Who, startin', turned a dirty white,
Which proved he was afraid.

* * * * *

A noise without, and then within
Springs Ben. "Holloa!" says he,
That dirty lubber stole my head
Arter he'd hocussed me.

"I killed the tiger! I alone!
And so claim your rupees."
"Come hither," said the great Ski-hi,
"And on thy bended knees

"Pluck from my beard the longest hair,
Grey hair, that thou canst see,
And if thou well perform the task
The prize belongs to thee."

"Ay! ay, your honour!" answered Ben,
And he essayed the pull;
Again the nabob gave a snap,
But this time made a mull.


Ben seized him tightly by the beard,
And punched with might and main
His ancient copper-coloured head,
Until it shook again.

"You'd bite, yer beggar, would yer? Bite?"
Cried Ben, "Take that—and—that!"
And soon the great Ski-hi lay floored
Upon his Hindian mat.

When life returned, he took Ben's hand,
While tears fell from his eyes;
"Thou didst the deed, I see," said he,
"And thou shalt have the prize.

"As for that coward standin' there,
Who quakes in every limb,
Well—I've a small menagerie,
This day they—dine off him!"

J. G. WATTS: *A Lay of a Cannibal Island.*



COMFORT THROUGH A WINDOW.

(CHILD WITHIN TO TRAMP WITHOUT.)

It's not so nice here as it looks,
With china that keeps breaking so,
And five of Mr. Tennyson's books
Too fine to look in—is it, though?

If you just had to sit here (Well!)
In satin chairs too blue to touch,
And look at flowers too sweet to smell,
In vases—would you like it much?

If you see any flowers, they grow,
And you can find them in the sun.
These are the ones we buy, you know,
In winter-time—when there are none!

Then you can sit on rocks, you see,
And walk about in water, too—
Because you have no shoes! Dear me!
How many things they let you do!

Then you can sleep out in the shade
All day, I guess, and all night too,
Because—you know, you're not afraid
Of other fellows just like you!

You have no house like this, you know,
(Where mamma's cross, and ladies call)—
You have the world to live in, though,
And that's the prettiest place of all!

SARAH M. B. PIATT: *Three Little Emigrants.*

HERE SHE GOES, AND THERE SHE GOES.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.
The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over:—"Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight?
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"
"What wonder? where?" "The clock, the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke,—

"You mean the clock that's ticking there?
I see no wonder, I declare!
Though maybe, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly, somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute;
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock at Jersey, near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink;
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December:
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do

To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till the hour should close,
Still,—‘*Here she goes, and there she goes.*’
He lost the bet in half a minute.”

“Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!”
Exclaimed the landlord; “try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet.”
“Agreed, but we will play some trick,
To make you of the bargain sick!”
“I’m up to that!”

“Don’t make us wait,—
Begin,—the clock is striking eight.”
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice and hoarser grows,
With—“*Here she goes, and there she goes!*”

“Hold!” said the Yankee, “plank the ready!”
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
“Tom! with the money let’s be off!”
This made the landlord only scoff.
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he, “The fools! I’ll bite them yet
So poor a trick shan’t win the bet.”
And loud and long the chorus rose
Of—“*Here she goes, and there she goes!*”
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in to see
Her daughter: “Where is Mrs. B——?”
“When will she come do you suppose?
Son!”——

“Here she goes, and there she goes!”
“Here!—where?”—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;

"Son! why that steady gaze and sad?
Those words,—that motion,—are you mad?
But here's your wife, perhaps she knows,
And"——

"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His finger persevered to go;
While curled his very nose with ire
That *she* against him should conspire;
And with more furious tone arose
The—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But"——

"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor,—run, run, run,—
For Doctor Brown and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black and Doctor White,
And Doctor Gray, with all your might!"

The doctors came, and looked, and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered.
Then one proposed he should be bled,—
"No, leeches you mean," the other said,
"Clap on a blister!" roared another,—
"No! cup him,"—"No, trepan him, brother."
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills:
"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her;
And by to-morrow I suppose
That"——

"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"You are all fools!" the lady said,—
 "The way is just to shave his head.
 Run! bid the barber come anon."
 "Thanks, mother!" thought her clever son;
 "You help the knaves that would have bit me,
 But all creation shan't outwit me!"
 Thus to himself, while to and fro
 His finger perseveres to go,
 And from his lips no accent flows
 But—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
 The barber came—"Lord help him! what
 A queerish customer I've got;
 But we must do our best to save him,—
 So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
 But here the doctors interpose,—
 "A woman never"—

"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
 Not even when her baby is sick.
 He must be bled,"—"No, cup him,"—"Pills!"
 And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
 The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
 And triumph brightens up his face,
 His finger yet shall win the race;
 The clock is on the stroke of nine,
 And up he starts,—"'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"
 "What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty;
 I never spent an hour so thrifty.
 But you who tried to make me lose,
 Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
 But how is this? where are they?"

"Who?"

"The gentlemen,—I mean the two
 Came yesterday,—are they below?"
 "They galloped off an hour ago."
 "Oh, dose me! blister! shave and bleed!
 For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

THE MASHER.

It was in the Indian summer-time, when life is tender brown,
And people in the country talk of going into town,
When the nights are crisp and cooling, though the sun is warm
by day,
In the home-like town of Glasgow, in the State of Iowa;

It was in the railroad deepô of that greatly favoured zone,
That a young man met a stranger, who was still not all unknown,
For they had run-counter'd casual in riding in the car,
And the latter to the previous had offered a cigar.

Now as the primal gentleman was nominated Gale,
It follows that the secondary man was Mister Dale;
This is called poetic justice when arrangements fit in time,
And Fate allows the titles to accommodate in rhyme.

And a lovely sense of autumn seemed to warble in the air;
Boys with baskets selling peaches were vibratin' everywhere,
While in the mellow distance folks were gettin' in their corn,
And the biggest yellow punkins ever seen since you were born.

Now a gradual sensation emotioned this our Gale,
That he'd seldom seen so fine a man for cheek as Mister Dale;
Yet simultaneous he felt that he was all the while
The biggest dude and cock-a-hoop within a hundred mile.

For the usual expression of his quite enormous eyes
Was that of two ripe gooseberries who've been decreed a prize;
Like a goose apart from berries, too—though not removed from
sauce—

He conversed on lovely Woman as if he were all her boss.

Till, in fact, he stated plainly that, between his face and cash,
There was not a lady living whom he was not sure to mash;
The wealthiest, the loveliest of families sublime,
At just a single look from him must all give in in time.

Now when our Dale had got along so far upon the strain,
They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from the train,
A proud and queenly beauty of a transcendental face,
With gloves unto her shoulders, and the most expensive lace.

All Baltimore and New Orleans seemed centered into one,
As if their stars of beauty had been fused into a sun;
But, ho! her frosty dignity expressed a kind of glow
Like sunshine when thermometers show thirty grades below.

But it flashed a gleam of shrewdness into the head of Gale,
And with aggravatin' humour he exclaimed to Mr. Dale,
"Since every girl's a cricket-ball and you're the only bat,
If you want to show you're champion, go in and mash on that.

"I will bet a thousand dollars, and plank them on the rub,
That if you try it thither, you will catch a lofty snub.
I don't mean but what a lady may reply to what you say,
But I bet you cannot win her into wedding in a day."

A singular emotion enveloped Mr. Dale;
One would say he seemed confuseled, for his countenance was
pale:

At first there came an angry look, and when that look did get,
He larft a wild and hollow larf, and said, "I take the bet.

"The brave deserve the lovely—every woman may be won;
What men have fixed before us may by other men be done.
You will lose your thousand dollars. For the first time in my
life

I have gazed upon a woman whom I wish to make my wife."

Like a terrier at a rabbit, with his hat upon his eyes
Mr. Dale, the awful masher, went head-longing at the prize,
Looking rather like a party simply bent to break the peace,
Mr. Gale, with smiles, expected just a yell for the police.

Oh! what are women made of? Oh! what can women be?
From Eves to Jersey Lilies what bewildering sights we see!
One listened on the instant to all the Serpent said;
The other paid attention right away to Floral Ned.

With a blow as with a hammer the intruder broke the ice,
 And the proud and queenly beauty seemed to think it awful nice.
 Mr. Gale, as he beheld it, with a trembling heart began
 To realize he really was a most astonished man.

Shall I tell you how he wooed her? shall I tell you how he
 won?

How they had a hasty wedding ere the evening was done?
 For when all things were considered, the fond couple thought
 it best—

Such things are not uncommon in the wild and rapid West.

Dale obtained the thousand dollars, and then vanished with the
 dream.

Gale stayed in town with sorrow, like a spoon behind the cream;
 Till one morning in the paper he read, though not in rhymes,
 How a certain blooming couple had been married fifty times!

How they wandered o'er the country; how the bridegroom used
 to bet

He would wed the girl that evening,—how he always pulled the
 debt;

How his eyes were large and greensome; how, in fact, to end
 the tale,

Their very latest victim was a fine young man named Gale.

CHARLES G. LELAND: '*Brand-New Ballads*.'



AGED FORTY.

No *Times*! no book!—and I must wait

A full half-hour ere Doldrum comes!

Brown would find pictures in the grate,

Jones watch the twirling of his thumbs:

Both noble aims; but, after all,

E'en such delights are apt to pall.

Confound the stupid place!

What shall I do the time to pass?

I'll give five minutes to the glass,

And contemplate my face.

My face ! Is this long strip of skin,
Which bears of worry many a trace,
Of sallow hue, of features thin,
This mass of seams and lines, my face ?
The aspect's bad, the glass is wrong,
Some cheating ray must fall along
The surface of the plate !
I've known myself now forty year,
Yet never saw myself appear
In such a sorry state.

I'll speak to Doldrum—wait awhile !
Let's think a while before deciding.
Of late I've noticed Nelly's smile
Has been less kind and more deriding.
Can I be growing old ? Can youth
Have said farewell ? The simple truth
I'll have, no doubt concealing ;
Straightway I'll put my heart to school,
And though I find I've played the fool,
I'll speak out every feeling.

When introduced to Minnie Blair
Last night on waltzing purpose bent,
I saw that rosebud smile and stare,
Half pity, half astonishment.
“Engaged,” she murmured as I bowed,
But ere I mingled with the crowd,
I caught her muttered words—
“*I waltz with him !* How can Grace bring
Me such a pompous stout old thing ?
She's really too absurd !”

A “stout old thing !” Oh, Lucy, love,
Ten long years resting in the grave,
Whose simply-sculptured tomb above
The feathery-tufted grasses wave—
Couldst thou bear such a term applied
To him who won thee for his bride,
Whose heart for thee nigh broke ?
Round whose slim neck thine arm would twine,
As round the elm the eglantine,
Or ivy round the oak.

'Twas but last week, in Truefitt's shop,
 A man, with aspect grave and calm,
 Said I was "thinning at the top,"
 And recommended some one's Balm!
 What "balm in Gilead" could recall
 The mother's touch that used to fall
 Upon my childish brow?
 That soft sweet hand that used to toy
 With thick curl clusters of her boy?
 Where is that mother now?

Gone is my hack, my gallant roan,
 Too hot for use. I've in his place
 A cob "well up to fourteen stone,"
 Of ambling gait and easy pace.
 The arm that stopped the Slasher's blow,
 Or clave Rhine's flood, hangs listless now,
 No grist to any "mill."
 The legs so stalwart and so strong
 Which, all unfaltering, climbed Mont Blanc,
 Now ache at Primrose Hill.

My heart! my what?—ten years have passed,
 Ten dreary years of London life
 And worldly selfishness, since last
 My heart was quickened in Love's strife:
 A look would make my pulses dance;
 How swift would dim my bright eye's glance
 When Grief turned on her main!
 Naught makes my eye now brightly glow
 Save Mümm's Moselle, or Clos Vaugeot,
 Or Veuve Cliquot's champagne.

Yet I have known—ay, I have known,
 If e'er 'twere given to mortal here,
 The pleasure of the lowered tone,
 The whisper in the trellised ear;
 The furtive touch of tiny feet,
 The heart's wild effervescing beat,
 The maddened pulse's play:
 Those hearts are now all still and cold,
 Those feet are 'neath the churchyard mould,
 And I—have had my day!

What ! quiv'ring lips and eyelids wet
 At recollection of the dead !
 No well-bred man should show regret
 Though youth, though love, though hope be fled !
 Ha ! Doldrum, man, come back ! What news ?
 So Frank's gazetted to the Blues !
 And Jack's got his divorce.
 I'll toddle down towards the club ;
 A cutlet—then our usual “rub”—
 You'll join us there, of course !

EDMUND YATES : *Temple Bar.*

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
 For my part getting up seems not so easy
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly ?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
 His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
 The first turn-out !

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
 Besprinkled by the rosy-finger'd girl ;
 What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
 To early pearl ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
 And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
 "Wherefore should master rise before the hens
 Have laid their eggs?"

Why from a comfortable pillow start
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
 A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
 Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
 "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
 Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
 And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;
 But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
 "All up—all up!"

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
 Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;—
 A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
 Must be a spoon.

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works*.



NOT A SOUS HAD HE GOT.

Not a *sous* had he got,—not a guinea or note,
 And he look'd confoundedly flurried,
 As he bolted away without paying his shot,
 And the Landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
 When home from the Club returning;
 We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light
 Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the d——," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.—

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun—
Of a watchman, "One o'clock!" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

R. H. BARHAM: *Ingoldsby Legends*.

THE GHOST-PLAYER.

A BALLAD.

TOM GOODWIN was an actor-man,
Old Drury's pride and boast
In all the light and sprite-ly parts,
Especially the Ghost.

Now Tom was very fond of drink,
Of almost every sort,
Comparative and positive,
From porter up to port.

But grog, like grief, is fatal stuff
For any man to sup;
For when it fails to pull him down,
It's sure to blow him up.

And so it fared with ghostly Tom,
Who day by day was seen
A-swelling, till (as lawyers say)
He fairly lost his lean.

At length the manager observed
He'd better leave his post,
And said he played the very deuce
Whene'er he played the Ghost.

'Twas only t'other night he saw
A fellow swing his hat,
And heard him cry, "By all the gods!
The Ghost is getting fat!"

'Twould never do, the case was plain,
His eyes he couldn't shut;
Ghosts shouldn't make the people laugh,
And Tom was quite a *butt*.

Tom's actor friends said ne'er a word
To cheer his drooping heart;
Though more than one was burning up
With zeal to "take his part."

Tom argued very plausibly;
He said he didn't doubt
That Hamlet's father drank and grew,
In years, a little stout.

And so, 'twas natural, he said,
And quite a proper plan,
To have his spirit represent
A portly sort of man.

'Twas all in vain: the manager
Said he was not in sport,
And, like a gen'ral, bade poor Tom
Surrender up his *forte*.

He'd do perhaps in heavy parts,
Might answer for a monk,
Or porter to the elephant,
To carry round his trunk;

But in the Ghost his day was past,—
He'd never do for that;
A Ghost might just as well be dead
As plethoric and fat.

Alas! next day poor Tom was found
As stiff as any post;
For he had lost his character,
And given up the Ghost.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems*.



THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue ;
His hat it was broad and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colours—except on his nose,
And he met with a lady, the story goes.

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she cast him a beamy blink,
And the traveller nothing was loth, I think,
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
And the Quaker he grinned—for he'd very good teeth.
And he ask'd, " Art thee going to ride on the heath ? "

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

" I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
" As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid ;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I wouldn't ' for anything ' I should be found,
For—between you and me—I have five hundred pound."

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

" If that is thee* own, dear," the Quaker he said,
" I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed ;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow,
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow ! "

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The maiden she smiled, and her rein she drew,
" Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you."
A pistol she held at the Quaker's head—
" Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead—
'Tis under the saddle I think you said."

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

* The inferior class of Quakers make *thee* serve not only in its true grammatical use, but also do the duty of *thou*, *thy*, and *thine*.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow,
And the Quaker was never a Quaker till now,
As he saw, by the fair one he wished for a bride,
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that shamm'd tender, now only defied.

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim," quoth she,
"To take all this filthy temptation from thee,
For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleeting;
Accept from thy *maaid'n* a right loving greeting,
For much doth she profit by this Quaker's meeting."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"And hark! jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness, more than a wench, in thine eye,
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
Remember the one that you met on the heath,—
Her name's *Jimmy* Barlow—I tell to your teeth!"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"*Friend* James," quoth the Quaker, "pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favour, d'ye see;
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's—and truly on thee I depend,
To make it appear I my trust did defend."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes, here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."—

So Jim he popp'd first through the skirt of his coat,
And then through his collar—quite close to his throat;

"Now one through my broadbrim," quoth Ephraim,

"I vote."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and they're spent,
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."—

"Then"—said Ephraim, producing *his* pistols—"just give
My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

Jim Barlow was diddled—and, though he was game,
 He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
 That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,
 And when the whole story got into the papers,
 They said that "*the thieves were no match for the
 Quakers.*"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

SAMUEL LOVER: *Poetical Works.*

THE LAY OF A LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THICKER and thicker, year after year,
 Hideous fog enveloped the city;
 Denser and denser, drear and more drear,
 Till every one said, "What a terrible pity!"

"Why cannot something be done to abate
 This foul, this fearsome funeral pall?
 We would willingly pay an additional rate
 To be rid of this misery once for all."

Then a Health Society made a first start,
 And got up a Show for Smoke Abatement;
 But, in spite of good heads and an Ernest Hart,
 It ended in smoke and an empty statement.

Then Thinkers (and Tinkers) wrote to the *Times*,
 And the *Post*, *Globe*, and *Standard* took up the cry,
 And rung loud peals like the Christmas chimes;
 Still nothing was done! hear the reason why:

Bumbledom's Beadle stood in the breach,
 And fought for the fog like a champion true;
 And said, "Whatever you *write* or *teach*,
 I'll take good care you shall nothing *do*."

But at length and at last there came a day—
 A Ninth of November, dark and drizzly—
 When the Lord Mayor's Show, so gaudy and gay,
 Loomed thro' the darkness, ghastly and grizzly.

For the fog grew thicker, and blacker the gloom,
Till nobody saw that Lord Mayor's Show,
As it moved along like a pageant of doom,
Carefully, fearfully, solemnly slow.

Thicker and thicker then fell the night ;
When " Ministers " came to that Lord Mayor's Dinner,
'Twas so dark that, despite electric light,
You couldn't discern a saint from a sinner.

In this compound of vapour and sulphur and smoke,
With a fine rich flavour of sewer and gases,
The guests in the hall could do nothing but choke,
Or helplessly bray like lunatic asses.

They sat them down to the turtle-feast,
And partially got their breath again ;
If they couldn't talk, they could eat at least,
And wet their throats with dry champagne.

But closer and closer clung the fog
As they dismally sat at that dismal revel,
Until the great Hall of Gog-Magog
Seemed wholly and fully possessed by the devil.

Then my great Lord Mayor got up to speak,
But he choked and coughed till black in the face :
Even G.O.M. could not utter a squeak,
And my Lord Mayor's chaplain couldn't say grace.

Then a panic seized on the stifling throng,
And they rose from their seats in confused array,
Surging and struggling and groping along,
Hopelessly trying to find their way.

Their carriages stood in a huddled mass,
From which not one could be extricated.
So thus on that night it came to pass
That the Lords of Misrule were asphyxiated.

WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS.

GETTING UP.

HAVE you brought my boots, Jemima? Leave them at my chamber-door.

Does the water boil, Jemima? Place it also on the floor.

Eight o'clock already, is it? How's the weather; pretty fine?

Eight is tolerably early; I can get away by nine.

Still I feel a little sleepy, though I came to bed at one.

Put the bacon on, Jemima; see the eggs are nicely done!

I'll be down in twenty minutes—or, if possible, in less;

I shall not be long, Jemima, when I once begin to dress.

She is gone, the brisk Jemima; she is gone, and little thinks

How the sluggard yearns to capture yet another forty winks.

Since the bard is human only—not an early village cock—

Why should he salute the morning at the hour of eight o'clock?

Stified be the voice of Duty; Prudence, prythee cease to chide;

While I turn me softly, gently, round upon my other side.

Sleep, resume thy downy empire; reassert thy sable reign!

Morpheus, why desert a fellow? Bring those poppies here again!

What's the matter *now*, Jemima? Nine o'clock? It cannot be!

Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon, and the matutinal tea?

Take away the jug, Jemima. Go, replenish it anon;

Since the charm of its caloric must be very nearly gone.

She has left me. Let me linger till she re-appears again.

Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and easy vein.

After Sleep's profounder solace, naught refreshes like the doze.

Should I tumble off, no matter: she will wake me, I suppose.

Bless me, is it *you*, Jemima? Mercy on us, what a knock!

Can it be—I can't believe it—actually ten o'clock?

I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me warmer water up!

Let the tea be strong, Jemima. I shall only want a cup.

Stop a minute ! I remember some appointment, by-the-way.
 'Twould have brought me mints of money : 'twas for ten o'clock
 to-day.

Let me drown my disappointment, Slumber, in thy seventh
 heaven !

You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me at eleven !

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Strains from the Strand.*

MY PARTNER.

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
 Of folly and cold water,
 I danced last year my first quadrille
 With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
 Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
 When summer's rose is newest ;
 Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
 When autumn's sky is bluest ;
 And well my heart might deem her one
 Of life's most precious flowers,
 For half her thoughts were of its sun,
 And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels :—" Vivian Grey "
 Was positively charming,
 And " Almacks " infinitely gay,
 And " Frankenstein " alarming ;
 I said " De Vere " was chastely told,
 Thought well of " Herbert Lacy,"
 Called Mr. Banim's sketches " bold,"
 And Lady Morgan's " racy ;"
 I vowed that last new thing of Hook's
 Was vastly entertaining :
 And Laura said—" I doat on books,
 Because it's always raining !"

I talked of Music's gorgeous fane ;
 I raved about Rossini,
 Hoped Ronzi would come back again,
 And criticised Pacini ;

I wished the chorus-singers dumb,
 The trumpets more pacific,
 And eulogised Brocard's *à plomb*,
 And voted Paul "terrific!"
 What cared she for Medea's pride,
 Or Desdemona's sorrow?
 "Alas!" my beauteous listener sighed,
 "We must have rain to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
 Of ever-boiling fountains,
 Of poisonous lakes and barren sands,
 Vast forests, trackless mountains:
 I painted bright Italian skies,
 I lauded Persian roses,
 Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
 And jests for Indian noses:
 I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
 Vienna's dread of treason:
 And Laura asked me—where the glass
 Stood, at Madrid, last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
 The week before, of scandal;
 What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
 And Jane take up her Handel;
 Why Julia walked upon the heath,
 With the pale moon above her;
 Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
 And Anne her falser lover;
 How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
 Had crossed the sea together:
 My shuddering partner cried "*O Ciel!*"
 How *could* they,—in such weather?"

Was she a Blue?—I put my trust
 In strata, petals, gases;
 A boudoir-pedant? I discussed
 The toga and the fasces:
 A Cockney-Muse? I mouthed a deal
 Of folly from Endymion;
 A saint? I praised the pious zeal
 Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;

A politician?—It was vain
To quote the morning paper ;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapour.

Flat Flattery was my only chance :
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her very glance,
Grace in her every motion ;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling ;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling.
I envied gloves upon her arm
And shawls upon her shoulder ;
And, when my worship was most warm,—
She—"never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land ;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,
And sits a horse divinely,
But to be linked for life to her !—
The desperate man who tried it
Might marry a Barometer
And hang himself beside it !

W. M. PRAED : *Poems*, Vol. II.

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY.

I'm old, my dears, and shrivelled with age, and work, and grief,
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been drawn by Time, the
Thief !

For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great I've run —
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is almost done !

Ah ! I've been young in my time, and I've played the deuce
with men !

I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty then :
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes were large and
sweet,
Poll Pineapple's eyes were the standing toast of the Royal Fleet !

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ships
With apples and cakes, and fowls, and beer, and halfpenny dips,
And beer for the generous mess, where the officers dine at
nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking midship-
mites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchored in Portsmouth Bay,
By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieutenant Belaye.
Lieutenant Belaye commanded the gunboat *Hot Cross Bun*,
She was seven and thirty feet in length, and she carried a gun.

With a laudable view of enhancing his country's naval pride,
When people inquired her size, Lieutenant Belaye replied,
“Oh, my ship, my ship is the first of the Hundred and Seventy-
ones !”

Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined it meant her
guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon me down below,
“Come down, little Buttercup, come” (for he loved to call
me so),
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd taken a part,
And so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll Pineapple's heart !

But at length his orders came, and he said one day, said he,
“I'm ordered to sail with the *Hot Cross Bun* to the German
Sea.”

And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they learnt the evil day,
For every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieutenant Belaye.

And I went to a back back street, with plenty of cheap cheap
shops,
And I bought an oilskin hat and a second-hand suit of slops,
And I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he never suspected *me* !)
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go to sea.

We sailed that afternoon at the mystic hour of one,—
Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the *Hot Cross Bun*.

I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors sometimes swear,
But I never yet heard a *Bun* say anything wrong, I declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Messmate, ho!
What cheer?"

But here, on the *Hot Cross Bun*, it was "How do you do, my
dear?"

When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl with a big big
D——

But the strongest oath of the *Hot Cross Buns* was a mild
"Dear me!"

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could scarcely call them
slick:

Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely sick;
And whenever the weather was calm, and the wind was light
and fair,

They spent more time than a sailor should on his back back
hair.

They certainly shivered and shook when ordered aloft to run,
And they screamed when Lieutenant Belaye discharged his
only gun.

And as he was proud of his gun—such pride is hardly wrong—
The Lieutenant was blazing away at intervals all day long.

They all agreed very well, though at times you heard it said
That Bill had a way of his own of making his lips look red—
That Joe looked quite his age—or somebody might declare
That Barnacle's long pig-tail was never his own own hair.

Belaye would admit that his men were of no great use to him,
"But, then," he would say, "there is little to do on a gunboat
trim.

I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big gun too—
And it *is* such a treat to sail with a gentle well-bred crew."

I saw him every day. How the happy moments sped!
 Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty weather ahead!
 (I do not mean that tempests threatened the *Hot Cross Bun*:
 In *that* case, I don't know whatever we *should* have done!)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one day,
 And off on leave for a week went kind Lieutenant Belaye,
 And after a long long week had passed (and it seemed like a life),
 Lieutenant Belaye returned to his ship with a fair young wife!

He up, and he says, says he, "O crew of the *Hot Cross Bun*,
 Here is the wife of my heart, for the Church has made us one!"
 And as he uttered the word, the crew went out of their wits,
 And all fell down in so many separate fainting fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the case might be,
 And lo! the rest of the crew were simple girls, like me,
 Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array,
 To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant Belaye.

* * * * *

It's strange to think that *I* should ever have loved young men,
 But I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty then,
 And now my cheeks are furrowed with grief and age, I trow!
 And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have lost their lustre now!

W. S. GILBERT: *Fifty 'Bab Ballads.'*



O'FARRELL THE FIDDLER.

Now, thin, what has become
 Of Thady O'Farrell?
 The honest poor man,
 What's delayin' him, why?
 O, the thrush might be dumb,
 And the lark cease to carol,
 Whin his music began
 To comether the sky.

Three summers have gone
Since we've missed you, O'Farrell,
From the weddin', and pattern,
And fair on the green.
In an hour to St. John
We'll light up the tar-barrel,
But ourselves we're not flatter'n'
That thin you'll be seen.

O Thady, we've watched
And we've waited for ever,
To see your ould self
Steppin' into the town—
Wid your corduroys patched
So clane and so clever,
And the pride of a Guelph
In your smile or your frown—

Till some one used say,
"Here's Thady O'Farrell;"
And "God bless the good man!
Let's go meet him," we cried;
And wid this from their play,
And wid that from their quarrel
All the little ones ran
To be first at your side.

Soon amongst us you'd stand,
Wid the ould people's blessin',
As they lean'd from the door
To look out at you pass;
Wid the colleen's kiss-hand,
And the childer's caressin',
And the boys fightin', sure,
Which'd stand your first glass.

Thin you'd give us the news
Out of Cork and Killarney—
Had O'Flynn married yet?—
Was ould Mack still at work?—
Shine's political views—
Barry's last bit of blarney—
And the boys you had met
On their way to New York.

And whin from the sight
Of our say-frontin' village
The far-frownin' Blasquet
Stole into the shade,
And the warnin' of night
Called up from the tillage
The girl wid her basket,
The boy wid his spade;

By the glowin' turf-fire,
Or the harvest moon's glory,
In the close-crowded ring
That around you we made,
We'd no other desire
Than your heart-thrillin' story,
Or the song that you'd sing,
Or the tune that you played.

Till you'd axe, wid a leap
From your seat in the middle,
And a shuffle and slide
Of your foot on the floor,
"Will ye try a jig-step,
Boys and girls, to the fiddle?"
"Faugh a ballagh," we cried,
"For a jig to be sure."

For whinever you'd start
Jig or planxty so merry,
Wid their caperin' twirls
And their rollickin' runs,
Where's the heel or the heart
In the kingdom of Kerry
Of the boys and the girls
Wasn't wid you at once?

So you'd tune wid a sound
That arose as delightin'
As our own colleen's voice,
So sweet and so clear,
As she coyly wint round,
Wid a curtsey invitin'
The best of the boys
For the fun to prepare.

For a minute or so,
Till the couples were ready,
On your shoulder and chin
The fiddle lay quite;
Then down came your bow
So quick and so steady,
And away we *should* spin
To the left or the right!

Thin how Micky Dease
Forged steps was a wonder,
And well might our women
Of Roseen be proud—
Such a face, such a grace,
And her darlin' feet under
Like two swallows skimmin'
The skirts of a cloud.

Thin, Thady, ochone!
Come back, for widout you
We are never as gay
As we were in the past.

* * * *

O Thady, mavrone,
Why, thin, I wouldn't doubt you.
Huzzah! boys, huzzah!
Here's O'Farrell at last!

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES: *Songs of Killarney.*



THE TIGHT BOOTS.

"My boots are tight: the hour is late;
My faltering footsteps deviate:
And through the stillness of the night
A wail is heard—'My boots are tight!'

"O weary hour! O wretched woe!
It's only half-past three, or so.
We've not had much; I feel all right,
Except my boots; they're *very* tight.

"Old friend! I love you more and more,
Though we have met but once before.
Since then I've had a deal of sorrow;—
You'll come and dine with me to-morrow?

"What's this? A tear? I do not think
They gave us half enough to drink.
The moon up there looks precious queer,
She's winking. Ha! Another tear!

"I'm not a man who courts a row,
But you insulted me, just now.
By Jove, my friend, for what you've said,
I've half a mind to punch your head.

"You won't forget to-morrow, eh?
I'm sure to be at home all day.
Policeman, have you got a light?
Thanks. Yes, they *are*, as you say, tight.

"The man I like's the sort of man
A man can trust, you un'erstan'.
I call that man a man, you know:
He *is* a man. Precisely so.

"If any man addresses me,
No matter who that man may be;
I always say, 'twixt man and man,
This man's a *man*—you un'erstan'.

"The houses have a quivering look.
That corner one distinctly shook;
I've got another fellow's hat;
Well, never mind! all's one for that.

"The gas goes leaping up and down,
We can't be right for Camden Town.
This road went east the other day;
I think south-west's a shorter way.

“There used to be a place near here
Where one could get a glass of beer.
I wish we had some bottled Bass—
What *is* the matter with the gas?

“There’s hardly wind enough to blow
The reedy lamp-posts to and fro:
And yet you see how each one leans—
I wonder what the deuce it means?

“My pipe’s gone out: the air is chill;
Is this Mile End or Maida Hill?
Remember—six o’clock we dine:
Bring several friends—say eight or nine.

“The tavern bar was warm and bright,
And cheerful with a ruddy light.
Let’s go back there and stop all night;—
I can’t walk home: my boots are tight.”

GODFREY TURNER: *Fun.*

BALLAD OF THE MERMAID.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

DER noble Ritter* Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer-maid,
Vot hadn’t got nodings on,
Und she say, “Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?”

Und he says, “I rides in de greenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I gooms into ein Gasthaus,†
Und dere I trinks some peer.”

* Knight, Sir.

† Tavern, or wine-shop.

Und den outsphoke de maiden
 Vot hadn't got nodings on :
 "I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh
 Dat goes mit demselves alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
 Where dere's heaps of dings to see,
 Und haf a shplendid tinner
 Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin',
 Und you catches dem efery one :"—
 So sang dis wasser maiden
 Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money
 In ships dat vent down of old ;
 Und you helpsh yourself, by doonder !
 To shimmerin'* crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !
 Shoost see dese diamant rings !
 Goom down and vill your bockets,
 Und I'll giss you like efery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnaps † und lager ?
 Coom down into der Rhine !
 Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
 Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !"

Dat fetched him ‡—he shtood all shpell-pound !
 She pooled his coat-tails down,
 She drewed him oonder der wasser—
 De maiden mit nodings on.

CHARLES G. LELAND : *Hans Breitmann's Ballads.*

Notes by J. CAMDEN HOTTEN (*Ward, Lock & Co.*)

* 'Schimmern : ' *Ger.* To glitter, to sparkle, to glimmer.

† 'Schnapps : ' *Ger.* Drams, drinks.

‡ 'Brought him to a determination,' emphatically.



BITS OF BUNKUM.

WE have a first-rate reputation,
We're 'cuter and smarter, by gum!
Than any Euròpean nation,
We air, sir, I tell you, we're "some."
At bargains, receivin' or partin',
In buyin' or sellin' of "stuff,"
We know just a trifle, that's sartin',
And that trifle air quite enough.

Your noospapers tell of explosions,
And make a tremenjeous shine,
But all I can say is, "their notions
Air somethin' quite different from mine."
T'other night with a friend I was sleepin'—
A gunpowder mill was next door—
It bust up; when I says, "Do be keepin'
Them legs of yourn still, and don't snore."

When I whistle, my marvellous flutin'
Licks holler the birds of the air,
For the moment that I begin tootin'
The critters shut up in despair.
I was warblin' one night by the river
And shakin' and makin' such trills,
That a nightingale near, with a shiver,
Suicided hisself with his quills.

It would take you all day, sir, by gracious!
To walk round a full-sized Yankee cheese,
And the mites air that big and voracious
They'd swaller you down like green peas.
And a Britisher one day remarkin'
Our fruit, said, "Your pumpkins air small."
"Why, stranger," says I "You air larkin',
Them's *currants*, not pumpkins at all."

ESDAILE KINGDON.



BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

'Twas on a windy night,
 At two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning,
 At Judy Callaghan's door,
 Sitting upon the palings,
 His love-tale he did pour,
 And this was part of his wailings:—

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh! list to what I say:
 Charms you've got like Venus;
 Own your love you may,
 There's but the wall between us.
 You lie fast asleep
 Snug in bed and snoring;
 Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.

Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got a pig and a sow,
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 And a cabin, too, to keep 'em;
 Sunday hat and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on;
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
I've got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whisky to make us gaily;
I've got a feather-bed
And a handsome new shillelagh.

Only say

You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;

Don't say nay,

Charming Judy Callaghan.

You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading;
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As everybody's knowing;
You've got a decent tongue,
Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

Only say

You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;

Don't say nay,

Charming Judy Callaghan.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye;
But, och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover;
To-morrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.

Only say

You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;

Don't say nay,

Charming Judy Callaghan.

TOM HUDSON: *Bentley Ballads.*

FRIAR CLAUS'S PANEGYRIC ON WINE.

SCENE: *Convent of HIRSCHAU—the convent cellar.*

Friar Claus. I always enter this sacred place
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,
Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines
That produce these various sorts of wines !
For my part, I am well content
That we have got through with the tedious Lent !
Fasting is all very well for those
Who have to contend with invisible foes ;
But I am quite sure it does not agree
With a quiet, peaceable man like me,
Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind
That are always distressed in body and mind !
And at times it really does me good
To come down among this brotherhood,
Dwelling for ever under ground,
Silent, contemplative, round and sound ;
Each one old, and brown with mould,
But filled to the lips with the ardour of youth,
With the latent power and love of truth,
And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,
When buds are swelling on every side,
And the sap begins to move in the vine,
Then in all cellars, far and wide,
The oldest, as well as the newest, wine
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
With a kind of revolt and discontent
At being so long in darkness pent,
And fain would burst from its sombre tun
To bask on the hillside in the sun ;

As in the bosom of us poor friars,
The tumult of half-subdued desires
For the world that we have left behind
Disturbs at times all peace of mind !
And now that we have lived through Lent,
My duty it is, as often before,
To open awhile the prison-door,
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,
And has stood a hundred years or more,
Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,
Till his beard has grown through the table of stone !
Is of the quick and not of the dead !
In its veins the blood is hot and red,
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak
That time may have tamed, but has not broke.
It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,
And cost some hundred florins the ohm ;
But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.
And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,
The old rhyme keeps running in my brain !

At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better far
Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.
In particular Würzburg well may boast
Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,
Which of all wines I like the most.
This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,
Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

(Fills a flagon.)

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and sings!
What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon while it fills,
As of hyacinths and daffodils!
Between this cask and the Abbot's lips
Many have been the sips and slips;
Many have been the draughts of wine,
On their way to his, that have stopped at mine;
And many a time my soul has hankered
For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,
When it should have been busy with other affairs,
Less with its longings and more with its prayers.
But now there is no such awkward condition,
No danger of death and eternal perdition;
So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all,
Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul!

(He drinks.)

O cordial delicious! O soother of pain!
It flashes like sunshine into my brain!
A benison rest on the Bishop who sends
Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends!
And now a flagon for such as may ask
A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,
And I will be gone, though I know full well
The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.
Behold where he stands, all sound and good,
Brown and old in his oaken hood;
Silent he seems externally
As any Carthusian monk may be;
But within, what a spirit of deep unrest!
What a seething and simmering in his breast!
As if the heaving of his great heart
Would burst his belt of oak apart!
Let me unloose this button of wood,
And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

(Sets it running.)

See! how its currents gleam and shine,
As if they had caught the purple hues
Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the dews;

Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood
Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,
Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach;
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach!
The beautiful town that gives us wine
With the fragrant odour of Muscadine!
I should deem it wrong to let this pass
Without first touching my lips to the glass,
For here in the midst of the current I stand,
Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,
Taking toll upon either hand,
And much more grateful to the giver.

(He drinks.)

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
Such as in any town you may find,
Such as one might imagine would suit
The rascal who drank wine out of a boot
And, after all, it was not a crime,
For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim.
A jolly old toper! who at a pull
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,
And ask with a laugh, when that was done,
If the fellow had left the other one!
This wine is as good as we can afford
To the friars, who sit at the lower board,
And cannot distinguish bad from good,
And are far better off than if they could,
Being rather the rude disciples of beer
Than of anything more refined and dear!

(Fills the other flagon and departs.)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *The Golden Legend.*

THE TOWN OF NICE.

(MAY, 1874.)

THE town of Nice ! the town of Nice !
Where once mosquitoes buzzed and stung,
And never gave me any peace,
The whole year round when I was young !
Eternal winter chills it yet,
It's always cold, and mostly wet.

Lord Brougham sate on the rocky brow,
Which looks on sea-girt Cannes, I wis,
But wouldn't like to sit there now,
Unless 'twere warmer than it is ;
I went to Cannes the other day,
But found it much too damp to stay.

The mountains look on Monaco,
And Monaco looks on the sea ;
And, playing there some hours ago,
I meant to win enormously ;
But, tho' my need of coin was bad,
I lost the little that I had.

Ye have the southern charges yet—
Where is the southern climate gone ?
Of two such blessings, why forget
The cheaper and the seemlier one ?
My weekly bill my wrath inspires ;
Think ye I meant to pay for fires ?

Why should I stay ? No worse art thou,
My country ! on thy genial shore
The local east-winds whistle now,
The local fogs spread more and more ;
But in the sunny south, the weather
Beats all you know of put together.

I cannot eat—I cannot sleep—
The waves are not so blue as I;
Indeed, the waters of the deep
Are dirty-brown, and so's the sky:
I get dyspepsia when I dine—
Oh, dash that pint of country-wine!

HERMAN C. MERIVALE: *The White Pilgrim.*

LOBLOLLY LUKE.

A SAILOR SONG.

OH! Loblolly Luke was picked up by a fluke
By a chap on a charity tack,
Who sent him atrip in a mercantile ship
For to give him the mariner's knack;
But Luke, d'ye see, was a landsman, and he
Could never learn much, though he tried,
And ever so tiny a swell on the briny
Would send him away to the side.

'Twas seldom he knew what was said by the crew,
'Twas seldom *they* followed *his* drift,
For the slang of the seas in but little agrees
With the slang that's the landlubber's gift.
Imagine their state when he called each a "mate,"
And christened the skipper "the boss!"
And as they'd begin (what *they* called) to "turn in,"
Declared he was going to "doss!"

He looked very hard when they spoke of "the yard,"
And thought of policemen and cells;
His state was sublime when they told him the time
In the accurate number of "bells."
He thought that they still were a-calling him "Bill"
Whenever they shouted "belay!"
And he guiltily shrunk when they mentioned his "bunk,"
For he meant to be cutting away!

When they looked to the clouds, and referred to "the shrouds,"

It gave him the painfulest shock,
And the "braces" and "stays" he for several days
Believed to be hosiers' stock !

The "cockpit," he thought, was a place where they fought
(Away from the law-making sticks)
Occasional matches, while under the hatches
They bred the belligerent chicks !

The cap'n he frowned, and he wished "the swab" drowned,
But didn't see how that could be,
For he'd made it appear unmistakeably clear
That he never was meant for the sea ;
But at last (the young willin' !) they caught him a fillin'
The pipe of the bos'n with shag ;
So they flung out a ratlin', and pointed a Gatlin',
And sent him ashore with a bag.

But you'll quite understand he was spoiled for the land
Along of what little he knew ;
So they made him a skipper aboard of a clipper
As plied between Chelsea and Kew.
But the river went low in the summer, you know,
Which ended Luke's loblolly yarns,
For he struck on the sands, and went down with all hands,
In two feet of water off Barnes.

JOHN W. HOUGHTON: *Fun*.

NEXT MORNING.

If some one's head's not very bright,
At least the owner bears no malice. . . .
Who was it pulled my nose last night,
And begged an interview at Calais ?

The quarrel was not much, I think,
For such a deadly arbitration,—
Some joke about the "missing link"
And all the rest inebriation.

In vino veritas! which means
 A man's a very ass in liquor;
 The "thief that slowly steals our brains"
 Makes nothing but the temper quicker.

Next morning brings a train of woes,
 But finds the passions much sedater—
 Who was it, now, that pulled my nose?—
 I'd better ring and ask the waiter.

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL: *From Grave to Gay.*

TO MY HOUSEMAID.

A CRY OF ANGUISH.

THIS will never do, Jemima. Clearly this will never do!
 Let me put the matter frankly—I must get away, or *you*.
 Vanish! I insist upon it. Leave my den and me alone.
 (Pray excuse me if I wound you by my rather angry tone.)
 Yes, I see the crust of ages on the surface of my chairs:
 I behold a paper chaos grown around me unawares.
 Your domesticated optic obviously abhors the sight:
 Mine *prefers* a crusty chaos. Hence, away; I wish to write.

Know you not I hate a duster—know you not I loathe a
 broom—
 When it seeks to break the silence of my lone back sitting-
 room?
 'Tis the *sanctum* of the Muses; here I build the lofty rhyme,
 Ev'ry morn before my luncheon—then again till dinner-time.
 Here I quaff my Aganippe, here my Helicon I swill!
 Here I mount my own Parnassus, pine and laurel-covered hill.
 Would you hitherstray to "fidget"—wasting all my precious time?
 If you only knew, Jemima, what a hill it is to climb!

Other duties are before you—else I very much mistake.
 Have you never bells to answer? Are there never beds to make?
 Has the butcher been for orders? Hark, was that a knock
 below?

Take away the broom, Jemima. Pick your duster up and go.
 I forgive you this intrusion. Cleanliness is not a crime;
 Still, I fain would have its revels practised at some other time.
 If in all my mother-lingo there be any words I hate,
 They are found in two expressions—"clearing up" and "set-
 ting straight."

Think me not a foe to order; count me not a slave to dirt—
 (If you judge me thus, Jemima, I shall be extremely hurt.)
 There's a method in my madness, though unhinged my brain
 you deem,

Trust me, I am not so brutal or so loathsome as I seem.
 I've arranged yon mass of papers in my own peculiar way.
 I can find one in a minute. Wherefore make me waste a day?
 If you think my chairs are grimy (as I've not a doubt you *do*)
 Don't imagine, I implore you, that my thoughts are grimy too.

I am now and then, Jemima, prone to meditative mood;
 Partial, I may say, to basking in the bliss of solitude.
 While I weave the dainty dactyl, or the flowing anapæst,
 I must be alone, I tell you, unannoyed by man or beast.
 If you saw me count my digits, if you saw me bite my quill,
 Might you not be justly doubtful of my fluency or skill?
 Let me only linger lonely in the "luxury of woe."
 Mind you shut the door behind you. Get away, Jemima—*Go!*

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Strains from the Strand.*

MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

(BEING THE ONLY GENUINE SEQUEL TO "MAUD MULLER.")

MAUD MULLER, all that summer day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Yet, looking down the distant lane,
 She hoped the judge would come again.

But when he came, with smile and bow,
Maud only blushed, and stammered "Ha-ow?"

And spoke of her "pa," and wondered whether
He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst into tears, and then
Begged that the judge would lend him "ten;"

For trade was dull, and wages low,
And the "craps," this year, were somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died,
Sweet Maud became the judge's bride.

But, on the day that they were mated,
Maud's brother Bob was intoxicated;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,
Were very drunk at the judge's hall.

And when the summer came again,
The young bride bore him babies twain.

And the judge was blest, but thought it strange
That bearing children made such a change:

For Maud grew broad and red and stout!
And the waist that his arm once clasped about

Was more than he now could span. And he
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that which in Maud was native grace
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place;

And thought of the twins, and wished that they
Looked less like the man who raked the hay

On Muller's farm, and dreamed with pain
Of the day he wandered down the lane.

And, looking down that dreary track,
He half regretted that he came back.

For, had he waited, he might have wed
Some maiden fair and thoroughbred ;

For there be women fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Alas for maiden ! also for judge !
And the sentimental,—that's one-half "fudge ;"

For Maud soon thought the judge a bore,
With all his learning and all his lore.

And the judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"

More sad are those we daily see :
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

MY FAMILIAR.

Ecce iterum Crispinus !

AGAIN I hear that creaking step !—
He's rapping at the door !—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes !

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.

In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher,—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems.*



THE LEGEND OF MANOR HALL.

OLD Farmer Wall, of Manor Hall,
To market drove his wain:
Along the road it went, well stowed
With sacks of golden grain.

His station he took, but in vain did he look
For a customer all the morn;
Though the farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their corn.

Then home he went, sore discontent,
And many an oath he swore,
And he kicked up rows with his children and spouse,
When they met him at the door.

Next market-day he drove away
To the town his loaded wain:
The farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their grain.

No bidder he found, and he stood astound
At the close of the market-day,
When the market was done, and the chapmen were gone
Each man his several way.

He stalked by his load along the road;
His face with wrath was red:
His arms he tossed, like a good man crossed
In seeking his daily bread.

His face was red, and fierce was his tread,
And with lusty voice cried he,
"My corn I'll sell to the devil of hell,
If he'll my chapman be."

These works he spoke just under an oak
Seven hundred winters old;
And he straight was aware of a man sitting there
On the roots and grassy mould.

The roots rose high, o'er the green-sward dry,
And the grass around was green,
Save just the space of the stranger's place,
Where it seemed as fire had been.

All scorched was the spot, as gipsy-pot
Had swung and bubbled there:
The grass was marred, the roots were charred,
And the ivy stems were bare.

The stranger up-sprung: to the farmer he flung
A loud and friendly hail,
And he said, "I see well, thou hast corn to sell,
And I'll buy it on the nail."

The twain in a trice agreed on the price;
The stranger his earnest paid,
And with horses and wain to come for the grain
His own appointment made.

The farmer cracked his whip, and tracked
His way right merrily on:
He struck up a song as he trudged along,
For joy that his job was done.

His children fair he danced in the air ;
His heart with joy was big ;
He kissed his wife ; he seized a knife,
He slew a sucking pig.

The faggots burned, the porkling turned
And crackled before the fire ;
And an odour arose that was sweet in the nose
Of a passing ghostly friar.

He tirmed at the pin, he entered in,
He sate down at the board ;
The pig he blessed, when he saw it well dressed,
And the humming ale out-poured.

The friar laughed, the friar quaffed,
He chirped like a bird in May ;
The farmer told how his corn he had sold
As he journeyed home that day.

The friar he quaffed, but no longer he laughed,
He changed from red to pale :
“ Oh, hapless elf ! ’tis the fiend himself
To whom thou hast made thy sale ! ”

The friar he quaffed, he took a deep draught ;
He crossed himself amain :
“ Oh, slave of pelf ! ’tis the devil himself
To whom thou hast sold thy grain !

“ And sure as the day, he’ll fetch them away,
With the corn which thou hast sold,
If thou let him pay o’er one tester more
Than thy settled price in gold.”

The farmer gave vent to a loud lament,
The wife to a long outcry ;
Their relish for pig and ale was flown ;
The friar alone picked every bone,
And drained the flagon dry.

The friar was gone : the morning dawn
Appeared, and the stranger’s wain
Came to the hour, with six-horse power,
To fetch the purchased grain.

The horses were black : on their dewy track
Light steam from the ground up-curved;
Long wreaths of smoke from their nostrils broke,
And their tails like torches whirled.

More dark and grim, in face and limb,
Seemed the stranger than before,
As his empty wain, with steeds thrice twain,
Drew up to the farmer's door.

On the stranger's face was a sly grimace,
As he seized the sacks of grain;
And, one by one, till left were none,
He tossed them on the wain.

And slyly he leered as his hand up-reared
A purse of costly mould,
Where, bright and fresh, through a silver mesh,
Shone forth the glistening gold.

The farmer held out his right hand stout,
And drew it back with dread;
For in fancy he heard each warning word
The supping friar had said.

His eye was set on the silver net;
His thoughts were in fearful strife;
When, sudden as fate, the glittering bait
Was snatched by his loving wife.

And, swift as thought, the stranger caught
The farmer his waist around,
And at once the twain and the loaded wain
Sank through the rifted ground.

The gable-end wall of Manor Hall
Fell in ruins on the place:
That stone-heap old the tale has told
To each succeeding race.

The wife gave a cry that rent the sky
At her goodman's downward flight:
But she held the purse fast, and a glance she cast
To see that all was right.

'Twas the fiend's full pay for her goodman gray,
 And the gold was good and true;
 Which made her declare, that "his dealings were fair,
 To give the devil his due."

She wore the black pall for Farmer Wall,
 From her fond embraces riven:
 But she won the vows of a younger spouse
 With the gold which the fiend had given.

Now, farmers, beware of what oaths you swear
 When you cannot sell your corn;
 Lest, to bid and buy, a stranger be nigh,
 With hidden tail and horn.

And, with good heed, the moral a-read,
 Which is of this tale the pith,—
 If your corn you sell to the fiend of hell,
 You may sell yourself therewith.

And if by mishap you fall in the trap,
 Would you bring the fiend to shame,
 Lest the tempting prize should dazzle her eyes,
 Lock up your frugal dame.

The Author of HEADLONG HALL: Bentley Ballads.



A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

(SUGGESTED BY SOME SUMMER EXCURSIONS.)

It was a boy—a London boy—with matches in his hand,
 Who begged of me to buy a box one evening in the Strand.
 I always talk to ragged boys, it's just an author's whim;
 They often have a tale to tell—that's why I talked to him.

"I wants a tanner more!" he said, while counting up his coin,
 "Our treat's to-morrow mornin', sir—we're going to Boulain.
 We has 'dejooner' board the ship, and 'deenay' on the shore,
 But still one wants a bob to spend—I wants a tanner more!"

"Boulogne!" I cried; good gracious, boy! I must have heard you wrong;

To what school, may I ask you, does your Excellence belong?"

"The ragged school, o' course!" replied that box of matches youth—

"D'ye think we ain't a-goin' there?—I'm tellin' yer the truth!

"Why, mother's in the workus, sir; last year they had their treat—

They went as far as Hamsterdam, to what they calls a *feet*;
And father, what's a imbecile, was took right up the Rhine—
That's where our treat 'll be next year—I hear as 'ow it's fine.

"My sister goes to Sunday school; her treat 'll be Mount Blank—

Six hundred on 'em goin', sir, with banners all in rank!
I wish I went to Sunday school, to have a treat like that—
I see myself a-top of it, with paper round my 'at!

"The Mission what's in Leman-street, as takes the gutter kids,
Towards their summer 'oliday 'as got no end of quids;
I hear as on a monster ship their flag will be unfurled—
'They're goin' to take them gutter kids a woy'ge around the world!"

I gave the boy what coin I had, and left him with a frown,
For I was not a gutter boy, and had to stay in town.
And as that summer night in vain I tried asleep to drop,
I thought—Where will this growing taste for foreign travel stop?

GEORGE R. SIMS: *The Lifeboat, etc.*



BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.

AN IDYLL.

"O gai!"—*French exclamation of delight.*

HE stood on his head on the wild sea-shore,
And joy was the cause of the act,
For he felt as he never had felt before,
Insanely glad, in fact.

And why? In that vessel that left the bay
 His mother-in-law had sail'd
 To a tropical country far away,
 Where tigers and snakes prevail'd.

And more than one of his creditors too—
 'Those objects of constant dread—
 Had taken berths in that ship "Curlew,"
 Whose sails were so blithely spread.

Ah! *now* he might hope for a quiet life,
 Which he never had known as yet,
 'Tis true that he *still* possessed a wife,
 And was not *quite* out of debt.:

But he watch'd the vessel, this singular chap,
 O'er the waves as she up'd and down'd,
 And he felt exactly like Louis Nap,
 When "the edifice was crown'd."

Till over the blue horizon's edge
 She disappear'd from view,
 Then up he leapt on a chalky ledge,
 And danced like a kangaroo.

And many and many a joysome lay
 He peal'd o'er the sunset sea;
 Till down with a "fizz" went the orb of day,
 And then he went home to tea.

WALTER PARKE: *Songs of Singularity.*



THE DEMON AND THE THIEF.

By Baghdád town a hermit dwelt
 Deep in the gloom of his ivied cave,
 So very devout that he never went out,
 But pardon still for his sins did crave.

His beard on the floor, for a yard or more,
 Reposed, while he lifted his hands in prayer,
 From his heels to his head, it could never be said,
 That he was in any part short of hair.

Like a dropping well, the walls of his cell
Were crusted with fungi, and reeking with damp,
And often he'd sneeze, while he knelt on his knees,
And his limbs and his joints were all twisted with
cramp.

Thus wrapped in devotion, he'd never a notion
Of asking for something to wrap himself in,
And heart, lungs, and liver did nothing but shiver,
For no covering had they but his cuticle thin.

He'd many disciples, who thought him a saint ;
Then imagine their grief when they found him one day
Stretched out on the cold wet floor in a faint,
For a beggar had taken his dinner away.

They remarked "Insha' Allah," expressive of pity,
And wiped off the mud from his cheeks and his brow,
Then, girding their loins, they returned to the city,
And brought him a fine young buffalo cow.

The holy hermit with many a prayer
And blessing, their pious attention received,
And asserted that now he'd the milk of this cow,
His petty privations were wholly relieved.

But a peasant, whose notions of "meum and tuum"
Were remarkably shady, did promise and vow
That by hook or by crook he would manage to do'em,
And quietly slope with that buffalo cow.

Not much did he care for curse or for prayer,
Or the manifold books of the Doctors Four,*
But he made the remark, "What a capital lark !"
And started away for the hermit's door.

The sun went down, and the hill-tops brown
Loomed hazy and dark through the twilight dim,
When he was aware of Somebody there
Who seemed to be bent upon walking with him.

* The four doctors of Mussulman Law.

His hands, he observed, were remarkably curved,
For each finger seemed tipped with a claw for a nail,
And he felt some fear, as he noticed in rear
A something that looked very like a tail.

So after this cursory investigation
Of his comrade's "ensemble" he felt rather blue,
But ventured to ask, not without trepidation,
"Well, stranger, and pray who the devil are you?"

"You're very polite," said that grim-looking wight,
"But since I've a notion you're one of my flock,
For once I'll let out what I'm going about,
As I do not suppose 'twill your principles shock.

"Though they call me the devil, I always am civil
To people who don't interfere with me;
I'm a foe to strife, and a quiet life
With my own inclinations would truly agree.

"But the meekest doggie is sure to bite
If you wantonly cabbage his poor little bone,
And I think I've a right to a wee bit of spite
Against meddlers who *won't* let my business alone.

"There's a hermit here whom they call a Fakeer,
Who really has given me cause for complaint;
He does nothing but pray both night and day,
And these ignorant asses all think him a saint.

"I should not object to his personal piety,
For that is a part of his private affairs;
But he's taken upon him to badger and fly at me,
And abuse my pet traps and my favourite snares.

"Thus noon, night, and morning, he's always warning
The people who flock to his wretched abode,
That the deeds of the Turks are a joke to my works,
And that I am a snake, and a fox, and a toad.

"'Tis true I might smile at comparisons vile,
But somehow he seems to have found the way
To the heart of that zany, the monkey-like many,
Who, from pure imitation, have taken to pray.

“So absinthe and gin, and all sorts of sweet sin
Are quite at a discount; and rogues in a row
In temp'rance processions make touching confessions,
And the spout and the tea-pot incessantly flow.

“Good porter and swipes, and their long clay pipes
By the ‘mobile vulgus’ are wholly eschewed,
This cranky old creature has shut up the theatre,
And even Aunt Sally, I’m told, is tabooed.

“As at each pious meeting he says life is fleeting,
And that men should rejoice to be rid of their ills,
I’ll lend him a hand to the Promised Land
With one of these very effectual pills.

“To night when his gruel he’s eagerly brewing,
And poking the sticks, with his back to the door,
And his old shrivelled knees o’er the embers are stewing,
As though he had ne’er seen a fire before,

“I’ll quietly pop in, and speedily drop in
The midst of the savoury steam and froth
This pill, which he’ll take, and in half a shake
’Twill help him, I trust, to his final broth.

“And, now I’ve done speaking, you, sir, who are sneaking
So gleefully up to the door of his cell,
I should like to hear too what you’re going to do,
So please have the kindness your story to tell.”

“There’s a trifling present,” replied the peasant,
“In the shape of a buffalo, young and fat,
That a ‘son,’ as they term it, has given the hermit,
A quadruped I am resolved to get at.

“He’s so wrapped in religion, a cow from a pigeon
He could’nt distinguish; now isn’t it waste
That on such an old muff a so beautiful buffalo
Should be quite thrown away, when another *has* taste?”

“Your reasoning really’s most cogent,” said Satan,
“No caviller could find the least fault on that head,
And, with logic so sound you may well keep your hat on
Before all philosophers, living or dead.”

Thus sweetly conversing, the hermit aspersing,
To his lowly dwelling the pair drew near,
But the stream of discourse soon changed its course,
As you, gentle reader, shall shortly hear.

Thus pondered the peasant, "'Twould hardly be pleasant,
If a hue and a hubbub were raised too soon,
And the hermit in colic from draught diabolic
Should bellow and howl to a very odd tune ;

"For the folk would come running, and all my cunning
Would never avail the cow to steal ;
Or suppose I were nailed by his friends, and impaled—
I won't risk my bacon for beef, pork, or veal !"

"I'd this nice little scheme on," reflected the demon,
"When this blundering thief comes and puts in his oar ;
For 'tis evident now that he can't steal the cow,
Unless, in the first place, he opens the door ;

"Now it's perfectly clear, should the hermit hear
The door open, there'll be such a hullabaloo
That perforce I must beat a disgraceful retreat,
A thing which I make it a rule not to do.

To the other said he, "Now, look here, do you see,
You must first let me do for the holy man,
Then off you can go with the fat buffalo ;
To manage them both 'tis the only plan."

"No, no," said the thief, "I should come to grief
If I worked in a fashion so very absurd ;
You've only to wait till I'm clear of the gate,
And I'll venture to say I shall not be heard."

'Twas in vain that the devil held forth on the evil
Of so palpably taking the cart for the horse ;
In ideas on the causative equally positive,
The thief of *his* logic maintained the force.

Then, in wrangling and fretting their interest forgetting,
The flame of dissension broke out 'twixt the two,
And the fire of their anger grew stronger and stronger,
And they cursed one another till all was blue.

"Hallo, holy hermit," the peasant cried out,
 "This demon is seeking your reverence to slay ;"
 "This beast of a peasant," the demon 'gan shout,
 "Is intent upon driving your buff'lo away !"

The hermit arose from his couch of stone,
 And, hearing the outcry, began to bawl,
 Till the neighbours came tumbling in, everyone ;
 This flourished a boot-jack, that brandished an awl.

Away went the devil, away ran the thief,
 Nor tarried a moment to make their adieus ;
 And they got such a fright on that terrible night,
 That never again did they plague the recluse.

And these words, there's no doubt, that good hermit did
 spout,
 Which now to a proverb of proverbs have grown ;
 Videlicet, "Truly when rogues fall out,
 Honest folks generally come by their own !"

MAJOR NORTON POWLETT: *Eastern Legends and Stories.*

THE WIDOW AND HER BOY.

THE mateless and the fatherless—upon the world alone !
 Two dreamers o'er a happy past—a past for ever flown.
 No brightness has the day for *them*, no calmness has the night ;
 For *them* the sunny summer-time no longer brings delight.
 Whene'er they take their walks abroad, how many poor they see
 Whose days are full of industry, whose nights are full of glee !
 What marvel that they mourn for *him*—he died not long ago—
 By whose decease the leather trade sustained so sad a blow ?

Some say 'tis forty blessed years, while some say forty-five,
 Since Edith S——, the widow'd one, began to be alive.
 As good a judge of years am I as others claim to be,
 And I consider Edith S—— exactly forty-three.

They hint that she is lowly born—they tell me she is fat—
 They call her ugliness itself; she *is*, but what of that?
 I plant my faith in dividends, my confidence in rents;
 House property is *not* a dream, no more are Three per Cents.

We met—methinks 'twas in a crowd—a month ago and more.
 Be still, my giddy heart, be still!—To see was to adore.
 Enough, enough! I dare do all that may become a man;
 But what was *I*?—A City clerk, with nothing much *per ann.*
 Yet, warmed with wine and enterprise, I breathed my early love;
 I swore by all the earth below and all the stars above.
 She heard me.—Did she understand? Her face she coyly hid;
 But, by the pressure of her hand, I rather think she *did*.

I told you, reader—did I not?—she had an only child:
 A half-neglected thing of ten, intractable and wild.
 Nay, “wild” is all inadequate—“intractable” is weak
 To paint that soul of impudence, that prodigy of cheek.
 I love to sport with little ones; I love the merry tricks
 Of little boys or little girls of only five or six.
 Their silly talk, their winning ways, amuse me now and then;
 But if I hate one living thing, it is a boy of ten.

He calls me “poor old buffer,” too, or words to that effect;
 And when he cracks my spectacles, I own that I object.
 Though little more than thirty-four, I’m growing rather bald,
 But scarcely wish to hear the fact so pointedly recall’d.
 He hides my hat, my overcoat, my walking-stick, my gloves,
 (Which feats of ingenuity his tender mother loves).
 He has too little work to do, and much too *much* of play:
 I know a first-rate boarding school a hundred miles away.

Suppose upon my lowly suit the wealthy widow smiled,
 I might assert my claim, perhaps, to castigate the child.
 No doubt the duty would be mine to exercise a right
 Of second-hand paternity upon that widow’s mite.
 It nearly makes me ill to see a fellow-creature weep;—
 Still, boys are very obstinate—and canes are very cheap.
 ’Twould be a sore necessity—but, reader, *entre nous*,
 I think that little imp would prove the sorer of the two.

I have a turn for wedded life, and long to settle down :
She owns a house in Devonshire—another one in town.
 I shan't regret the City much : its drudgery I hate :
 'Tis only cynics, after all, who scoff at silver plate.
 And yet there is a bitter pill, one thorn among the flow'rs ;
 A nightmare of a deadly form to mock my married hours.
 The Hymeneal bond, methinks, would bring me little joy :
 I *might* put up with Edith S—— ; I *cannot* stand the boy !

HENRY S. LEIGH : *A Town Garland.*

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

GENGULPHUS comes from the Holy Land,
 With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon ;
 Full many a day hath he been away,
 Yet his lady deems him return'd full soon.

Full many a day hath he been away,
 Yet scarce had he crossed ayont the sea,
 Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk
 Had called on his Lady, and stopp'd to tea.

This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,
 Stay'd with that Lady, her revels to crown ;
 They laugh'd, and they ate and they drank of the best,
 And they turned the old castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk,
 With that frolicsome Lady so frank and free,
 Trying balls and plays, and all manner of ways,
 To get rid of what French people called *Ennui*.

Now the festive board with viands is stored,
 Savoury dishes be there, I ween,
 Rich puddings and big, a barbecued pig,
 And ox-tail soup in a China tureen.

There's a flagon of ale as large as a pail—
 When, cockle on hat, and staff in hand,
 While on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking,
 Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land !

"You must be pretty deep to catch weasels asleep"

Says the proverb: that is "take the Fair unawares;"

A maid o'er the banisters chancing to peep,

Whispers, "Ma'am, here's Gengulphus a-coming up-stairs."

Pig, pudding, and soup, the electrified group,

With the flagon, pop under the sofa in haste,

And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,

As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste.

Then oh! what rapture, what joy was exprest,

When "poor dear Gengulphus" at last appear'd!

She kiss'd and she press'd "the dear man" to her breast,

In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing! 'twas almost unpleasing,

A smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye;*

She was so very glad, that she seem'd half-mad,

And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Then she calls up the maid and the table-cloth's laid,

And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout;

On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton-chops,

And she mixes a stiff glass of "Cold Without."

Then again she began at the "poor dear" man;

She press'd him to drink, and she press'd him to eat,

And she brought a foot-pan, with hot water and bran,

To comfort his "poor dear" travel-worn feet.

"Nor night nor day since he'd been away,

Had she had any rest" she "vow'd and declar'd."

She "never could eat one morsel of meat,

For thinking how 'poor dear' Gengulphus fared."

She "really did think she had not slept a wink

Since he left her, although he'd been absent so long,"

He here shook his head,—right little he said,

But he thought she was "coming it rather too strong."

* *Ενι δακρυσι γελασασα.*—*Hom.*

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,
Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,
His weaken'd body, subdued by the toddy,
Falls out of the chair, and he lies like a log.

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair ;
He lifts up the legs, and she lifts up the head,
And, between them, this most reprehensible pair
Undress poor Gengulphus and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,
And his night-cap into his mouth they cram ;
And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,
Till the "poor dear soul" goes off like a lamb.

And now they tried the deed to hide ;
For a little bird whisper'd, "Perchance you may swing ;
Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,
And a Medical Crowner's a queer sort of thing !"

So the Clerk and the wife, they each took a knife,
And the nippers that nipp'd the loaf-sugar for tea ;
With the edges and points they severed the joints
At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

Thus, limb from limb, they dismember'd him
So entirely, that e'en when they came to his wrists,
With those great sugar-nippers they nipped off his "flippers,"
As the Clerk, very flippantly, termed his fists.

When they'd cut off his head, entertaining a dread
Lest folks should remember Gengulphus's face,
They determined to throw it where no one could know it,
Down the well,—and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they shear'd,
And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,
With a good deal of pushing, all into the cushion
That filled up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack,
Which they hid in an osier-bed outside the town,
The Clerk bearing arms, legs and all on his back,
As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,
And that in a manner the least expected !
Who could surmise a man ever could rise
Who'd been thus carbonado'd, cut up, and dissected ?

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's ;
I am no unbeliever—no man can say that o' me—
But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes
If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos and Chinese,
Or a Mussulman making his heathen *salaam*, or
A Jew or a Turk, but it's other guess work
When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,
Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and urges
his
Wish to receive a snug party to dine
Of the resident clergy, the gentry, the burgesses.

At a quarter past five they are all alive,
At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in ;
And to every guest his card had express'd
“Half past” as the hour for “a greasy chin.”

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated
With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock ;
When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,
Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,
But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,
Ere Gengulphus's head, from the well's bottom, said
In mild accents, “Do help us out, that's a good girl !”

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head
In her bucket ;—with fright she was ready to drop :—
Conceive, if you can, how she roared and she ran,
With the head rolling after her, bawling out “Stop !”

She ran and she roar'd, till she came to the board
Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,
When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll
At her heels, on the table bounced up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,
The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,
The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,
As a well-spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,
Straight a right leg steps in, all impediment scorns,
And near the head stopping, a left follows hopping
Behind,—for the left leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders,
And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng,
While two hands assist, though nipp'd off at the wrist,
The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,
For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt.
As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,
Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene ;
Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side
With a dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared—well they might at so novel a sight :
No one utter'd a whisper, a sneeze, or a hem,
But sat all bolt upright, and pale with affright ;
And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

The Prince Bishop's Jester, on punning intent,
As he view'd the whole thirty, in jocular terms,
Said, "They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

But what should they do?—Oh ! nobody knew
 What was best to be done, either stranger or resident ;
 The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through
 In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop mutter'd a curse, and a prayer,
 Which his double capacity hit to a nicety ;
 His Princely, or Lay, half induced him to swear,
 His Episcopal moiety said "*Benedicite!*"

The Coroner sat on the body that night,
 And the jury agreed,—not a doubt could they harbour,—
 "That the chin of the corpse—the sole thing brought to light—
 Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber."

They sent out Von Taünsend, Von Büرنie, Von Roe,
 Von Maine, and Von Rowantz—through châteaux and châteaux,
 Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go,
 And they stuck up placards on the walls of the Stadthaus.

"MURDER!!

"WHEREAS, a dead gentleman, surname unknown,
 Has been recently found at his Highness's banquet,
 Rather shabbily drest in an Amice, or gown,
 In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket ;

"And WHEREAS, there's great reason indeed to suspect
 That some ill-disposed person, or persons, with malice
 Aforethought, have kill'd, and begun to dissect
 The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace ;

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE !—Whoever shall seize,
 And such person, or persons, to justice surrender,
 Shall receive—such REWARD—as his Highness shall please,
 On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

"And, in order the matter more clearly to trace
 To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Bishop, further,
 Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace
 To all such as have *not* been concern'd in the murder.

“ Done this day, at our palace,—July twenty-five,—
By command,
(Signed)

Johann Von Rüssell.

N.B.

Deceased rather in years—had a squint when alive ;
And smells slightly of gin—linen mark'd with a G.”

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,
Though a different version each managed to dish up ;
Some said “ The Prince Bishop had run a man through,”
Others said “ an assassin had kill'd the Prince Bishop.”

The “ Ghent Herald ” fell foul of the “ Bruxelles Gazette,”
The “ Bruxelles Gazette,” with much sneering ironical,
Scorn'd to remain in the “ Ghent Herald's ” debt,
And the “ Amsterdam Times ” quizz'd the “ Nuremberg
Chronicle.”

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed,
Spite of “ politics,” “ bias,” or “ party collision ; ”
Viz. : to “ give,” when they'd “ further accounts ” of the deed,
“ Full particulars ” soon, in “ a later Edition.”

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,
Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiffs,
Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began
To think it high time to “ astonish the natives.”

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,
And supposed the most short-sighted woman in Holland,
Found greater relief, to her joy and surprise,
From one glimpse of his “ squint ” than from glasses by Dol-
lond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose,
Megrims, headache, and vapours were put to the rout ;
And one single touch of his precious Great Toes
Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatics,—sciatica,—tic-douloureux !
Apply to his shin-bones—not one of them lingers ;—
All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew
If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his thumbs ;

When applied to the chest they cured scantness of breathing,
Sea-sickness, and cholic ; or, rubb'd on the gums,
Were " A blessing to Mothers," for infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his neck,

Where the mark remained visible still of the knife,
Notwithstanding east winds perspiration might check,
Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus, while each acute and each chronic complaint

Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,
They perceived the dead Gentleman must be a Saint,
So they lock'd him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown

As a first-rate physician kept daily increasing,
Till, as Alderman Curtis told Alderman Brown,
It seem'd as if " Wonders had never *done ceasing*."

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,

A sad falling off in their off'rings to find,
His feats were so many—still the greatest of any,—
In every sense of the word, was—behind ;

For the German Police were beginning to cease

From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd,
When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,
Unravell'd the whole by the help of—his beard !

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *barbe gris*,

When divorced from the chin of its murder'd proprietor,
Had been stuff'd in the seat of a kind of settee,
Or double-arm'd chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange

Itself in its place when the limbs join'd together ;
P'rhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,
And constructed of good, strong, maroon-colour'd leather.

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,

For Saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,
It should rest there, to aid some particular views,
Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, on the very first day
That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,
What occur'd almost frighten'd her senses away,
Beside scaring her hand-maidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds
Of the new Saint, to whom all the Town said their orisons :
And especially how, as regards invalids,
His miraculous cures far outrivall'd Von Morison's.

"The cripples," said they, "fling their crutches away,
And people born blind now can easily see us!"—
But she, (we presume, a disciple of Hume,)
Shook her head, and said angrily, "*Credat Judæus!*"

"Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,
To bring grist to their mill, these devices have hit on.—
He work miracles!—pooh!—I'd believe it of you
Just as soon, you great Geese,—or the Chair that I sit on!"

The Chair,—at that word,—it seems really absurd,
But the truth must be told,—what contortions and grins
Distorted her face!—she sprang up from her place
Just as though she'd been sitting on needles and pins!

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard
Which she utter'd, of what was beneath her forgetful,
Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,
Like a porcupine's quills when the animal's fretful.

That stout maroon leather, they pierced altogether,
Like tenter-hooks holding when clench'd from within,
And the maids cried "Good gracious! how very tenacious!"
—They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin!—

She shriek'd with the pain, but all efforts were vain;
In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle,—
The cushion stuck fast!—From that hour to her last
She could never get rid of that comfortless "Bustle!"

And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death
 Of his King, heard "the very stones prate of his where-
 abouts ;"
 So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life
 Crying "Murder !" resound from the cushion,—or there
 abouts.

With regard to the Clerk, we are left in the dark
 As to what his fate was ; but I cannot imagine he
 Got off scot-free, though unnoticed it be
 Both by Ribadaneira and Jacques de Voragine :

For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure,
 And "History's Muse" still to prove it her pen holds,
 As you'll see, if you look in a rather scarce book,
 "*God's Revenge against Murder*," by one Mr. Reynolds.

MORAL.

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,
 Like Ulysses of old,* (*vide* Homer and Naso,) *vide*
 Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day,
 And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so !

And you, learned Clerks, who're *not* given to roam,
 Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum ;
 Don't visit a house when the master 's from home !
 Shun drinking,—and study the "*Vitæ Sanctorum* !"

Above all, you gay ladies, who fancy neglect
 In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail ;
 But remember Gengulphus's wife !—and reflect
 On the moral enforced by her terrible tale !

R. H. BARHAM: *Ingoldsby Legends*.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.



THE STUTTERING LASS.

WHEN deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
I would always endeavour to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word except "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—you're a dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbour,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labour!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE WILLOW-TREE.

KNOW ye the willow-tree
Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river?
Lady, at even-tide
Wander not near it:
They say its branches hide
A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
A maid came fearful;
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
Her blue eye tearful.
Soon as she saw the tree,
Her step moved fleeter;
No one was there—ah me!
No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
The far bells' chime
Toll from the chapel-tower
The trysting time:
But the red sun went down
In golden flame,
And though she looked around,
Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,
Sadly to greet her,—
Moon in her silver light,
Stars in their glitter;
Then sank the moon away
Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
Tolling and tolling.

Long was the darkness,
Lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night wind,
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
Biting and cold,
Bleak peers the grey dawn
Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
Looks the grey dawn,
Grey, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there—
THE MAID IS GONE!

Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,—
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!

W. M. THACKERAY: *Ballads.*

THE WILLOW-TREE.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

LONG by the willow-trees
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the grey water:
"Where is my lovely one?
Where is my daughter?"

"Rouse thee, Sir Constable—
Rouse thee and look;
Fisherman, bring your net,
Boatman, your hook.
Beat in the lily-beds,
Dive in the brook!"

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her.

Mother, beside the fire
Sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping.

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart,
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision which
Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony—
"Lor! it's Elizar!"

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth--
Yes, 'twas their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loving one,
Blushing, exclaimed,
"Let not your innocent
Lizzy be blamed.

"Yesterday, going to Aunt
Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key!
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep."

Whether her Pa and Ma
 Fully believed her,
 That we shall never know,
 Stern they received her;
 And for the work of that
 Cruel, though short, night,
 Sent her to bed without
 Tea for a fortnight.

MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddlety,
 Cat and the Fiddlety,
 Maidens of England, take caution by she!
 Let love and suicide
 Never tempt you aside,
 And always remember to take the door-key.*

W. M. THACKERAY: *Ballads.*

A BALLAD OF SKATING.

WHAT skating! My beautiful cousins declare
 "There is nothing like skating—such glorious sky—
 Such glitter of frost on the grass, and the air
 Like well-iced champagne at a dance in July.
 Such parties! such partners!" Miss Kitty's so pretty—
 As daring a girl as e'er rode at a fence;
 And Miss Mabel's so slender, so graceful, so tender,
 That a fellow must
 That is, a fellow with sense.

"Help me on with my skates, Fred!" Miss Kitty has feet
 As dainty as girlish disdain could demand;
 And she knows that the boot is adorably neat,
 And laced like a glove, which she puts in my hand.
 "Hold me up, Fred! I'm falling!" Miss Mabel's unstable—
 Slim waist and soft fingers just plead to be clasped;
 "I'm sure, if I stumbled, I should feel so humbled;
 I doubt if I ever"
 Her—meaning—he grasped.

Miss Kitty's trim feet trace their arcs on the ice,
 Like a hawk on the wing, in their glide and their grace :
 Miss Mabel's slim waist feels uncommonly nice,
 And she screams if I try to—relax—my embrace.
 The air tastes, though low by Réaumur, like Saumur,
 If not quite champagne, and the sky looks its best ;
 But the fact that Miss Kitty's audaciously pretty,
 And Miss Mabel so tender
 You know all the rest.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A ROMANCE OF RAMSGATE.

LISTEN, landsmen, to a story—
 To a story of the sea ;
 Listen gravely, listen sadly,
 And, oh ! listen patiently.

Landsmen, I who tell the story
 Am a landsman like to you ;
 But I've had the great misfortune
 To be captain of a crew—

Of a crew of briny sailors,
 Of a salt sea-going craft,
 Of a vessel thrice detested—
 For'ard, 'midships, and abaft.

Why did I become the captain
 Of that thrice-detested yacht—
 Forty tons and copper-fastened ?
 Why?—because it was my lot

Landsmen, I was down at Ramsgate,
 Happy on the friendly shore,
 Gayest of a crowd, whose laughter
 Drown'd the beastly ocean's roar.

Cheerily you might have heard me
Sing "My home is on the wave,"
"Hearts of oak," and "Cease, rude Boreas,"
Or "Give me a seaman's grave."

Ev'ry inch I looked a sailor,
Stem to stern my rig was true,—
Glazed hat, white ducks tightest fitting,
Anchor-buttons, jacket blue.

Blithely I avasted, blithely
I belay'd and bowsed my jib,
Ship ahoy'd my shore companions;
But I own 'twas all a fib.

Landsmen, I was ne'er intended,
Any more than you may be,
For the maritime profession—
For a life upon the sea.

Love it was that first seduced me
From my native element,
Lured me from the *terra firma*,
Where so long I'd lived content.

Landsmen, oh, beware of sirens!—
There are many on the sands
Of our fav'rite wat'ring places,
As on those of foreign lands:

Creatures fascinating, dreadful!
Like landswomen they are not,
For they love the ocean's motion,
And the life aboard a yacht;

Think it "nice" to wear tarpaulin
When the vicious weather raves,
Call it "jolly" when the vessel's
Playing leap-frog with the waves.

One of these—I'll not describe her—
How I wish we'd never met!
Took me for a *real* yachtsman,
Caught me in Love's filmy net.

Windless was the day and sunny,
Not a cloud was in the sky;
Emerald was the treacherous ocean,
But not half so green as I!

In the harbour, void of motion,
Lay the "Flying Fish" for sale,
(I've already named her tonnage)
Built to ride out any gale.

She who held my heart in bondage
Vow'd that "she had never seen
Such a darling of a vessel."
I detest whatever's mean:

Had she fancied raging lions,
Raging lions I had sought—
Laid them fondly at her footstool;
So the "Flying Fish" I bought,

Quickly furnish'd, found, and mann'd her
For a cruise of any length—
For the circumnavigation
Of the globe my wish had strength.

Not a breath disturbed the calmness
Of the deep deceptive sea;
Brightly shone the sun, and brightly
Shone my siren's smiles on me,

As on board I proudly led her,
With her mother, Lady Browne,
And her Cousin George, a guardsman,
Who had "quite by chance run down."

Out we sail'd from Ramsgate's harbour,
Splendid sight, no doubt, to see;
No doubt thousands, congregated
On the firm shore, envied me.

"Westward ho!" like living creature
She obey'd the helmsman's hand;
"Eastward ho!" the same, but going
Rather farther from the land.

Never, if my mem'ry serves me,
Did my country's chalky shore
So impress me with its grandness!—
As I gazed, my eyes ran o'er.

Then a wild, unwonted feeling
Thrill'd me through, and in my eyes
Glowing restless ocean mingled
With the hot down-pressing skies.

Landsmen, you remember Turner's
Latest pictures?—do, I beg!—
Seas, and skies, and summer lightnings,
Beaten up with yolk of egg!

Galleries of these before me,
Flitted in a burning haze
Till my overburdened senses
Sank into a whirling craze.

Ev'rything aboard the vessel
Horribly distorted seem'd,—
And SHE laughed with that atrocious
Guardsman, till I could have scream'd!

He, the heartless, beastly monster,
Joked, and smoked, and “liquor'd-up;”
And I had not strength to sprinkle
Poison in his claret-cup!

Wilder and still more unwonted
My berack'd sensations grew,
Till with one supreme endeavour
I address'd my callous crew.

And I glared, as I addressed them,
At that fiend in human guise,
Who sat drinking, smoking, joking
With HER, there before my eyes.

“Demons!” I exclaim'd, “inform me
Who commands here—I or you?
Very well, then!—clear her bobstays!
One and all stand by to slew!

“Starboard ’tis by larboard—gently!
Fluke your anchor! larboard more!
Sail her twelve points in the wind’s eye
Run her on the nearest shore!”

Sullenly the crew obey’d me,
Hatred mark’d in every face;
I remember nothing further
Till we reach’d the landing-place.

Then I heard my cruel siren,
As HE led her from the yacht,
Speak of me in terms contemptuous,—
No! repeat them I will not.

Worse than tropical mosquitoes
Are the siren’s words to sting;
To the anguish they engender
Nothing can assuagement bring.

From that three-times-thrice-abhorred
Hour I never met again
HER, or that atrocious guardsman,
Whom I sometimes wish I’d slain.

Landsmen, all the ocean’s temptings
From that hour have I withstood;
And the “Flying Fish” I’d barter
For her weight in firing-wood.

CHARLES S. CHELTNAM: *Hood’s Comic Annual*, 1871.



THE BACHELOR'S RETURN.

A VERE DE VERE-ISIMILITUDE.

Mrs. BIGGS, of Brunswick Square,
On me you shall no more impose.
You said I wanted change of air;
My books, my desk, you bade me close;
You raved about my "precious 'elth."
Has conscience, Mrs. B., no twinges?
You wouldn't lose me for the wealth,
You told me, "not of all the Injies."

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
Though I had work upon my hands,
I grew alarmed: oppressed with care,
I sought repose on Ramsgate sands.
Returned at last, I chanced to cast
A glance into my chiffonier.
Oh, Mrs. B., your dodge I see!—
While I've been gone you've drunk my beer!

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
You put strange memories in my head,—
That currant jam!—I'd almost swear
I'd half a dozen pots of red.
Oh, your sweet child! On him I smiled
Benignly; but it seemed to me
That he had smears across his face
Which I was hardly pleased to see.

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
You've used up all my choice Pekoe;
My sherry's gone; and where, oh, where
Is that half-flask of curaçoa?

Of brandy, too, I'm quite bereft:
 The bottle's dry, and—oh, my stars!
 This ends what patience I had left—
 You've smoked up all my best cigars!

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
 Some meeker lodger you must find;
 Though good apartments may be rare,
 To quit you I've made up my mind.
 You held your course without remorse,
 To make me trust you with my keys,
 But when on you my back was turned,
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
 If rooms be vacant on your hands,
 If footsteps sound not on your stair,
 And tenantless your mansion stands,
 Go, teach that orphan girl you call
 Eliza,—she who cleans the boots,—
 The awful fate which waits for all
 Who steal their lodgers' best cheroots.

A. P. SINNETT: *Hood's Comic Annual*, 1871.

THE WHITING AND THE SNAIL.

"WILL you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.
 "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my
 tail.
 See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
 They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the
 dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you
 join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you
 join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to
sea!"

But the snail replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look
askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the
dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not
join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not
join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.

"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The further off from England the nearer is to France—

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you
join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you
join the dance?"

LEWIS CARROLL: *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*



THE SMUGGLER'S GHOST.

DID you ever encounter the smuggler's ghost,

The spectre of Smuggling Bill

As he leaned himself on an old gun-post

At the top of Tower Hill?

I think me not, though he comes by night

All the passers-by to scan,

A strange, weird, long-shore lubberly wight—

Pea-jackety sort of man.

His voice is husky, his eye rolls wild—

The other is under a patch—

His nose is swollen—this mystic child—

And his legs were never a match.

As he leaves the post on a midnight dull
He goes with a nautical roll,
A solid mahogany seaside hull
He seems; but he's only soul.

I met him once, and I saw him clear
By a gas-lamp's dancing light,
Recalling weeds and tobacco dear
That I bought of a smuggler wight.
And I said, "O runner of Revenue rigs,
Thou knave of the contraband,
I'll have thee clapped with the rogues and prigs;"
But he raised him his gnarlèd hand:—

"Avast with thy coppers!" and "You be blowed!"
In a mixture strange said he;
"I'm in spirits now, and I can't be stowed
In this mortal coun-ter-ee.
Not sham blue ruin in bladdery skin,
Nor tater-brewed oh-de-wee,
That ain't paid dooty," he said with a grin;
"I'm a spectre, mate, carn't yer see?"

I looked him up, and I looked him down,
And I thought of my four pound five
I paid for cigars when he did me brown,
And he certainly looked alive.
But he gave me a goblin goose-skin leer,
As he grinned with his mouth so roomy.
"If yer doubts my word, take yer crutch-stick theer,
And you'll find it'll go right through me.

"Oh, woe, woe, bacco and paper brown!
Oh, woe, sham oh-de-wee!
I'm Smuggler Bill, and I've come from down
In the funderest coun-ter-ee.
For I was the wickedest smuggler bold
That never did go to sea:
I sold cigars and the buyers sold,
And what's to become o' me?"

"Oh, down by Wapping and Poplar way,
And down by the muddy Strand,
And down by the Docks I am doomed to stray,"
And he wrung him each gnarled hand.
"I wants to find 'em, and can't tell where,
And I doesn't know where to look :
There's pounds upon pounds, and there's pounds to spare,
As I hid afore I was took."

Then I said, "Oh, seaman of doubtful guise,
Do you come from that other shore?"
"Ay, mate!" as he rolled him that one of his eyes,
"And I don't want to go any more."
"But what are you seeking, and why are you come?
Why playedst thou me that trick?"
"Oh, it's all along o' those weeds so hum!
Did they make you so werry sick?"

"It's what I'm a-telling o' you, you see,"
And to east and to west he turned,
"I can't remember, or may I be
Most—something unpleasantly—burned."
He moaned as he gave me a mournful gaze,
He groaned him right into his boots;
"Oh, it's all along o' them Henery Clays,
And them sham Bengal cheroots."

"For there's pounds on 'em hidden I can't tell where,
And some misfortnet bloke
Will be hunting 'em out if I don't take care,
And there isn't one fit to smoke.
Ah, where did I put 'em? Oh, where are they hid?
Oh, where did I plant that chest
With Henery Clay on the top o' the lid?
And wasn't they bad 'uns, jest!

"They makes 'em up at a bob a pound—
Brown paper in backer gravy;
And I sold 'em a quid for a box all round,
On a smuggler's affidavit."

And down by the Isle o' Dogs I goes,
And a-huntin' in Ratcliff Highway,
But never them weeds shall I find, I knows,
And they'll nevermore come in my way.

"I never can take just a glass o' short,
Though I drops in at public bars,
Since I belongs to another port,
For selling o' sham cigars.
For I used to roam as a smuggler bold
Who laughed at the R'yal Excise;
A dodge so stale, and a dodge so old,
But allers ripe for a rise."

And as I gazed he was there no more,
Not so much as his old pea-jacket;
But there seemed to come from a distant shore,
Or from out of old Charon's packet,
"Oh, I am the wickedest smuggler bold
That never did go to sea;
I never get hot, and I never grow cold,
In this hide-and-come-seek-a-ree!"

G. MANVILLE FENN: *Hood's Comic Annual*, 1887.

JOHN BROWN'S ANSWER.

I've listened to your song, and, unless I'm very wrong,
There is much in it of what we now call "bosh," Tom Smith.
It is easy so to sing, but to do, 's another thing,
And I fear your philosophy won't wash, Tom Smith.
Of course that's not your name, but 'twill answer all the same
For the person I'm presumed to argue with, Tom Smith;
And offended you can't be, as you've done the same by me,
For I'm no more John Brown than you're Tom Smith, Tom
Smith.

What you love and what you hate, you're at liberty to state ;
I've nothing upon earth with that to do, Tom Smith ;
“ *De gustibus non est*,” I've no doubt you know the rest,
And besides, I've much the same dislikes as you, Tom Smith.
It's on matters of finance, in which there's no romance,
I would break with you a lance, if you please, Tom Smith.
I'm myself a family man, and I don't believe you can
Contrive to live with yours on bread and cheese, Tom Smith.

You've “a hundred pounds a year;” well, let's say it's even
clear

Of Income Tax : that's not two pounds a week, Tom Smith.
But the cottage is “*your own*,” so the rent must in be thrown,
Which I grant will help your income out to eke, Tom Smith.
Per contra you've a wife, as dear to you as life—
I hope she is, I'm sure, for both your sakes, Tom Smith—
But the more you hold her dear, the more must be your fear
If anything that little income shakes, Tom Smith.

Of children you've a troop, an interesting group,
But to tell how many form it you forget, Tom Smith ;
Say five or six in all, which for “a troop” is small,
Of bread and butter they must eat a lot, Tom Smith.
Of their clothes you may be spare—but they cannot go *quite*
bare ;
And on whooping-cough and measles you must count, Tom
Smith ;
And if only one be ill, I'm afraid the doctor's bill
Might at Christmas prove a serious amount, Tom Smith.

'Tis philosophy, no doubt, trifles not to fret about,
And “Sufficient for the day” 's a fine text, Tom Smith ;
But at the garden gate, do you never scratch your pate,
When you think what's in the cupboard for the next, Tom
Smith ?

The pot you know must boil, 'twould be better, sure, to toil,
And add by honest labour to your store, Tom Smith,
Than moon away your time in philosophic rhyme,
Or sitting 'neath your shady sycamore, Tom Smith.

You bid me, as I pass, come and drain with you a glass,
 But it cannot be of wine or beer or grog, Tom Smith;
 'Tis more like "Adam's ale," I'm afraid, than "Bass's Pale,"
 And—to drink—I water shun, like a mad dog, Tom Smith.
 If "a guinea you've to spend," I advise you as your friend
 To put it in the Savings Bank forthwith, Tom Smith;
 You will want it before long and sing another song,
 Unless, as I suspect, you are a myth, Tom Smith.

J. R. PLANCHÉ: *Songs and Poems.*

POOR RELATIONS.

My godfather was rich and old,
 And when his days were numbered,
 He left me lands, estates, and gold,
 Quite free and unencumbered:
 Yet are my spirits faint and low,
 'Midst all congratulations;
 This is my ceaseless source of woe,
 A host of poor relations!

Fame's trumpet my good fortune blew
 Throughout the neighbouring region,
 And, like the horn of Roderick Dhu,
 It roused an active legion:
 All to my lucky name allied,
 Sprang to their several stations;
 I saw myself on every side,
 Hemmed in by poor relations!

When I attempt to go at large,
 They cling to me like brambles,
 They "stop the chariot, board the barge,"
 And join me in my rambles;
 Drop in to dinner every day,
 Nor wait for invitations,
 "Rich men should open house," they say,
 "Keep for their poor relations."

My uncle loudly slaps my back,
With freedom bold and hearty,
And actually has styled me "Jack,"
Before a titled party!
Nay, he my schoolboy days recalls,
When, (matchless degradation!)
I've nuts and apples, bats and balls,
Coaxed from my poor relation.

My aunt esteems my house, 'tis clear,
Most eligible quarters;
She's got two hundred pounds a year,
And five unmarried daughters;
My feasts will lead, she oft declares,
To nuptial celebrations;
And quickly bring five nice young heirs
To woo my poor relations.

My cousins to my house resort
In tribes too great to mention:
One much desires a place at court,
And one a trifling pension;
A pair of colours one would seize
With loyal exultation;
An India writership would please
Another poor relation.

One has a poem just sent forth,—
A mark for critic battery,—
In which my talents, wit, and worth,
He lauds with fulsome flattery:
All the reviews to pieces pull
His clumsy adulation,
And quiz the vain and wealthy gull
Puffed by his poor relation!

I read once in a German book
Of some poor wretch's trouble,
Who moved, whichever way he took,
Attended by a "double";

I deem his sufferings incomplete,
Far worse are my vexations,
Daily pursued down Regent Street
By twenty poor relations!

If I some coldness e'er display,
One twaddler or another
Whines—"What would your dear father say,
And what your worthy mother?
Kind, friendly folks, so good, so plain,
Imagine their sensations,
To see their only son's disdain
Shown to his poor relations."

To-day a letter came to me,
Enough my nerves to splinter,
Two thirteenth cousins from Dundee,
Mean at my house to winter!
They "know their visit I shall prize,"
They've "often heard narrations
Of my kind hospitalities
To all my poor relations."

The Honourable Grace de Lisle
Might grant me her affections,
"Could I," she whispers with a smile,
"Shake off my low connexions:"
Alas! I've tried a thousand schemes,
All ending in frustrations,
My daily thoughts, my nightly dreams,
Are full of poor relations.

One hero of romance I know,
Safe from all rude intrusion,
How can the world its tears bestow
Upon his sad seclusion?
'Tis the last man!—This thought must check
At once his lamentations—
That he's amid the general wreck
Outlived his poor relations!

RICH RELATIONS.

YE, who are haunted by a band
Of kinsmen poor and needy,
Still fostering with reluctant hand
The thankless and the greedy;
How will ye smile when I complain,
How mock my lamentations—
Alas! my every care and pain
Arise from rich relations!

When first I entered life's career,
Thus spoke my wary mother—
“Son, you'll inherit, never fear,
The riches of my brother;
He occupies, the wise ones say,
A little Rothschild's station,
Be prudent, saving, try each way
To please your rich relation.

“Your father's aunt declines apace,
She owns five thousand yearly,
Deems perjured men a worthless race,
And loves dumb creatures merely;
Her squirrel coax—aspire to fix
Her poodle's approbation,
Don't mind her monkey's playful tricks,
But court your rich relation.”

My uncle's slightest hints I heed,
His taste I please completely,
His correspondents' letters read,
And write his answers neatly;
I wield a slate, profusely scrawled
With many a calculation;
In all (save payment) I'm installed
Clerk to my rich relation.

I say and do whate'er I'm told,
My time ne'er idly lingers,
Thick clumsy shoes my feet enfold,
And worsted gloves my fingers;
I vote gay waistcoats, seals, and rings,
Mere useless decoration;
"Young men should wear plain, homely things,"
Thus says my rich relation.

He "hates to see a rhyming book
A stripling's table cumber;"
Since then I've locked up Lalla Rookh,
And let Childe Harold slumber:
Marmion lies torn, and Christabel
Takes on the shelf her station;
I even shun sweet L. E. L.
To please my rich relation.

My great aunt's pet menagerie
Around me daily capers,
And once a week I go to tea,
Read through two penny papers,
And then a hand of cribbage take,
By way of recreation;
Three games for twopence is the stake,
Fixed by my rich relation!

Though often she contrives to cheat,
I never dare to wrangle;
Meanwhile her monkey climbs my seat,
My hair to twist and tangle;
One night he tightened my cravat,
Almost to strangulation,
And but received a smile and pat,
From my kind rich relation!

I'm sent about from dawn to dark
On some absurd commission,
I never stroll across the Park,
Nor see the Exhibition;

My friends begin to pout and lower
And cease their invitations;
He cannot boast one leisure hour,
Who owns two rich relations!

This mode of life I loathe and fear—
Would I could try some other!
Would I could fly—hold! what is here?
A letter from my mother!
I guess the reason why she writes,
Some precious accusations,
A lecture for some fancied slights
Shown to my rich relations.

Stay—"All our hopes, dear boy, are fled,
Prepare for grief and pity,
The fall of Spanish bonds has spread
A panic through the city:
Your uncle's all he rashly set
On one vast speculation,
We fear next Saturday's Gazette
Will see our rich relation!

"Your aunt, you know, for flying gout,
Last month, to Bath resorted,
A foreign count her wealth found out,
Herself and poodle courted;
His sable whiskers, sallow cheek,
And lengthy appellation,
Have turned her head—next Friday week,
He'll wed our rich relation!"

Huzza! my raptures will not brook
The labour of concealing,
Henceforth I'll think, read, dress, and look,
With independent feeling!
Like Sinbad, I'm at last set free,
For brisk perambulations;
I've dropped my Old Man of the Sea—
I've lost my rich relations!

Emancipators—see me stand
 In liberty's possession ;
 Senates, without your helping hand,
 I'm rescued from oppression ;
 Match me the triumph if ye can,
 Surrounding lands and nations,
 Felt by a free-born Englishman
 Released from rich relations.

MRS. ADDY.

LOYAL EFFUSION.

(BY W. T. FITZGERALD.)

"Quicquid dicunt, laudo : id rursus si negant,
 Laudo id quoque." TERENCE.

HAIL, glorious edifice, stupendous work !
 God bless the Regent and the Duke of York !
 Ye Muses ! by whose aid I cried down Fox,
 Grant me in Drury Lane a private box,
 Where I may loll, cry Bravo ! and profess
 The boundless powers of England's glorious press ;
 While Afric's sons exclaim, from shore to shore,
 "Quashee ma boo !"—the slave-trade is no more !
 In fair Arabia (happy once, now stony,
 Since ruined by that arch apostate Boney),
 A Phœnix late was caught : the Arab host
 Long ponder'd—part would boil it, part would roast ;
 But while they ponder, up the pot-lid flies,
 Fledged, beak'd, and claw'd, alive they see him rise
 To heaven, and caw defiance in the skies.
 So Drury, first in roasting flames consumed,
 Then by old renters to hot water doom'd,
 By Wyatt's* trowel patted, plump and sleek,
 Soars without wings, and caws without a beak.
 Gallia's stern despot shall in vain advance
 From Paris, the metropolis of France ;
 By this day month the monster shall not gain
 A foot of land in Portugal or Spain.

* [Mr. B. Wyatt, architect of Drury Lane Theatre, son of James Wyatt, architect of the Pantheon.]

See Wellington in Salamanca's field
 Forces his favourite general to yield,
 Breaks through his lines, and leaves his boasted Mar-
 mont
 Expiring on the plain without his arm on ;
 Madrid he enters at the cannon's mouth,
 And then the villages still further south.
 Base Buonapartè, fill'd with deadly ire,
 Sets, one by one, our playhouses on fire.
 Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
 The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon ;
 Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
 Next at Millbank he cross'd the river Thames ;
 Thy hatch, O Halfpenny ! * pass'd in a trice,
 Boil'd some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's
 twice ;
 Then buzzing on through ether with a vile hum,
 Turn'd to the left hand, fronting the Asylum,
 And burnt the Royal Circus in a hurry—
 ('Twas call'd the Circus then, but now the Surrey).
 Who burnt (confound his soul !) the houses twain
 Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane ? †
 Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
 (God bless the Regent and the Duke of York !)
 With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
 And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos ?
 Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise ?
 Who fills the butcher's shops with large blue flies ?
 Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch ? ‡
 Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch ?—
 Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
 Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
 "The tree of freedom is the British oak."

* In plain English, the Halfpenny hatch, then a footway through fields ; but now, as the same bards sings elsewhere—

"St. George's Fields are fields no more,
 The trowel supersedes the plough ;
 Swamps, huge and inundate of yore,
 Are changed to civic villas now."

† [Covent Garden Theatre was burnt down 20th September, 1808 ; Drury Lane Theatre, 24th February, 1809.]

‡ [The east end of St. James's Palace was destroyed by fire, 21st Jan., 1809. The wardrobe of Lady Charlotte Finch (alluded to in the next line) was burnt in the fire.]

Bless every man possess'd of aught to give ;
 Long may Long Tylney Wellesley Long Pole live ; *
 God bless the Army, bless their coats of scarlet,
 God bless the Navy, bless the Princess Charlotte ;
 God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
 God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off ;
 And, oh ! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
 England's prime minister, then bless the devil !

HORACE SMITH: *Rejected Addresses.*

THE MISGUIDED LAMB.

THERE were two little girls who had
 A fond devoted mammy ;
 But spent their warm affections on
 A most ungrateful lamb-y.

For spite of all the care of Ruth,
 And all the love of Mary,
 This lamb was a misguided youth,
 Most crooked and contràry.

On Sunday, when they went to church,
 And wished to be without him,
 He used to wander up the aisle,
 And stop and stare about him.

And when the parson and the clerk
 Looked stern at Ruth and Mary,
 They wished they did not own a lamb
 So crooked and contràry.

He used to bleat most piteously,
 When they came up the mountain,
 As if to say, "I am so dry,
 I'd like to drink the fountain !"

* [The honourable William Wellesley Pole, now (1854) Earl of Mornington, married, 14th March, 1812, Catherine, daughter and heir of Sir James Tylney Long, Bart.; upon which occasion he assumed the additional names of Tylney and Long.]

But when they drew a pail for him
 (You really scarce might think it),
He wagged his tail and winked his eye,
 And simply wouldn't drink it.

It chanced one day they went to pay
 Their morning salutation,
But though they called, he never came,
 Much to their consternation.

They sought him high, they sought him low,
 But no! they could not find him;
They said, "He will, he must come back,
 And bring his tail behind him."

They sought him up the windy cliff,
 And down the ferny hollow,
And still they said, "He can't be lost!"
 And still their feet did follow.

Alas! they found him dead at last—
 Alas! for Ruth and Mary;
But then, you see, he always was
 So crooked and contràry.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY: *Told in the Twilight.*

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane,

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works.*

THE GOLDEN AGE;

OR,

OUR JEUNESSE DORÉE.

WHEN young Midas who makes many thousands a year—
 With no one to spend it upon but himself—
 Wrongs a friend in a bargain, 'tis perfectly clear
 That some demon hath cursed him with great greed of pelf.

Mephistopheles still walks our streets in disguise
 And with infinite cunning and cynical sneer
 Marks his prey in the man with the gold-greedy eyes
 And replies to his thought, "I am here! I am here!"

"Your servant, good sir. What d'ye lack? what d'ye lack?
 Some short road to wealth? How to win the odd trick?
 The best Stocks to buy? or the best horse to back?
 I can give you the tip—I'm your old friend, Old Nick.

"Make your choice, my young friend, of the part you would
 play,
 I'll find you the *place*, if you'll take it with 'pluck';
 For unscrupulous 'will' there is always a 'way,'
 So now if you *will*, I'll insure you good luck—

"As a clever club-gambler, a 'plunger' at races,
 A quite unsuspected false-telegram Quoter,
 A grand (mis-)Director in all schemes and places,
 A plausibly specious (dis-)honest Promoter.

“ My terms, did you ask ? Oh ! merely ridiculous !
 When I’ve helped you thro’ life to the coveted goal,
 And death comes to take you away from your Nicholas,
 I will take (in reversion) what’s left of your soul.

“ It will not fetch much, on the turf or ‘on ’Change,’
 And after a life of luxurious indulgence—
 When your follies and passions have had fullest range,
 ’Twill not shine with a very illustrious effulgence.

“ A bad bargain for me—for what can I do with it ?
 I have millions of damaged old souls in my land—
 You’re a ‘drug’ in my market ; so if you go thro’ with it,
Now or never’s your time.—Agreed ? Here’s my hand ! ”

In that sharp claw-like grip so playfully vicious
 There’s something suggestive of cat with trapped mice,
 Just a gentle foreboding, just slightly suspicious
 In more senses than one, of a powerful “Vice.”

A queer creepy conviction that thrills through your brain
 That if you turned nervous and tried to get out of it,
 Those sharp talons could strike and give desperate pain
 And soon claw you back,—(as they would, there’s no doubt
 of it).

Young Midas, beware ! the gold hunger is such
 As your prototype found when *his* fortune he carved,
 For when all things (like yours) turned to gold at his touch—
 In the midst of vast wealth his soul shrivelled and starved.

* * * * *

What mines of bright truths are these Legends of old !
 How well they apply, how world-wide their range !
 The old King who was choked by his great board of gold
 Re-appears in our age as young Midas “on ’Change.”

Gold sits on the brain, and all high thoughts are crushed ;
 On the heart, and all genial emotions are chilled ;
 On the tongue, and all generous utt’rance is hushed
 On the hand, and great duties are left unfulfilled.

Gold dwarfs the weak natures who crouch 'neath its spell,
 But strengthens the noble, who nobly can use it;
 'Tis an angel from Heaven or demon from Hell,
 Your slave or your master; which is it? now choose it!

DR. FAUSTUS.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

A SOBER set of six were we, who journeyed underground.
 From Kew or Hammersmith we hailed, and Cityward were
 bound.

The talk veered ever and anon from politics to trade,
 And weighty topics in finance we tackled undismayed.
 Aggressive grew our arguments, conflicting grew our views,
 For one would quote *The Telegraph* and one *The Daily News*.
 Yet no unseemly brawl occurred, or symptoms of a fight,
 For sons of commerce—as a rule—will bark, but never bite.

Sedately gay we steamed away, and half the trip was o'er,
 When, lo! a youth invaded us, of twenty-three or four.
 His coat was but of yestermorn, his boots were of to-day,
 His hat, refulgent in the gas, returned its ev'ry ray.
 He taciturnly overheard our comments on the stocks,
 As if within its *faucibus* had *hæsit*-ed his *vox*.
 Three-quarters of the way were sped before the stranger spoke,
 And *then*—conceive our horror, please—the *stranger made a*
joke!

One heaved a sigh—another coughed—the third grew ghastly
 pale,
 A fourth attempted with a smile his gathered wrath to veil.
 Then, seeing Number Five collapse, I all at once began
 To take the stranger into tow and warn that wretched man.
 The grandeur of Demosthenes was high above my reach,
 The late lamented Cicero could floor me at a speech;
 No matter—noble was my cause, and pure was my intent.
 The voice of Duty urged me on, so straightway on I went.

"Perchance, fond youth," said I, in tones appropriately stern,
 "Thy loving mother sits at home and sighs for thy return.
 Thou hast a father, probably, who recks not of the shame
 One moment's giddy prank may cast upon thy honoured name.
 Thy sister lives—thy brother too—thine uncle and thine aunt—
 Thou hast the varied luxuries that Opulence may grant.
 Come, tell me, favourite of Chance! come, Fortune's chosen
 one!

Say, wast thou only petted thus *to perpetrate a pun?*"

"A pun, you tell me, only counts among the minor sins;
 But who can trace aright the place where wickedness begins?
 The germs of evil, giddy boy, seem trifles at the time,
 But oft the tiny seed begets the lofty tree of crime.
 Beware, beware, the simple play upon the simple word!
 I knew a youth—but shall I dare to mention what occurred?
 The traitor to his mother-tongue will oftentimes conclude
 By working out a long career of penal servitude."

The smile had left his boyish face; the cloud was on his brow
 He looked—I cannot undertake to say exactly *how*.
 I scanned the features of my friends; but three were in a
 snooze,
 And one devoured *The Telegraph* and one *The Daily News*.
 My tale is done. That little trip took place a year ago.
 'Tis rarely that I think of it; but this I chance to know:—
 My fervour and my eloquence were not employed in vain.
 That youth is now another man. *He never punned again!*

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Strains from the Strand*.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

(Written in Victoria, Australia, where the time is nine hours and a half
 ahead of English time.)

It's half-past six by us, p.m., so you will soon be wending
 Your way up to the leeward edge, with pointer and with gun,
 For 'tis the glorious Twelfth to-day, of honour never-ending,
 And we have not forgotten it beneath an Austral sun.

It's not so many years ago since you and I together
Were working on this very 'Twelfth the old Dumfriesshire
moor,
And treading with elastic step the fragrant, crackling heather,
While "Dick" and "Ben," with noses down, were on the
grouses' spoor.

How grand it seemed for one whose gun had lain since
February
Upon the gun-rack, suddenly, to see his pointer stop
And stiffen out his tail, the while he stood erect and wary
And waited till you topped the ridge upon the brood to drop!

And grander still, on drawing near, to see the red grouse
springing,
Before his well-trained nose, about as far as you could kill,
And get both barrels on their heads, and shoot them cleanly,
bringing
A cock down right and left, stone dead, with scarce a damaged
quill!

And then the luncheon on the moor, with purple mountains
sweeping
Behind each other, wave on wave, as far as you could see,
And little tufts of moss and fern between the boulders peeping,
To mark the brooklet's lair in case the ladies wanted tea.

Ethel had eyes as blue as were the August skies above her,
And hair as bright and sparkling as the bumpers of cham-
pagne
With which we gave her Kentish fire. You could not help but
love her,
She was so dainty in her grace and gracious in disdain.

Mary was Vesta—lit the fire—Ethel our Dian—fainer
To shoot, and smile her sweetest thanks on any gentleman
Who chose to give her up his gun for half an hour, and train
her—
Hippolyta the Second and a modern Marian,

Dressed all in tweed, with kilted skirt and manly Norfolk jacket,

And curious eyes would note below a real shooting boot,
But so well shaped and tasteful that it seemed profane to black it,
Laced tightly to the ankle of her arched and slender foot.

Is Ethel there with you, besieged by just as many lovers ?

Or has she cried "Peccavi!" to some fox-and-game bashaw,
And been transferred from running wild to strictly-keepereed
covers,

Where "Poaching will be met with all the rigours of the law?"

I long to walk with you once more in your grand August
weather

Upon the old Dumfriesshire moor, with pointer and with
gun,

And scent the fragrance of the breeze that roams o'er sea and
heather—

I almost long to see an adder coiled up in the sun

Upon the warm dry peat beside the edge of the brown water,

Or a hedgehog, or a stoat, for it would look so like old times;
And I'd like to show Miss Ethel, too, if by herself I caught her,
That I have lips for something else besides repeating rhymes.

DOUGLAS SLADEN: *A Poetry of Exiles*, Vol. I.



CULTURE IN THE SLUMS.

(Inscribed to an Intense Poet.)

I. RONDEAU.

"O CRIKEY, Bill!" she ses to me, she ses,

"Look sharp," ses she, "with them there sossiges.

Yea! sharp with them there bags of mysteree!

For lo!" she ses, "for lo! old pal," ses she,

"I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."

Was it not prime . . . I leave you all to guess

How prime! . . . to have a jude in love's distress

Come spooning round, and murmuring balmilee,

"O crikey, Bill!"

For in such rorty wise doth Love express
 His blooming views, and asks for your address,
 And makes it right, and does the gay and free.
 I kissed her—I did so! And her and me
 Was pals. And if that ain't good business,
 O crikey, Bill!

II. VILLANELLE.

Now ain't they utterly too-too
 (She ses, my Missus mine,* ses she),
 Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Joe, just you kool 'em—nice and skew
 Upon our old meogginee,
 Now ain't they utterly too-too?

They're better than a pot'n' a screw,
 They're equal to a Sunday spree,
 Them flymy little bits of Blue!

Suppose I put 'em up the flue,
 And booze the profits, Joe? Not me.
 Now ain't they utterly too-too?

I do the 'Igh Art fake, I do.
 Joe, I'm consummate; and I *see*
 Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Which, Joe, is why I ses to you—
 Æsthetic-like, and limp, and fræe—
 Now *ain't* they utterly too-too,
 Them flymy little bits of Blue?

III. BALLADE.

I often does a quiet read
 At Booty Shelly's† poetry;
 I thinks that Swinburne at a screed
 Is really almost too-too fly;
 At Signor Vagna's‡ harmony
 I likes a merry little flutter;
 I've had at Pater many a shy;
 In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

* An adaptation of "Madonna mia."

† Probably Botticelli.

‡ Wagner (?).

My mark's a tidy little feed,
 And 'Enery Irving's gallery,
 To see old 'Amlick do a bleed,
 And Ellen Terry on the die,
 Or Franky's ghostes at hi-spy,*
 And parties carried on a shutter.†
 Them vulgar Coupeaus is my eye!
 In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

The Grosvenor's nuts—it is, indeed!
 I goes for 'Olman 'Unt like pie.
 It's equal to a friendly lead
 To see B. Jones's judes go by.
 Stanhope he makes me fit to cry,
 Whistler he makes me melt like butter,
 Strudwick he makes me flash my cly,
 In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

Envoy.

I'm on for any Art that's 'Igh;
 I talks as quite as I can splutter;
 I keeps a Dado on the sly;
 In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter!

W. E. HENLEY: BALLADES AND RONDEAUS. *Edited by GLEESON WHITE.*

—•—
 CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

THUS I sat one night by a blue-eyed girl;
 The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother:
 A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
 Making faint shadows, blending in each other:
 'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;
 She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
 For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
 To pop the question, thinking all was right,
 And once or twice had made an awkward motion
 To take her hand, and stammered, coughed, and stuttered;
 But, somehow, nothing to the point had uttered.

* This seems to be a reference to *The Corsican Brothers*.

† *Richard III.* (?).

I thought this chance too good now to be lost ;
 I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
 Drew a long breath, and then my legs I crossed,
 Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her ;
 She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
 And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where—
 I couldn't speak—the words were always choking ;
 I scarce could move—I seemed tied to the chair—
 I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking !
 The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
 My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seemed losing.

At length I saw a brindled tabby cat
 Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her ;
 An idea came, electric-like, at that—
 My doubts like summer clouds began to scatter ;
 I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
 And said, "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me."

'Twas done at once—the murder now was out !
 The thing was all explained in half a minute :
 She blushed, and turning pussy-cat about,
 Said, "Pussy, tell him 'yes ;'" her foot was in it
 The cat had thus saved me my cat-egory,
 And here's the cat-astrôphe of my story.

ANON.: *The Book of American Readings.*

A CONNUBIAL ECLOGUE.*

*"Arcades ambo
 Et cantare pares et respondere parati."*

He. MUCH lately have I thought, my darling wife,
 Some simple rules might make our wedded life
 As pleasant always as a morn in May ;
 I merely name it—what does Molly say ?

* This amusing colloquy was written for, and originally appeared in the *New York Ledger*.

She. Agreed : your plan I heartily approve ;
Rules would be nice—but who shall make them, love ?
Nay, do not speak !—let this the bargain be,
One shall be made by you, and one by me,
Till all are done—

He. Your plan is surely fair ;
In such a work 'tis fitting we should share—
And now—although it matters not a pin—
If you have no objection, I'll begin.

She. Proceed ! In making laws I'm little versed,
And, as to words, I do not mind the first ;
I only claim—and hold the treasure fast—
My sex's sacred privilege, the *last* !

He. With all my heart. Well, dearest, to begin :—
When by our cheerful hearth our friends drop in,
And I am talking in my brilliant style
(The rest with rapture listening the while)
About the war—or anything in short,
That you're aware is my especial *forte*—
Pray, don't get up a circle of your own,
And talk of—bonnets, in an under-tone !

She. That's Number One ; I'll mind it well, if you
Will do as much, my dear, by Number Two.
When we attend a party or a ball,
Don't leave your Molly standing by the wall,
The helpless victim of the dreariest bore
That ever walked upon a parlour-floor,
While you—oblivious of your spouse's doom—
Flirt with the girls the gayest in the room !

He. When I (although the busiest man alive)
Have snatched an hour to take a pleasant drive,
And say, "Remember, at precisely four
You'll find the carriage ready at the door,"
Don't keep me waiting half-an-hour or so,
And then declare, "The clock must be too slow !"

She. When you (such things have happened now and then)
Go to the Club with, "I'll be back at ten"—
And stay till two o'clock—you needn't say,
"I really was the first to come away ;
'Tis very strange how swift the time has passed !
I do declare the clock must be too fast !"

He. There—that will do ; what else remains to say,
We may consider at a future day.
I'm getting sleepy, and—if you have done—

She. Not I ; this making rules is precious fun ;
Now, here's another :—When you paint to me
" That charming woman " you are sure to see,
Don't, when you praise the virtues she has got,
Name only those you think your wife has not !
And here's a rule I hope you won't forget,
The most important I have mentioned yet—
Pray mind it well :—Whenever you incline
To bring your queer companions home to dine,
Suppose, my dear,—Good gracious ! he's asleep.
Ah ! well—'tis lucky good advice will keep ;
And he shall have it, or, upon my life,
I've not the proper spirit of a wife !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *The Book of American Readings.*

IT'S NO AFFAIR OF MINE.

I HATE that kind of thing, my dear ;
Indeed I'd rather walk
Ten miles the other way than hear
Old Mrs. Grundy talk.
Whenever she begins to try
The scandalising line,
I says to her—I says, says I,
It's no affair of *mine* !

If Emma Jane and Mary Ann,
 The maids at Number Two,
 Are partial to the baker's man—
 What's that, says I, to *you*?
 Suppose the butcher-boy is fond
 Of Number Twenty-Nine,
 And she may happen to respond;—
 It's no affair of *mine*!

If Mr. Lot, the auctioneer,
 Has got a shrewish wife—
 It's not for *us*, I says, my dear,
 To pry at married life.
 If Captain C. comes back at night
 A deal the worse for wine,
 And kicks the children left and right—
 It's no affair of *mine*!

I'm sick of Mrs. Grundy's ways,
 And Mrs. Grundy, too;
 No doubt she goes about and says
 Queer things of me and you.
 She's always dropping in to tea,
 Or looking in to dine;—
 And yet the wretch—but then, you see,
 It's no affair of *mine*!

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Gillott and Goosequill.*

SAYING, NOT MEANING.

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,
 When, opening his tooth-pick case, one said—
 "It was not until lately that I knew
 That *anchovies* on terra-firma grew."
 "Grow!" cried the other; "yes, they grow, indeed,
 Like other fish, but not upon the land.
 You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,
 Or in the Strand."
 "Why, sir," returned the irritated other,
 "My brother,

When at Calcutta,
Beheld them *bonâ fide* growing ;
He wouldn't utter
A lie for love or money, sir ; and so in
This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."
"Nonsense, sir ! nonsense ! I can give no credit
To the assertion ; none e'er saw or read it ;
Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken."

"Be shaken, sir ! let me observe, you are
Perverse. In short"—

"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,
And then his port,

"If you *will* say impossibles are true,
You may affirm just anything you please—
That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese ;
Only you must not force me to believe
What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force *me* to say, sir, you're a fool,"
Returned the bragger.

Language like this no man can suffer cool :
It made the listener stagger.

So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,
"The traveller *lied*

Who had the impudence to tell it you."

"Zounds ! then, d'ye mean to swear before my face
That anchovies don't grow, like cloves and mace ?"
"I do !"

Disputants often, after hot debates,
Leave the contention as they found it—bone,
And take to duelling, or thumping têtes,
Thinking by strength of artery to atone
For strength of argument ; and he who winces
From force of words, with force of arms convinces !

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,
Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,
Our friends advanced ; and now portentous loading
(Their hearts already loaded) served to show
It might be better they shook hands—but, no ;

When each opines himself, though frightened, right,
Each is, in courtesy, obliged to fight.

And they did fight: from six full-measured paces

The unbeliever pulled his trigger first,
And fearing, from the braggart's ugly face,

The whizzing lead had whizzed its very worst,
Ran up, and with a duelistic fear,

His ire evanishing like morning vapours
Found him possessed of one remaining ear,
Who, in a manner sudden and uncouth,
Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth.
For while the surgeon was applying lint,
He, wriggling, cried, "The deuce is in't—
Sir! I *meant* capers!"

WILLIAM BASIL WAKE: *Hone's Every-Day Book*.



THE AUTHOR'S GHOST.

I SAT and read my rhymes of long ago,
By the hearth, pipe in mouth and book on knee,
Till in the uncertain firelight's flickering glow,
A misty Shadow rose confronting me.

Formless at first, it took in some brief space
A human shape, sickly and travail-thinned,
And indistinctly wavered the white face,
Like the moon's in wan water stirred by wind.

Dim as it was, methought I knew it well,
As one knows poor relations from afar;
It whispered, "You have called me by a spell;"
I answered, "Kindly say whose ghost you are.

"I call so many in these winter nights,
Long sitting here beside my lonely fire;
Ghosts of old sorrows and of old delights,
Of bygone passion and of dead desire,

“ Of friends and foes, of good and bad and null,
That I’m to be excused if I forget
Names now and then ;—you are not beautiful,
And you look hungry ;—am I in your debt ?

“ Some of your crew come here to wail and scold,
Demanding payment of forgotten scores,
They won’t take bills, silver they scorn, and gold,
And I’ve to turn them empty out of doors ;

“ Which in your case I am prepared to do
Without more parley. Miserable Shade
Leave me, and know that every one of you
Shall one day certainly be fully paid.”

A ghostly laugh—an empty mirthless sound—
And, as in a faint breeze, the Shadow shook :
It said, “ You’d recognize me were I crowned
With laurel, as the Author of that book.”

A spectral sarcasm was in his tone,
And I abased my eyes in rage and shame.
“ What would you with me ? ” With a mighty groan,
I said, “ Go to the—— place from whence you came.”

“ Nay,” said the Shadow, “ You disturbed my sleep,
Which no one else has done for many a year ;
I’m stiff and tired with slumber,—I will keep
A watch with you to night.” I rose in fear ;

I rose to flee away, but o’er my eyes
Mist gathered, and strange perfume filled the air,
Till my brain reeled, and round me I saw rise
Phantasmal pageants of the days that were.

Beauty and wine and joy and hope and flowers
And love and laurels and the rest, until
The Spectre wailed, “ To think such things were ours.”
And I said hotly, “ You’re a humbug still.

“ Since you will stay, the least that I can do
Is to show up your folly ; in good sooth
I'll try to pump some gallons into you
Of salutary and unpleasant truth.

“ Your incense made me giddy for awhile,
But my head has grown cooler since your time ;
Your lyric raptures only make me smile,—
I tire of passion hashed up cold in rhyme,

“ And served on silver of a sensuous song ;
Some truth that bites the tongue my palate craves,
Racy of life—coarse if you will—but strong,—
Pungent as pine-scent, bitter and salt as waves,

“ And hot as blood :—you stifle in bombast,
Drown in big words, pose, and would fain appear
What you are not. Your loves in that wild Past
Were cheap and ugly, and you drank small beer.

“ I find no hint of such things in your verse ;
I find much cant of beauty, wine, and joy ;
I know you had no money in your purse,
And were a harmless, melancholy boy.

“ Your lady was not fair, nor good nor true,
But merely woman ; here all difference lies,
You raved a little more than others do,
And raved in print, which was not well or wise.

“ The halls wherein you feasted with your queen,
Were restaurants not far from Leicester Square,
Your sweetest Venus was not over clean,
And quarrelled with you for her railway-fare.

“ You screamed for ‘ Freedom,’ knowing not what you
meant,
Howled o'er your pain as if 'twere new in song —
To splutter agony and discontent,
And yell for Death when anything goes wrong.

"You hailed oblivion and eternal sleep ;
The first you have, the last you tried your worst
To give your readers,—only,—do not weep,—
You quite forgot to catch your readers first."

The Shadow shrivelled slowly where it stood,
Until it seemed a slender thread of smoke ;
The words, "Farewell, I'm in no wrangling mood,"
From lips invisible most faintly broke.

But I had tasted blood, and raged for more ;
"You shall not go," I cried, "I've much to say."
"Why stir the dust of follies past and o'er ?"
Asked the pale Shade, "Farewell, I cannot stay."

"Fool—cur—and coward," shouted I, "and cheat,—
Slave and dumb dog, that having no reply
Would thus ignobly shuffle to retreat,—
Answer,—or own thyself one bragging lie."

The Shade turned sadly, "I will answer then,—
I would have spared thee," quietly it spake ;
"I shall not trouble thy repose again,
But I shall leave to thee a long heart-ache.

"Much thou hast said is true ; I was an ass,
Talked big as boys will, strutted, vapoured, bounced.
Better to be the fool I was, alas !
Than the harsh railer who that fool denounced.

"For folly wears away and leaves no stain,
And youth's false glamour soon forsakes us all ;
But hate burns ever into heart and brain,
And turns the very blood at last to gall.

"My lady was to me most good and fair ;
Life glowed before me full of song and sun ;
Spring's rumour of gladness was in all the air ;
Now spring and summer and song-time all are done,

"But not the less they were; their promise failed,
 But there was promise; and the boy's brain rang,
 And false and futile was the hope he hailed,
 And true the song which hailing it he sang.

"This thy ripe Truth is disillusioned spite;
 Thus runs thy maxim after all is done,
 Coldly dissect pleasure—content—delight—
 Beneath all beauty find the skeleton.

"List to me yet, a bitter truth I sing,—
 If thou wilt probe for ever to the bone,
 Beauty shall fly thee like a hunted thing,
 And skeletons be left to thee alone.

"And when thy disenchantment is complete,
 When in thy hour of triumph thou shalt see
 Thy world defiled and ruined at thy feet,
 Then thou shalt feel thy curse and envy me."

I woke; my pipe and fire alike were out;
 A cock crowed shrilly, the eastern sky was red;
 I yawned, "Whichever wins I lose no doubt;"
 And threw the book away and went to bed.

H. E. CLARKE.

LEARNING THE VERBS.

"SIGNIFYING TO BE, TO DO, OR TO SUFFER."

"To be?" Well I followed the track,
 That gave me a chance of existence;
 But I honestly own, looking back,
 That it's prettiest viewed from a distance.
 Just now it seems easy and bright,
 But I haven't forgotten my scrambles
 Over horrible rocks, or the night
 That I spent in the midst of the brambles.
 At times from the path I might stray,
 And thus make the journeying rougher;
 But still I was learning the way,
 "To Be, or to Do, or to Suffer!"

“To do?” I have worked rather hard,
And my present position is cosy;
But I haven’t done much as a bard,
And my prose—well, of course it is prosy!
The schemes and the aims of my youth
Have long from old Time had a floorer,
And I doubt—shall I tell you the truth?—
If the world be a penny the poorer!
If you cannot your vanity curb,
You must either, my friend, be a duffer,
Or you haven’t yet learnt that a verb
Is “To Be, or to Do, or to Suffer!”

“To suffer?” I took my degrees
Long ago in that branch of our knowledge,
Where our hearts and our hopes are the fees,
And the universe serves as a college.
I have had, as it is, rather more
Then the usual share of affliction;
And that much is remaining in store
Is my very decided conviction.
But I find myself growing with years
Insensibly tougher and tougher;
I can manage, I think, without tears,
“To Be, and to Do, and to Suffer!”

I have stated the facts of the case,
But heaven forbid I should grumble;
And I need not complain of a place
That suits my capacities humble.
I have learnt how “to be”—well, a man:
How “to do”—well, a part of my duty:
And in “suffering,” own that the Plan
Of the World is all goodness and beauty!
Still at times from the path I may stray,
And thus make the journeying rougher;
But, at least, I am learning the way
“To Be, and to Do, and to Suffer.”

THE BALL-ROOM BELLES.

SEE the ball-room full of belles,
 Merry belles;
 What an evening of flirtation their merriment foretells.
 How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
 Through the mazy Mabel valse.
 Mothers glancing, but what matter!
 Pleasant partners how they flatter,
 Never dreaming girls are false
 When they sigh, sigh, sigh,
 And pretend that they would die—
 But they dream of expectations of the golden-studded
 swells;
 Hear the belles, belles, belles, belles,
 Belles, belles, belles,
 Hear the laughing and the chaffing of the belles.

 See the richly-dowered belles,
 Golden belles,
 How they cotton to the stupid-headed swells.
 With what grace and matchless art
 They can play their pretty part
 For the quartered coats of arms!
 Chaperons,
 How they advertise the charms
 Of their darlings,—with an ever-ready alarm's
 Undertones!
 Oh! and then these high-born swells,
 What a want of education their conversation tells.
 How it sells,
 How it dwells
 Upon bathos! how it tells
 Of the lesson that impels
 All the sighing and the lying
 Of the belles, belles, belles,
 Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
 Belles, belles, belles,
 All the glancing and the dancing of the belles.

Hear the loudly-talking belles,
Prancing belles,
How we sorrowfully gaze upon their costume, since it tells
Of the latest Paris fashion !
And the dark eyes how they flash on
Every simple-looking girl !
They can only whirl, whirl
To the tune,
With a noisy explanation of their doings in the Row,
With a careless declaration that the ball is very slow.
Dancing round, round, round,
To the merry music's sound,
Never pausing for a breath,
Tho' their partners, pale as death,
Look and gasp as if they'd fall into a swoon.
Oh, you belles, belles, belles,
What a tale your muslin tells ;
And your hair.
How you sneer and pick to pieces
Major Maberly's six nieces ;
How you flirt upon the fifty-seventh stair ;
Yet the people guess at last,
By your laughing,
And your chaffing,
Your vocabulary's fast.
And the ear distinctly tells
You are slangy,
And slap-bangy,
From your joking with the swells,
And their easy conversation with the loudly-talking belles,
With the belles,
With the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
From the grinning and the dinning of the belles !

Fun.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the bookshelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were levelled flat,
But "Moore" was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them "Spratt,"
They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er everything, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;
They snatched my "Hogg" and "Fox" one night,
And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon
My books their course had bent;
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon
I found my "Marvell" went.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."

While studying o'er the fire one day
My "Hobbes" amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated;
But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself
Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave
Is sunk, to swell the ravage;
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save
'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

E'en "Glover's" works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
My "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went; oppressed,
My "Taylor" too must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
The "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
Oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickell" touch;
And then, alas! I missed my "Mickle,"
And surely mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid"
Nor even use my "Hughes."

To "West," to "South," I turn my head,
Exposed alike to odd jeers;
For, since my "Roger Ascham's" fled,
I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

They took my "Horne"—and "Horne Tooke" too,
And thus my treasures flit;
I feel when I would "Hazlitt" view,
The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth" gone,
If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doated on
Was swept off—with my "Broome."

My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry,
"My 'Livy' has eloped!"

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on "Gray,"
There's grey upon my locks.

I'm far from "Young"—am growing pale—
I see my "Butter" fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
'Tis "Burton!" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

LAMAN BLANCHARD: *Poetical Works.*

THE LEGEND OF DRACHENFELS.

A LAY OF THE ANCIENT RHINE.

KING GILIBALDUS sits at lunch beneath the linden trees,
 But very nervous does he seem, with spirits ill at ease ;
 For first of all he rubs this ear, and then he pulls that hair,
 His sandwich and a splendid glass of ale* he cannot bear ;
 Nor aught beside they can provide, because a monster dread
 Has sent to say, without delay, he must the princess wed.
 To speak unto his courtiers the monarch does not choose,
 Until that monster has been hung, and they have brought the
 noose.

The monster is a dragon of more hideous shape and mien
 Than any canvas-cover'd, wicker-basket, huge machine,
 That Mr. Bradwell ever built at merry Christmas time,
 To be put on by Payne or Stilt in some gay pantomime.
 A vast aerial courier he, part fish, part beast, part bird,
 A flying ichthyosaurus, of which Mantel never heard ;
 No eye might look upon his form without the deepest awe,
 His maw (or craw) for victuals raw, his jaw, and paw, and claw.

Sir Siegfried the Scaly, one of stalwart form and height
 (In Germany, all through the year, he was the longest knight),
 The Nibelungen hero, as some call him, Sea-egg fried,
 Of noble fame, set forth to claim the princess for his bride.
 He rode beneath proud Stromberg's walls, where Gilibald held
 state,
 And kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate ;
 Or rather at no rate at all, for none would he e'er pay,
 But always told the overseer to call another day ;
 And if the wretched wight return'd, they got him in a line,
 Then tied a millstone round his neck, and sent him "down the
 Rhine."

* "Großwäldisches Altonisches gutes altes Bier, mit Butterbrod und Fleisch,
 zwei silber groschen." (About fourpence English.)

Sir Siegfried the Scaly played a solo on his horn,
That Puzzi might have envied, but the greeting was forlorn ;
For that same morn, at break of dawn, the dragon had been
there,

And carried off the princess, as she walk'd to take the air.
He wound his tail about her waist, his tail so large and long,
As restless as repealer Dan's—in mischief quite as strong.
Then, like a rocket shooting up, by dint of magic spells,
He bore her to his mountain-home on craggy Drachenfels.

"Now welcome, brave Sir Siegfried!" King Gilibald did say ;
"I am so glad to see you—more especially to-day.
You may command my daughter's hand, and with it half a
crown,
If you will climb the Drakenfels, and bring her safely down."

The dragon, after dining, was indulging in a nap,
His tinsell'd head reclining in the poor princess's lap,
When Siegfried the Scaly, with his good sword Balanung,
Just ground for the occasion, up the rocky mountain sprung ;
And for the sword's free use, in troth, there also was just
ground ;

This dragon long had been the curse of all the country round.
But now he jump'd upon his feet, awaken'd by the tread,
His nostrils belching out fierce flames, to fill the knight with
dread ;

And, but for the opinion that both coarse and low the phrase is,
We might have said Sir Siegfried was going fast to blazes !

But chivalry and might prevail'd : the dragon soon was slain,
And Siegfried the princess bore to Stromberg back again.
The bells were rung, the mass was sung, and, ere the close of
day,

King Gilibaldus to the knight his daughter gave away.
On those wild heights Sir Siegfried his future home did fix,
And there a fortress proud, of stone, he built as right as bricks.
About the ruins which exists each guide his version tells ;
But this is the correct account of castled Drachenfels.

ALBERT SMITH : *Adventures of Mr. Ledbury.*

A DREAM.

I'm in such a flutter—I scarcely can utter

The words to my tongue that come dancing—come dancing;
I've had such a dream—it must certainly seem

To incredulous ears like romancing—romancing.

No doubt it was brought on by that Madame Warton,

Who muddled me quite with her models—her models;

Or Madame Tussaud, where I saw in a row

Of all possible people the noddles—the noddles.

I dreamt I was walking with Homer and talking

The very best Greek I was able—was able—

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, with Johnson and Garrick,

Would dance a Scotch reel on the table—the table.

Then Hannibal, rising, declared 'twas surprising

That gentlemen made such a riot—a riot—

And sent in a bustle to beg Lord John Russell

Would hasten and make them all quiet—all quiet.

He came and found Cato at cribbage with Plato,

And Zimmermann playing the fiddle—the fiddle;

And, snatching a rapier from Admiral Napier,

Ran Peter the Great through the middle—the middle.

Then up jump'd Alboni and looked at Belzoni,

Who sat by her side like a mummy—a mummy;

But pious Æneas said, "This mustn't be, as

I never play whist with a dummy—a dummy!"

I'm almost perplexed to say what I saw next,

But I think it was Poniatowski—atowski—

Was driving Nell Gwynne with Commissioner Lin

Over Waterloo Bridge in a drosky—a drosky.

When Sardanapalus, who thought fit to hail us,

Remarked it was very cold weather—cold weather;—

And flinging his jasey at Prince Esterhazy,

They both began waltzing together—together.

The news was next spread that Queen Dido was dead,
 And Alderman Gibbs, in a huff, sir—a huff, sir—
 Had seized Lola Montes at Fribourg and Pontet's
 For feeding her bull-dog with snuff, sir—with snuff, sir.
 Whilst Bunn in a hurry ran off to the Surrey
 To clap Abd-el-Kader in irons—in irons :
 And engaged Julius Cæsar to play Adalgisa
 To Widdicomb's Lady of Lyons—of Lyons.

I caught up a candle and whispered to Handel,
 "There must be an end of the matter—the matter ;"
 When bang through the skylight came down upon my light
 Lord Brougham with a deuce of a clatter—a clatter.
 In terror I woke, crying, "This is no joke,"
 And jump'd smack out of bed like King Priam—King
 Priam ;
 And I've but to remark—if you're still in the dark,
 Why, you're not a bit worse off than I am—than I am.

J. R. PLANCHÉ: *Ariadne*.



ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
 Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes ;
 They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
 That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was
 new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar ; so runs the ancient tale ;
 'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a
 flail ;
 And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength
 should fail,
 He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish
 ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving
dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking
round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next,—it left the Dutch-
man's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred souls and
more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on land, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the
brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow
beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and
prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild
halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and
kin,
“Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands
gin!”

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and
snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good,—poor child,
you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the
chill."
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at
Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English
cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant
flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its
towers;—
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and
dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words,—“My dear, where
have you been?”

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works*.

THE CIVILIZATION OF TONGATABOO.

A LAY OF PROGRESS.

"Improved off the face of the earth."—*Popular Expression.*

KING JUNGAREEGOO,
Of Tongataboo,
Was a terrible savage, just six feet two,
Who ne'er wore a coat, nor a vest, nor a shoe;
His garments, in fact, were remarkably few,
Consisting of feathers, and fibres run through
The bones of the foes that in battle he slew.
(And some of the latter were toothsome to chew),
But during his wars he had found time to woo
Queen Wongaree-Wang, from the isles of Pe-loo,
A lady adorned with the brightest tattoo,
Of mauve and of yellow, of crimson and blue,
And she loved him as savage wives only can do.

King Jungaree's island was charming to view;
The plantain and yam in luxuriance grew,
The delicate palm and the slender bamboo;
To thread the dense forests required a clue,
The animals found were the horn'd cariboo,
The hardy wild-pig, and the bison-like gnu,
And a species of miniature kangaroo;
While over the island the sea-gull flew,
The albatross, petrel, and snipe, and curlew,
The talkative parrot and loud cockatoo
(Whereof there are specimens now in the "Zoo").

King Jungaree's subjects were savages true,
Tall, black, and athletic in sinew and thew;
They wielded the hatchet, and hurled up the boo-
merang at the birds that were good in a stew,
And chased the wild porker with whoop and halloo!
(The national dish was a prime barbecue;)
For favours they were not accustomed to sue,
Each paddled his own independent canoe.

Whilom it perchanced that the good ship *Pegu*
(From Liverpool sailing, and bound for Loo-choo)
Was caught in a storm that so fearfully blew,
It threatened each moment her life to undo,
Till, torn and dismasted, the wild billows threw
Her on to the isle of King Jungareegoo.
The natives immediately came to rescúe,
Give shelter and food to the perishing crew,
Who wondered where fate had conducted them to.

The sailors, enraptured, the island survieu;—
’Twas lovely as Eden, and rich as Peru,
Its splendour and verdure would more than outdo
The tropical part of the gardens at Kew;—
Till, having explored every nook and purlieu,
They cried, “Just the place, Jack, for me and for you :
We’re here, and we’ll stick to the island like glue!”

They stayed; and, dear me! what a change did ensue!
They taught to the natives all arts that they knew,
And gave them to civilization the cue;
The zealous ship’s chaplain, Aminadab Drew,
Exhorted the Pagans their creed to eschew,
And built a large chapel, with plenty of pew,
Wherein he could guide, and with virtue imbue
Their moral perceptions,—so sadly askew.

The nation, thus tutored, began life anew :
They started a *Times*, and a Weekly Review,
A School Board, a Church—which the State did endue,
A Bank, and a Mint, and a Royal revenue,
A National Debt, and a Parliament too.

The body as well as the mind they transmew;
Coat, trousers, and vest superseded tattoo;
The ladies wore *chignon*, and skirt, and *fichu*,
And all the last *modes* of the *Boul’vard* and *Rue*;
They played and *croqué’d*, sang and painted and drew,
Danced, practised deportment, and French “parley-voo,”
And slandered each other o’er cups of Congou.
In short, the old customs gave way to the new
So very completely, that difference of hue
Alone marked the natives of Tongataboo.

But ah! to all blessings will evil accrue!
 The Tongataboolians had reason to rue
Some imports received *per* the good ship *Pegu*;
 A host of diseases—small-pox and agüe,
 Consumption, bronchitis, and tic-doloureux—
 Played havoc among them; still more, *entre nous*,
 Gin, brandy, and rum, and “Ben Nevis’s dew,”
 Sent thousands of blacks down Death’s dark avenue;
 And as the destroyer will never “koo-too”
 To prince any more than to mere *parvenu*,
 Queen Wongaree-Wang and King Jungareegoo
 Were soon as defunct as old Brian Boru.

Thus dwindled the nation—grew few and more few,
 No power its vigour and life could renew,
 Until the last native—called Pallee-ga-too,
 Distinguished for Latin, and Greek, and Hebréw,
 As learned, in fact, as a Hindoo Baboo—
 Succumbed of exhaustion when just thirty-two.

And now all the natives lie under the yew,
 While Briton and Yankee, Hibernian and Jew,
 Have settled themselves on the isle in their lieu,
 And prosperously their existence pursue,
 On Jungaree’s palace they’ve planted the U-
 -nion Jack, and appointed a governor, who
 Is twentieth cousin to Lord Nozoo.
 No more in the woods roams the grim wanderoo
 (An animal mentioned by Monsieur Chaillu,
 I think, in his “Travels in Eastern Bornou”);
 No more the wild-pig and the bison-like gnu
 Kick up in the forest their hullabaloo;
 But now there’s the cat, with his civilized mew,
 The Alderney cow, with her mellow “moohoo,”
 The dog and the equines, from racer to “screw,”
 And, ’stead of the parrot and harsh cockatoo,
 The tender tame pigeons do dulcetly coo,
 And bright Chanticleer sounds his loud “doodle-doo!”

MORAL.

Thus, sure as the game of Unlimited Loo,
Does civilization the savage subdue;
His chance of existence is not worth a sou;
He fades like the shades that to Hades withdrew,
And when it's no longer "*il est*" but "*il fut*,"
The funeral wreaths o'er his tombstone we strew,
And give to his ashes the tear that is due. *!*
Such is the moral of Tongataboo.
So, having exhausted the endings in U,
I bid thee, good reader, a courteous *adieu*.

WALTER PARKE: *Songs of Singularity.*

THE WILLOWS.

After EDGAR A. POE.

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear;
It was night in the month of October,
Of my most immemorial year;
Like the skies, I was perfectly sober,
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear—
At the Nightingale,—perfectly sober,
And the willowy woodland, down here.

Here once in an alley Titanic
Of ten-pins,—I roamed with my soul,—
Of ten-pins,—with Mary, my soul;
They were days when my heart was volcanic,
And impelled me to frequently roll,
And made me resistlessly roll,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
In the realms of the Boreal pole
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
With the monkey atop of his pole.

I repeat, I was perfectly sober,
But my thoughts they were palsied and sear,—
My thoughts were decidedly queer;
For I knew not the month was October,
And I marked not the night of the year:
I forgot that sweet *morceau* of Auber
That the band oft performèd down here;
And I mixed the sweet music of Auber
With the Nightingale's music by Shear.

And now as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,
And car-drivers hinted of morn,
At the end of the path a liquescent
And bibulous lustre was born:
'Twas made by the bar-keeper present,
Who mixèd a duplicate horn,—
His two hands describing a crescent
Distinct with a duplicate horn.

And I said: "This looks perfectly regal;
For it's warm, and I know I feel dry,—
I am confident that I feel dry.
We have come past the emeu and eagle,
And watched the gay monkey on high;
Let us drink to the emeu and eagle,—
To the swan and the monkey on high;
To the eagle and monkey on high;
For this bar-keeper will not inveigle,—
Bully boy with the vitreous eye;
He surely would never inveigle,—
Sweet youth with the crystalline eye."

But Mary, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this bar I mistrust,—
I fear that this bar does not trust.
Oh, hasten! Oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly,—ere we must!"
In terror she cried, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary, and kissed her,
And tempted her into the room,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the warning of doom,
By some words that were warning of doom.
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
At the opposite end of the room?"
She sobbed, as she answered, "All liquors
Must be paid for ere leaving the room."

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,
As the streets were deserted and drear,—
For my pockets were empty and drear;
And I cried, "It was surely October,
On this very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—
That I brought a fair maiden down here,
On this night of all nights in the year.
Ah! to me that inscription is clear:
Well I know, now I'm perfectly sober,
Why no longer they credit me here,—
Well I know now that music of Auber,
And this Nightingale, kept by one Shear."

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

THE DOCTOR.

A SKETCH.

"Whatever is, is right."—*Pope.*

THERE once was a Doctor,
(No foe to the proctor,)
A physic concocter,
Whose dose was so pat,
However it acted,
One speech it extracted,—
"Yes, yes," said the doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

And first, all "unaisy,"
Like woman that's crazy,
In flies Mistress Casey,
"Do come to poor Pat ;
The blood's running faster !
He's torn off the plaster—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that !"

Anon, with an antic,
Quite strange and romantic,
A woman comes frantic—
"What could you be at ?
My darling dear Aleck,
You've sent him oxalic !"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that !"

Then in comes another,
Dispatch'd by his mother,
A blubbering brother,
Who gives a rat-tat—
"Oh, poor little sister
Has lick'd off a blister !"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that !"

Now home comes the flunkey,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey—
With basket and that—
"The draught for the Squire, Sir,
He chuck'd in the fire, Sir—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that !"

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus—
"Lord ! here is a rumpus :
That pauper, Old Nat,
In some drunken notion
Has drunk up his lotion—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that !"

At last comes a servant,
In grief very fervent :
"Alas ! Doctor Derwent,
Poor Master is flat !
He's drawn his last breath, Sir—
That dose was his death, Sir."
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that !"

THOMAS HOOD : *Poetical Works.*

THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook,
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaum came
One evening in the rain.

"I am a traveller," said he,
"Just started on a tour,
And go to Nomjamskillicook
To-morrow morn at four."

He took a tavern-bed that night ;
And, with the morrow's sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on and next we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequestered village called
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,
And there—quite tired of Maine—
He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place ;
And then Skunk's Misery displayed
Its sweetness and its grace.

By easy stages then he went
To visit Devil's Den ;
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way,
Did come within his ken.

Then *via* Nine Holes and Goose Green
He travelled through the State ;
And to Virginia, finally,
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds
He wandered up and down ;
To-day, at Buzzard Roost ensconced,
To-morrow, at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,
Till friends from Bull Ring came,
And made him spend a day with them
In hunting forest-game.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,
To Dog Town next he went ;
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,
Where half a day he spent.

From thence, into Negationburg
His route of travel lay ;
Which having gained, he left the State,
And took a southward way.

North Carolina's friendly soil
He trod at fall of night,
And, on a bed of softest down,
He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,
To Lousy Level bound ;
At Bull's Tail, and Lick Lizard too,
Good provender he found.

The country all about Pinch Gut
So beautiful did seem
That the beholder thought it like
A picture in a dream.

But the plantations near Burnt Coat
Were even finer still,
And made the wondering tourist feel
A soft delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery
Most charming did appear,
With Snatch It in the distance far,
And Purgatory near.

But, spite of all these pleasant scenes,
The tourist stoutly swore
That home is brightest, after all,
And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway;
A little wife he took;
And now is making nutmegs at
Moosehiemagunticook.

ROBERT H. NEWELL: *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers.*



THE OXFORD STUDENT TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR mother, your anger to soften,
At last I sit down to indite;
'Tis clear I do wrong very often,
Since 'tis true I so seldom do write!

But now I'll be silent no longer,
Pro and *con* all my deeds I'll disclose;
All the *pros* in my verse I'll make stronger,
And hide all the *cons* in my *près*!

You told me, on coming to College,
To dip into books and excel;
Why, the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge
I've dipt into books pretty well!

The advice you took pleasure in giving
To direct me is sure to succeed,
And I think you'll confess I am living
With very great credit indeed!

I wait on the reverend doctors,
Whose friendship you told me to seek;
And, as for the two learned proctors,
They've called for me twice in a week!

Indeed, we've got intimate lately,
And I seldom can pass down the street,
But their kindness surprises me greatly,
For they stop me whenever we meet!

My classics, with all their old stories,
I now very closely pursue,
And ne'er read the *Remedia Amoris*
Without thinking, dear mother, of you!

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,
And Horace I've nearly by heart;
But though famed for his smartness and satire,
He's not quite so easy as Smart.

English bards I admire every tittle,
And dote on poetical lore;
And, though yet I have studied but Little,
I hope to be master of Moore!

You'll see, from the nonsense I've written,
That my devils are none of the blues,
That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,
And nearly as fond of the muse!

Bright puns (oh! how crossly you bore 'em!)
I scatter while logic I cram;
For Euclid and Pons Asinorum
We leave to the Johnians of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,
Is as skittish and shy as can be!
Not Yorkshire, with all its three Ridings,
Is half such a shier as he!

I wish he were stronger and larger,
For, in truth, I must candidly own
He is far the most moderate charger
In this land of high chargers I've known!

My doubts of profession are vanished;
I'll tell you the cause when we meet;
Church, Army, and Bar I have banished,
And now only look to the Fleet!

Come down, then, when summer is gilding
Our gardens, our trees, and our founts;
I'll give you accounts of each building,—
How you'll wonder at all my accounts!

Come down while the softs winds are sighing!
Come down—oh, you shall and you must!
Come down when the dust-clouds are flying!
Dear mother,—come down with the dust!

ANON.: *Fugitive Poetry.*

THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
“Our master knows you—you’re expected.”

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the Doctor’s winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate’er the stranger’s caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey’s end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He ’stablished Truth, or startled Error,

The Baptist found him far too deep ;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow ;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius :
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking ;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking ;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage :
At his approach complaint grew mild ;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
 Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
 From him I learnt the rule of three,
 Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*:
 I used to singe his powdered wig,
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,
 And make the puppy dance a jig,
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
 The church is larger than before;
 You reach it by a carriage entry;
 It holds three hundred people more,
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
 Where is he old man laid?—look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
 "*Hic jacet GVLIELMVS BROWN,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

W. M. PRAED: *Poems*, Vol. II.

THE WHALE.

OH all ye lubbers now on land,
 As never was at sea,
 And wishes to hear of something nautical,
 Come listen now to me,—Brave boys.*

"Twas in the year of onety one,
 On April ye first day,
 When with a screw, our galliant crew
 To the seas did bore away,—Brave boys.

* Better omit "Brave boys" in recitation.

A dead calm wind blew in our teeth,
Another blew a-lee,
When away our galliant ship she flew,
And her taffrail ploughed the sea,—Brave boys.

We bored away at the Greenland seas,
Till we saw a mighty whale,
The tremendous length of which, 'tis said,
Did reach from the head to the tail,—Brave boys.

The captain on the bowsprit stood,
With the mainmast in his hand,
“Overhaul, overhaul, let your maindeck fall,
And belay her to the land,—Brave boys.”

We then cut up that whale in two,
From the nose unto the snout,
And there discivered a grey-haired man,
As was “all up the spout,”—Brave boys.

Our captain was a brave little man,
And a brave little man was he,
Yet never a word at all he spake,
But said, “Now who are ye,—Brave boys.”

The grey-haired man he turned his quid,
Says he, “I tell to you,
I's the cabin boy as is was lost,
In the year of eighty-two,—Brave boys.”

“And seeing as how as I'm on shore,
Leastwise among sich fellows,
I'll never by no means go no more
To live in Whaleses bellows,—Brave boys.”

MORAL.

“So all ye men take my advice,
If a Jonah you would be,
Just try it first upon dry land,
Before the sea you see,—Brave boys.”

JAMES A. SIDNEY, M.D.: *Mistura Curiosa.*

THE AGED STRANGER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"I WAS with Grant"—the stranger said.
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said.
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more:
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man;
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer; "say no more."

"He fell in battle,—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—
Nay; speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh! say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
 But beat with his fist full sore
 That aged man, who had worked for Grant
 Some three years before the war.

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

"Il faut juger des femmes depuis la chaussure jusqu'à la coiffure exclusivement à peu près comme on mesure le poisson entre queue et tête."—LA BRUYERE.

YEARS—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise or witty,—
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;—
 Years—years ago,—while all my joy
 Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
 In short, while I was yet a boy,
 I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball:
 There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall
 Of hands across and down the middle,
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that set young hearts romancing;
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender;
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender!
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;
 I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
 And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked,—of politics or prayers,—
 Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
 Of dangles—or of dancing bears,
 Of battles—or the last new bonnets,

By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal:
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh, what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the Stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it:
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:

For in my heart's most secret cell
 There had been many other lodgers;
 And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
 But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

W. M. PRAED: *Poems*, Vol. II.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin!
 At what age does Love begin?
 Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
 Summers three, my fairy queen!
 But a miracle of sweets,
 Soft approaches, sly retreats,
 Show the little archer there,
 Hidden in your pretty hair:
 When didst learn a heart to win?
 Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

“Oh!” the rosy lips reply,
 “I can’t tell you if I try.
 ’Tis so long I can’t remember:
 Ask some younger lass than I!”

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!
 Do your heart and head keep pace?
 When does hoary Love expire,
 When do frosts put out the fire?
 Can its embers burn below
 All that chill December snow?
 Care you still soft hands to press,
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
 When does Love give up the chase?
 Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!

“Ah!” the wise old lips reply,—
 “Youth may pass and strength may die;
 But of Love I can’t foretoken:
 Ask some older sage than I!”

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A
SENTIMENTALIST.

"My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down!"—Hamlet.

I THINK it was Spring—but not certain I am—
When my passion began first to work ;
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
Yes,—for Morris had asked me to dine,—
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild,
With sheer envy to witness my luck ;
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smiled
As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas, to my cost,
Through three courses of dishes and meats ;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
When it came to the trifle and sweets !

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land
To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
With a very fine pottle of pines !

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
And she did not object in the least ;
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to——, it certainly was the seaside ;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may memory lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought!
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seemed to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that!
Oh there's nothing that's certain in life, as I cried,
When my turbot eloped with the cat!

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
But the cause no physician could nab;
But something it seemed like consumption, I fear—
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctored, in vain she was dosed,
Still her strength and her appetite pined;
She lost relish for what she had relished the most,
Even salmon she deeply declined.

For months still I lingered in hope and in doubt,
While her form it grew wasted and thin;
But the last dying spark of existence went out,
As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men
To indulge in a widower's moan,
Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
O my grief poured a flood! and the out-of-door folks
Were all crying—I think it was sprats!

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works.*

THE LOST CORD.

(WITH A THOUSAND APOLOGIES.)

SEATED one day in a carriage,
I was frightened and ill at ease,
For a fellow, behaving wildly,
Was up to his drunken sprees.

I knew not if he was playing,
Or what I was doing then,
But I pulled the cord like winking,
While the lunatic shrieked "Amen."

It rattled against the ceiling
As I clasped it in my palm,
Then it broke and fell on the cushion,
Where it lay in a holy calm.

It startled the next compartment,
On the lunatic's nerves it jarred;
It reached the length of the carriage,
But it never reached the guard.

It may be a grand invention
At the distant guard to get;
But I've tried it in twenty cases,
And I've never succeeded yet.

GEORGE R. SIMS: *The Lifeboat, &c.*

AN EASTERN QUESTION.

My William was a soldier, and he says to me, says he,
"My Susan, I must sail across the South Pacific sea ;
For we've got to go to Egypt for to fight the old Khedive ;
But when he's dead I'll marry you, as sure as I'm alive !"

'Twere hard for me to part with him ; he couldn't read nor
write,
So I never had love letters for to keep my memory bright ;
But Jim, who is our footman, took the *Daily Telegraph*,
And told me William's reg-i-ment mowed down the foe like
chaff.

So every day Jim come to me to read the eastern news,
And used to bring me bouquets, which I scarcely could refuse ;
Till one fine day it happened—*how* it happened, goodness
knows,—
He put his arm around me and he started to propose.

I put his hand from off me, and I said in thrilling tones,
"I like you, Jim, but *never* will I give up William Jones ;
It ain't no good your talking, for my heart is firm and fixed,
For William is engaged to me, and naught shall come be-
twixt."

So Jim he turned a ghastly pale to find there was no hope ;
And made remarks about a pond, and razors, and a rope ;
The other servants pitied him, and Rosie said as much ;
But Rosie was too flighty, and he didn't care for such.

The weeks and months passed slowly, till I heard the Eastern
war
Was over, and my William would soon be home once more ;
And I was proud and happy for I knew that I could say
I'd been true to my sweet William all the years he'd been
away.

Says Jim to me, "I love you Sue, you know full well I do,
And evermore whilst I draw breath I vow I will be true ;
But my feelings are too sensitive, I really couldn't stand
A-seeing of that soldier taking hold your little hand.

"So I've made my mind up finally to throw myself away ;
There's Rosie loves me truly, and no more I'll say her nay ;
I've bought a hat on purpose, and I'm going to hire a ring,
And I've borrowed father's wedding suit that looks the very
thing."

So Jim he married Rosie, just the very day before
My William's reg-i-ment was due to reach their native shore ;
I was there to see him landed and to give him welcome home,
And take him to my arms from which he never more should
roam.

But I couldn't see my William, for the men were all alike,
With their red coats and their rifles, and their helmets with a
spike ;

So I curtseys to a sergeant who was smiling very kind,
"Where's William Jones?" I asks him, "if so be you wouldn't
mind?"

Then he calls a gawky, red-haired chap, that stood good six-feet
two :

"Here, Jones," he cries, "this lady here's enquiring after you."
"Not me!" I says, "I want a man who 'listed from our
Square ;

With a small moustache, but growing fast, and bright brown
curly hair."

The sergeant wiped his eye, and took his helmet from his head,
"I'm very sorry, ma'am," he said, "*that* William Jones is dead ;
He died from getting sunstroke, and we envied him his lot,
For we were melted to our bones, the climate was that hot!"

So that's how 'tis that I'm condemned to lead a single life,
For the sergeant, who was struck with me, already had a wife ;
And Jim is tied to Rosie, and can't get himself untied,
Whilst the man that I was faithful to has been and gone and
died!

H. M. PAULL: *Hood's Comic Annual*, 1887.

A LAY OF A CRACKED FIDDLE.

WHEN I was quite a tiny mite,
And life a joyful ditty,
I used to know a poor old wight
Who fiddled through the city.
Alas! it's thirty years ago—
Time *is* so quaint and flighty!
And now I've mites myself, you know,
And not so very mity.
And he's unvexed by flat and sharp;
He's guessed the awful riddle,
And, haply, got a golden harp
In place of that old fiddle.

And yet, methinks, I see him now—
So clear the memory lingers—
His long grey hair, his puckered brow,
His trembling, grimy fingers,
The comforter that dangled down
Beyond his waist a long way,
The beaver hat with battered crown,
He'd pause to brush—the wrong way,
The brown surtout that still could brag
Its buttons down the middle,
And, crowning all, the greenish bag
That held the sacred fiddle.

Two tunes he played, and only two,
One over, one beginning;
“God Save the Queen's” collapse we knew
Was “Kitty Clover's” inning.
How startlingly the bow behaved—
Curvetted, jerked, and bounded—
The while our gracious Queen was saved,
And knavish tricks confounded!

And oh! the helpless, hopeless woe,
Brimful and running over,
In (*very slow*) the o—o—oh
Of bothering Kitty Clover!

And so he'd jerk and file and squeak
Like twenty thousand hinges,
While every sympathetic cheek
Was racked with shoots and twinges.
The lawyer left his lease or will,
The workman stopped his hammer,
The druggist ceased to roll the pill,
And ran to calm the clamour.
From doors and windows jingled down
A dancing shower of copper,
Accompanied by many a frown,
And sometimes speech improper.

He gathered up the grudging dole,
And sought a different station,
But always with a bitter soul,
And deep humiliation.
For what though music win you pence,
If praise it fail to win you?
If fees are paid to hurry hence,
And never to continue?
“Bad times for art,” he'd sometimes say
To any youthful scholar;
“They'd rather grub for brass to-day,
Than listen to Apoller.”

And so with quaint, pathetic face,
Aggrieved and disappointed,
The minstrel moved from place to place,
And mourned the times disjointed.
His hat was browner than of yore,
His grizzled head was greyer,
And none had ever cried, “Encore,”
Or praised the poor old player.
I came to feel (and was not wrong)—
His day was nearly over—
He'd not be bothered very long
By cruel Kitty Clover.

One day, within a shady square,
Where people lounged or sat round,
He'd played his second woful air,
And now he took the hat round.
He met with many a gibe and grin,
With coarser disaffection,
The while he tottered out and in,
Receiving the collection.
At length he stopped, with downcast eye,
Beneath a lime-tree's cover,
Where sat a maiden, sweet and shy,
Beside her handsome lover.

Half-hidden in her leafy place,
The modest little sitter
Just glanced into the fiddler's face,
And read his story bitter.
Unskilled in life and worldly ways,
By womanhood's divining,
She knew the minstrel's soul for praise
And sympathy was pining.
Herself with all a heart could need,
No dearest dream denied her,
She felt her gentle spirit bleed
For that poor wretch beside her.

She hung her head a little while,
Then, growing somewhat bolder,
She rose, and with a blush and smile,
Just touched the minstrel's shoulder.
"How charmingly you play," she said.
"How nice to be so clever!
My friend and I" (her cheeks grew red)
"Could sit entranced for ever.
I've taken lessons—all in vain;
My touch is simply hateful.
Oh! if you'd play those tunes again,
I'd be so very grateful."

He rosined up his rusty bow
(His eyes were brimming over),
Then (o—o—oh!) meandered slow
Through endless "Kitty Clover."

He'd suffered many a cruel wrong
Amid a sordid nation ;
He'd waited wearily and long—
At last the compensation !
What cared he now for snub and sneer
From churlish fools around him ?
In those sweet eyes he saw a tear,
And felt that fame had crowned him.

And you, my friends, may laugh or frown,
And still I'll risk the saying,
That angels stooped from glory down
To hear the fiddler playing.
And He that holds the golden pen,
That chief of all the bright ones,
Who registers the deeds of men,
The wrong ones and the right ones—
He oped the book, and did record
A sweet and gracious deed there—
A deed performed to Christ the Lord
That He shall smile to read there.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE : *Sent back by the Angels.*

A NURSERY LEGEND.

OH ! listen, little children, to a proper little song
Of a naughty little urchin who was always doing wrong :
He disobey'd his mammy, and he disobey'd his dad,
And he disobey'd his uncle, which was very near as bad.
He wouldn't learn to cipher, and he wouldn't learn to write,
But he *would* tear up his copy-books to fabricate a kite ;
And he used his slate and pencil in so barbarous a way,
That the grinders of his governess got looser ev'ry day.

At last he grew so obstinate that no one could contrive
To cure him of a theory that two and two made five ;
And, when they taught him how to spell, he show'd his wicked
whims
By mutilating Pinnock and mislaying Watts's Hymns.

Instead of all such pretty books, (which *must* improve the
mind,)

He cultivated volumes of a most improper kind;
Directories and almanacks he studied on the sly,
And gloated over Bradshaw's Guide when nobody was by.

From such a course of reading you can easily divine
The condition of his morals at the age of eight or nine.
His tone of conversation kept becoming worse and worse,
Till it scandalised his governess and horrified his nurse.
He quoted bits of Bradshaw that were quite unfit to hear,
And recited from the Almanack, no matter who was near:
He talked of Reigate Junction and of trains both up and down,
And referr'd to men who call'd themselves Jones, Robinson,
and Brown.

But when this naughty boy grew up he found the proverb true,
That Fate one day makes people pay for all the wrong they do.
He was cheated out of money by a man whose name was
Brown,

And got crippled in a railway smash while coming up to town.
So, little boys and little girls, take warning while you can,
And profit by the history of this unhappy man.
Read Dr. Watts and Pinnock, dears; and when you learn to
spell,
Shun Railway Guides, Directories, and Almanacks as well!

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Carols of Cockayne.*

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

RIDING from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch'd around,
Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting ;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in.
'Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Pecking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawl'd and bluster'd,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard ;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
Lake, and shores, and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed ?"
Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box :
"Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whisky and potatoes ;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
Who to his hotel come.

Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies.)
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter
(Twins were never seen
Dirtier or fatter).
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have—Here the host
Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir:
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant:
Hebe's self, I thought,
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a curtsey neat
Greeting the new comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer ;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it :
Spilt it every drop
(Dames who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems !

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master ;
Such a merry peal
'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was,)
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal !
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening ;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing " Giovinetti ;"
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full !

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy ;

Now she looks to see
If the kettle keep hot ;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot ;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure :
Now she scours a pot,
And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle,
(Faith ! her blushing cheeks
Redden'd on the metal !)
Ah ! but 'tis in vain
That I try to sketch it ;
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched.
No ! the best of lead
And of india-rubber
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber !

See her as she moves,
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess :
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never show'd
Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,
Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were
Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
Of Peg of Limavaddy.

Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
Tory, Whig, or Radi-
cal would all desire
Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy!

W. M. THACKERAY : *Ballads.*

THE CONFESSION.

THERE's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
And at night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so ;
A weary weight oppresseth me—
This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor want of worldly gear ;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief ;
But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand,
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she's unkind;
 Tho' busy flatterers swarm around
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
 That chills my labouring breast—
 It's that confounded cucumber
 I've eat and can't digest.

R. H. BARHAM: *Ingoltsby Legends*.

“SEVENTY-NINE.”

Mr. Interviewer interviewed.

KNOW me next time when you see me, won't you, old smarty?
 Oh, I mean you, old figger-head,—just the same party!
 Take out your pensivel, d—n you; sharpen it, do!
 Any complaints to make? Lot's of 'em—one of 'em's *you*.

You! who are you, anyhow, goin' round in that sneakin' way?
 Never in jail before, was you, old blatherskite, say?
 Look at it; don't it look pooty? Oh, grin, and be d—d to
 you, do!
 But, if I had you this side o' that gratin', I'd just make it
 lively for you.

How did I get in here? Well, what 'ud you give to know?
 'Twasn't by sneakin' round where I hadn't no call to go:
 'Twasn't by hangin' round a spyin' unfortnet men.
 Grin! but I'll stop your jaw if ever you do that agen.

Why don't you say suthin', blast you? Speak your mind if you
 dare.
 Ain't I a bad lot, sonny? Say it, and call it square.
 Hain't got no tongue, hey, hev ye? O guard! here's a little
 swell,
 A cussin' and swearin' and yellin', and bribin' me not to tell.

There, I thought that 'ud fetch ye. And you want to know my name?

"Seventy-nine" they call me; but that is their little game. For I'm werry highly connected, as a gent, sir, can understand; And my family hold their heads up with the very furst in the land.

For 'twas all, sir, a put-up job on a pore young man like me; And the jury was bribed a puppos, affurst they couldn't agree. And I sed to the judge, sez I,—Oh, grin! it's all right, my son!

But you're a werry lively young pup, and you ain't to be played upon!

Wot's that you've got—tobacco? I'm cussed but I thought 'twas a tract.

Thank ye. A chap t'other day—now, look'ee, this is a fact, Slings me a tract on the evils o' keepin' bad company, As if all the saints was howlin' to stay here along o' we.

No: I hain't no complaints. Stop, yes; do you see that chap,—Him standin' over there,—a hidin' his eyes in his cap?

Well, that man's stumick is weak, and he can't stand the pris'n fare;

For the coffee is just half beans, and the sugar ain't nowhere.

Perhaps it's his bringin' up; but he sickens day by day, And he doesn't take no food, and I'm seein' him waste away. And it isn't the thing to see; for, whatever he's been and done, Starvation isn't the plan as he's to be saved upon.

For he cannot rough it like me; and he hasn't the stamps, I guess,

To buy him his extry grub outside o' the pris'n mess.

And perhaps if a gent like you, with whom I've been sorter free,

Would—thank you! But, say, look here! Oh, blast it, don't give it to ME!

Don't you give it to me; now, don't ye, don't ye, don't!

You think it's a put-up job; so I'll thank ye, sir, if you won't. But hand him the stamps yourself: why, he isn't even my pal; And if it's a comfort to you, why, I don't intend that he shall.

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

ON AN OLD MUFF.

*He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone.—
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.*

TIME has a magic wand!
What is this meets my hand,
Moth-eaten, mouldy, and
Cover'd with fluff?
Faded, and stiff, and scant;
Can it be? no, it can't—
Yes, I declare, it's Aunt
Prudence's muff!

Years ago, twenty-three,
Old Uncle Doubleddee
Gave it to Aunt P.
Laughing and teasing—
"Pru." of the breezy curls,
Question those solemn churls,—
"What holds a pretty girl's
Hand without squeezing?"

Uncle was then a lad
Gay, but, I grieve to add,
Sinful, if smoking bad
Baccy's a vice:
Glossy was then this mink
Muff, lined with pretty pink
Satin, which maidens think
"Awfully nice!"

I seem to see again
Aunt in her hood and train,
Glide, with a sweet disdain,
Gravely to Meeting:
Psalm-book and kerchief new,
Peep'd from the Muff of Pru.;
Young men, and pious too,
Giving her greeting.

Sweetly her Sabbath sped
Then; from this Muff, it's said,
Tracts she distributed :—

Converts (till Monday!)
Lured by the grace they lack'd,
Follow'd her. One, in fact,
Ask'd for—and got his tract
• Twice of a Sunday!

Love has a potent spell;
Soon this bold *Ne'er-do-well*,
Aunt's too susceptible

Heart undermining,
Slipt, so the scandal runs,
Notes in the pretty nun's
Muff, triple-corner'd ones,
Pink as its lining.

Worse follow'd—soon the Jade
Fled (to oblige her blade!)
Whilst her friends thought that they'd

Lock'd her up tightly:
After such shocking games
Aunt is of wedded dames
Gayest, and now her name's
Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct flaw
Sadder I never saw,
Faith still I've in the law
Of compensation.

Once uncle went astray,
Smoked, joked, and swore away,
Sworn by he's now, by a
Large congregation.

Changed is the Child of Sin,
Now he's (he once was thin)
Grave, with a double chin,—

Blest be his fat form!
Changed is the garb he wore,
Preacher was never more
Prized than is Uncle for
Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits
Mortals of slender wits,
Then beg this muff and its
Fair Owner pardon :
All's for the best, indeed
Such is My simple creed ;
Still I must go and weed
Hard in my garden.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON : *London Lyrics.*

OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead ; that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more :
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true :
His hair was some inclined to grey ;
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd ;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design ;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true ;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

MY PARTNER.

HE came with a cheerfully genial smile,
His ignorance plainly revealing,
And chatting of this and the other the while
Commenced his career by misdealing.
He didn't appear to observe the disgrace,
As he passed the cards on for "a fresh 'un,"
It seemed to amuse him and brought to his face
A gay "well-I-never!" expression.

He looked on the thing as a joke, it was plain,
And showed that he couldn't resist it,
By audibly wondering, now and again,
However it chanced that he'd missed it!
And then he led trumps from a knave and a two
(The knave was the card he selected),
And when we lost all we were able to do,
Said sweetly, "Just what I expected."

To manage his cards in the usual "fan"
He seemed to be wholly unable,
But held them for everybody to scan,
Or dropped them face up on the table.
And though all his play was consistently bad,
With nothing redeeming throughout it,
I thought that the man would have driven me mad,
He *was* so complacent about it!

He brought down his cards with a flourish and bang
(Severe on the table those thumps were),
And sometimes he whistled, and sometimes he sang,
And frequently asked us what trumps were.
And when I just hinted his conduct was light
(With rage I was pretty well choking),
He gave himself up for the rest of the night,
To trumping my tricks and revoking!

JOHN W. HOUGHTON: *Fun.*

THE POSITIVISTS.

LIFE and the Universe show spontaneity :
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity !
Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists :
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

Wise are their teachers beyond all comparison,
Comte, Huxley, Tyndall, Mill, Morley, and Harrison ;
Who will adventure to enter the lists
With such a squadron of Positivists ?

Social arrangements are awful miscarriages ;
Cause of all crime is our system of marriages.
Poets with sonnets, and lovers with trysts
Kindle the ire of the Positivists.

Husbands and wives should be all one community,
Exquisite freedom with absolute unity.
Wedding-rings worse are than manacled wrists—
Such is the creed of the Positivists.

There was an APE in the days that were earlier ;
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier ;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—
Then he was MAN, and a Positivist.

If you are pious (mild form of insanity),
Bow down and worship the mass of humanity.
Other religions are buried in mists ;
We're our own Gods, say the Positivists.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Selection from the Poetical Works of Mortimer Collins.*

HOW THE KING OF KHURÁSÁN WAS CURED OF THE RHEUMATISM.

KHURÁSÁN is a sunny land,
 As its name, it is thought, implies ;
 And its soil is possessed of a good deal of sand,
 And its air of some rather large flies ;
 But what does that matter to me or to you ?
 Our affair's with its puissant king, Mansoor bin Nuh.

Mansoor bin Nuh is ill at ease,
 But not from the sand, or the flies, or the fleas ;
 Oh no ! He is too much accustomed to these.
 Though the sun without is scorching and baking,
 Within the poor king sits, shivering and shaking,
 And his limbs are all stiff, and his joints are all aching.

He can't find out
 What it's all about,
 And the pain makes him sometimes inclined to shout.
 And the doctors stare
 At the king in his chair ;
 They pinch him here and they poke him there,
 In heart and liver, in lungs and wind,
 Before and behind ;
 They assault him with medicines of every kind,
 Till he's very nearly out of his mind.
 But alas ! no relief from that pain can he find !

Hakeem Akbar Ali says, if he will take
 A mixture composed of the skin of a snake,
 And the web of one foot of a Brahmany drake,
 And the tail and the fins and perhaps a flake
 From the back of a fish from the Nishapúr lake
 That, by help of these articles,
 The phlegmatic particles
 That the mucous membrane
 Had secreted, and pain
 Had thus produced, would at once collapse,
 And his majesty would be relieved—perhaps !

Tabeeb Abu Nasar with scorn replies,
With uplifted hands and upturned eyes,
 ‘If the king (may he reign
 For ever !) would deign
To listen awhile to the children of Science,
And in pompous pretenders place no reliance,
 There isn’t a doubt
 We shall soon rout out
This accursed complaint from his person sublime,
And he will be right as a trivet—in time !’
He then proceeded, with unction and gravity,
To discourse at some length on the cerebral cavity,
The abdominal tissues, the functions of food,
And the stamina gained by absorption of wood :
‘Let the king,’ said he, ‘take a seat facing the south,
With a pipe in his nostril instead of his mouth,
And for several hours inhale the smoke
Of fir, assafoetida, pine, and bog-oak,
And a marvellous change we soon shall see
In the powers of the royal vitality !’

And this was the way, the livelong day,
The embattled doctors hammered away,
And screamed their own renderings of Plato and Socrates,
Filings from Galen, and scraps from Hippocrates,
 Till the king, in despair,
 No more could bear,
But roared in a tone would have gratified Grattan.
‘Get out, you d—d, humbugging uncles of Satan !’

Then his majesty summoned the Pillars of State,
And the Eyes of the Presence, to high debate.
Said he, ‘My lords, *I* tell you what, do you know
(Concealment is useless), this *is* a nice go !
I can scarcely refrain from curses and stamps,
I’m so racked with aches and twisted with cramps !
 Then the doctors too !
 They do nothing but brew
Such fearful decoctions, they’ve turned my beard blue !
There’s simply not one of them worth a sou,
So I really can’t tell what to do !’

Then one of the Oomara, a sensible man,
 Gave a hitch to his trowsers, and thus began :
 'Peace to the king ! Though how can that be
 With these spalpeens of doctors, I really don't see !
 And the slicing off heads,
 Though it sometimes leads
 To greater clearness in those that remain,
 Will certainly not soothe your majesty's pain !
 And although the climate of Khurásán,
 And its soil, are possessed of the needful appliances
 That go towards making an average man,
 Yet they don't seem to foster the medical sciences.
 Now, if you should care
 To hunt elsewhere
 For a doctor to whom king and kaiser repair,
 The man that I
 Should advise you to try
 Is Meerza Muhammad Zákiria of Rei !'

Mansoor bin Nuh with delight cut a caper,
 Cried, 'He is the cove !' and demanded some paper :
 Then composed an epistle, a trifle short,
 (For literary labours were not his 'forte')
 To the sage above-mentioned, to this effect :
 'Your speedy attendance we daily expect !
 So take our advice,
 Be here in a trice ;
 And if you don't cure us of all our ills,
 You shall swallow a box of your Purgative Pills !'

Not doubting that *savant* renowned to inveigle
 With this invitation, so wholly *en règle*,
 The king to that ameer said, 'Now, sir, I want you
 To instantly pack up your private portmanteau,
 And, without delay,
 To hasten away,
 And by no means to stay
 At any inn, pothouse, or *car'vanserai*,^{*}
 But encourage your horse with crack and whack
 On his head and his tail and his sides and his back,

* So pronounced and spelt in the East.

As though Charles of the Hammer were hard on your track;

And although this treatment may disagree
With your steed's constitution, why, don't you see,
It's no matter—you're doing it all for *me*!
So off with you,—That'll do!—Ta-ta!—Good-bye!
Take this letter and ride like old Harry to Rei!

Muhammad Zákiria sits moody and lone,
Wife or chick or child he hath none,
Alas! they are under the cold grey stone.
For he was so wedded to frequent reflection
On some new elixir, drug, pill, or confection,
That constantly stewing, and boiling, and brewing
Made him sometimes forgetful of what he was doing;
So after a day's scientific experiment
On root and on herb and on leaf and on berry, blent
With various members of cat and dog, rat and frog,
And with everything down in the chemical catalogue,
He would often doubt

How his brews would turn out,
Having got a remarkably shady notion
Of how he had mixed each particular potion;
So when he'd used up every monkey and rabbit
In the country around, he contracted a habit
Of making experiments his wife and his boys on,
To see if a compound were cordial or poison!
Thus one by one, in a little time,
They all, in the interests of science sublime,
Met with 'extinction of animation,'
Martyrs to medical investigation!

Indeed, one day,
So people say,
Muhammad Zákiria was heard to avow
That he often wished, *now*,
That he'd not fallen out with his mother-in-law,
Who, in spite of the wonderful flow of her 'jaw,'
Was an excellent person for trying a 'test' on,
On account of her marvellous powers of digestion!

Howe'er that may be,
'T is nothing to me;
I repeat that he
Was sitting alone in his surgery,

Having just dissected by aid of a spoon, his
 Most recent subject, a 'pulex communis,'
 (Or, as some antiquaries
 Would probably call it, a 'pulex vulgaris,')
 When all at once,
 With a rush and a bounce,
 Who should appear but that same ameer,
 His boots all mire,
 And his riding attire
 So shockingly damaged about the rear
 That all the small street-boys kept asking him, 'whether
 He was sure he'd not mislaid a good deal of leather?'

He straight drew forth the royal letter,
 (A little bit creased and a trifle wetter
 Than it was when the king his sign-manual august
 Had affixed thereto,) and the envelope thrust
 Under the nose of the wondering sage,
 With little respect for his knowledge or age—
 Merely said, 'Mind your eye!
 Get up and be spry!
 Put up a clean handkerchief and a white tie!
 Here's a horse all ready,
 Warranted steady;
 Or, if you don't like him, why here's a nice Neddy!
 I regret there was no time to bring you a cart,
 But please be smart:
 Just five minutes, and then we must start!'

'T was in vain that Muhammad Zákiria protested
 That his last meal as yet was not quite digested;
 That all his best garments were gone to the wash;
 Et cetera. The envoy said nothing but 'Bosh!'
 And finding he wasn't inclined to hurry,
 Without more demur, he
 Called to his servants to come and surround him,
 Who instantly floored him and carefully bound him,
 Coolly carried him into the street,
 And tied him on to a charger fleet;
 Then they started away, like the desert wind,
 And soon left the town of Rei leagues behind!

'T is needless the tale of their journey to tell—
How sometimes they stumbled, and sometimes they fell;
What rivers they swam in the course of their ride,
And how often the doctor was wetted and dried;

But let us suppose
Them arrived at the court, where a change of clothes,
A large dose of liquor, a little repose,
A plentiful meal, and an upright position,
Made quite a new man of the learned physician!

When he was shown
To the foot of the throne,
His majesty said, in a gracious tone,
'How are you?

How does your mother do?
Your grandmother, uncle and aunt, and the other too?'
He uttered, in short, what, in every respect,
Oriental good-breeding considers correct:

Then added, 'You know,
I'm a good deal so so,
And the doctors about here are not worth a blow;
So much to my sorrow, to save time and money,
I was really obliged to waive all ceremony,
And send an ameer, in a friendly way,
To get you to come here and make a short stay;

I trust you don't feel
Any worse for the zeal
You've displayed in thus hurrying to soothe and to heal;
'T was done, pray remember, "pro aris et focis;"

That is, for *me*;
And now let us see
What's the result of your diagnosis?'
Muhammad Zákiria had looked meanwhile
At the king, and had reckoned the phlegm and the bile
And the humours and matters within that were seething,
By merely observing his manner of breathing;
So he answered at once with a bow and a smile,
'Your majesty's person's been bothered enough
With drugs and decoctions and that sort of stuff.

There's a certain—a—a—
What shall I say?—
A kind of "Je ne sais quoi" and a "bonhomie"
Perceptible in your august physiognomy,

That makes me think—seeing your—hum!—and the rest,
That a mental treatment will be the best!

You will please to deign

Just to remain

Perfectly quiet and tranquil a day or two,
While I remove, extirpate, and purge away a few
Trifling vapours that seem to retain
A hold on the liver, the lungs, and the brain!

Having uttered these sapient observations,
He proceeded at once to operations,
And the royal stomach did straightway fill
With that wondrous specific, the ‘real bread pill,’
Prescribing also every quarter
Of an hour, a good jorum of salt and water;
Then, after the lapse of a day or two,
He informed the patient, he ‘thought he would do,’
And safely might now a new course pursue.

He then told the servants to go and see
That a big tub of water, as hot as could be,
Was prepared in his majesty’s sanctum sanctorum,
With balms and sweet essences, ‘more majorum;’
And he bade that a horse should his coming await,
All saddled and bridled, before the gate,
As he’d have to depart upon matters of state.

Soon the king, with a sheet

On his royal back, in the steam and the heat,
Was fuming and fretting, and boiling and sweating,
And kicking and plunging, and constantly letting
Off volleys of various exclamations,
Appeals to the Prophet, and strong imprecations;
When lo and behold, with a threatening eye,
And a gleaming sabre lifted high,
There walked in Muhammad Zákiria of Rei!
Said he: ‘Now, you wretched, mean, monkey-like thing,
Whom ignorant donkeys and idiots call “king!”
(Though if they had sense to become of my mind,
’Stead of bowing before, they would kick you behind!)
I’ve got you alone for a little while,
When there’s no need to talk about “humours” and
“bile,”

When I don't care the least if you frown or you smile ;
But intend to converse in my usual style.
And first, let me tell you, you're no king at all,
But only the chief of a poor, worn-out, small
Principality, now for some years the prey
Of whoever can take it, be he who he may.
Next, were you ten thousand times sultan and king,
Your glory, at best, is a very slight thing !
Let's suppose you denuded of land and of power,
With no palace to shield you from sunshine or shower ;
 With no bowing and scraping
 Of nobles and flunkies,
 Who keep constantly aping
 The actions of monkeys ;
With none of those trappings, for apes only fit,
In which you are daily accustomed to sit ;
In fact to be just as you squat there, a creature
Possessing no virtue, no single good feature ;
What do you think would be your price ?
In the market you'd not fetch a single pice !
 Yet you have the cheek
 To send and seek
For me, who have studied both Hebrew and Greek ;
 Who, though I look meek,
 And gently speak,
Am a master of knowledge, that never is weak.
You send a big, thick-headed, frowsy ameer,
To bring me, " *vi et armis* " here ;
Who gives me no time to swallow a morsel,
But treats me just like a box or a parcel,
And without saying " By your leave," ties me by force
On an ugly, stumbling, beast of a horse,
And lugs me here through the mud and dirt,
And then you, forsooth, " hope I have not been hurt ! "
All this is a little too much to bear,
 So I think that ere
I depart from this country, whose people and air
Are the most infernal I've known anywhere,
I might venture upon such a trifling lark as
To let the life out of your useless carcase !'
 Just at that word
He rushed at the king, made a sweep with his sword,

Then ran through the door, which stood open wide,
Locked it and bolted it on the outside,

 Passed to the gate
 Where the steed did await,
In a moment the reins from the post untied,
Jumped on his back, and away did ride!

But now it is curious

 To tell
 What befell
The king, who had been made both funky and furious ;
At first he did nothing but rave and roar,

 Cursed and swore
Till his tongue was swelled and his throat was sore ;
 Bid them follow, pursue,
 Cut the doctor in two,

Make him into a roast, and a hash, and a stew ;
But finding that nothing at all would do,
Dropped down and indulged in a regular boo-hoo !
After shedding a good many gallons of tears,

 He next, it appears,
Broke out in a copious perspiration,
While anger brought on 'healthy inflammation ;'
The aches and the cramps left his limbs and his joints ;
 And, thanks to his rage

 At the wily sage,
He soon became perfectly well at all points !

Muhammad Zákiria took very good care
To make no particular stay anywhere
Until he arrived at a place where the air
Was not breathed by subjects of Mansoor bin Nuh ;
And though the king sent several letters him to,
Chock-full of thanks, and describing his cure,
And seeking the doctor again to allure,

 It was all of no use ;
He knew that the great don't forget abuse ;
And in his one answer, his majesty cravéd
To read the short story of Shimei and David ;
Then, by way of a postscript, quoted a poet,
Who had written to this effect—'Not if I know it.'

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

In a Devonshire lane as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song;
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en there 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Old Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass,

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence, you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I, too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam
Looks lovely when deck'd with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose;
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way ;
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;
And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

An ancient legend, showing how the fair held every October at Nottingham
was first called Nottingham Goose Fair.

IN a small pretty village in Nottinghamshire
There formerly lived a respectable squire,
Who possess'd an estate from encumbrances clear,
And an income enjoy'd of a thousand a year.

The country he loved : he was fond of the chase,
And now and then enter'd a horse at a race ;
He excell'd all his friends in amusements athletic ;
And his manner of living was far from ascetic.

A wife he had taken "for better, for worse,"
Whose temper had proved an intol'able curse ;
And 'twas clear to perceive this unfortunate wife
Was the torment, vexation, and plague of his life.

Her face it was fair ;—but a beautiful skin
May sometimes conceal a bad temper within ;
And those who are anxious to fix their affections,
Should always look further than lovely complexions.

Nine years pass'd away, and, to add to his grief,
No infantile prattle e'er brought him relief ;
When at length, to his great and unspeakable joy,
He the father became of a fine little boy.

The father grew proud of his juvenile heir,
A sweet little cherub with dark eyes and hair ;
And yet, strange to say, his paternal anxiety
Soon debarr'd him the bliss of his darling's society.

For he thought (and with truth), to his termagant wife
Might be justly ascribed all the woes of his life.

"Had I ne'er seen a woman," he often would sigh,
"What squire in the county so happy as I!"

In a forest retired, some miles far away,
(Whether Sherwood or not the traditions don't say,)
Our hero possess'd an Arcadian retreat,
A snug little hunting-box, rural and neat.

Strange fancies men have—it was here he design'd
To watch o'er the dawn of his son's youthful mind;
Where, only approach'd by the masculine gender,
No room should be left him for feelings more tender.

To further his plans, he procured coadjutors
In two very excellent painstaking tutors;
Who agreed, for the sake of two hundred a year,
His son to instruct, and immure themselves here.

The boy was intelligent, active, and bright,
And took in his studies uncommon delight,
And his tutors declared him "a pleasure to teach,"
So docile, so good, so obedient to each.

No juvenile follies distracted his mind,
No visions of bright eyes, or damsels unkind,
And those fair demi-sisterly beings so gay,
Yclept pretty cousins, ne'er popp'd in his way.

Time sped quickly on, years succeeded to years,
Yet brought no abatement of fatherly fears,
Till at length this remarkably singular son
Could number of years that had pass'd twenty-one.

The autumn was come; 'twas the end of October,
When summer's gay tints change to liv'ries more sober;
And, the 3rd of this month, it is known far and near,
There's a large fair at Nottingham held every year.

Now the father had settled his promising son
Should his studies conclude when he reach'd twenty-one;
And a view of the world was the only thing needed
To prove how his singular schemes had succeeded.

He fix'd on this fair as the place of *début* ;—
Strange resolve !—when to keep the *fair* out of his view
Had been his most anxious endeavour through life,
And a bone of contention 'twixt him and his wife.

This point by his firmness he'd constantly carried,
(The only one gain'd ever since he was married,)
And he went with a heart beating high with emotion,
To launch his young son on life's turbulent ocean.

As they enter'd the fair a young maiden tripp'd by,
With a cheek like the rose, and a bright laughing eye :
“ Oh ! father, what's that ? ” cried the youth with delight,
As this vision of loveliness burst on his sight.

“ Oh, that,” cried the cautious and politic squire,
Who did not the youth's ardent glances admire,
“ Is only a thing call'd a Goose, my dear son,—
We shall see many more ere our visit is done.”

Blooming damsels now pass'd with their butter and cheese,
Whose beauty might even an anchorite please :
“ Merely geese ! ” said the squire ; “ don't mind them, my dear,
There are many things better worth looking at here.”

As onwards they pass'd, every step brought to view
Some spectacle equally curious and new ;
And the joy of the youth hardly knew any bounds
At the rope-dancers, tumblers, and merry go-rounds.

Now it's known to all young damsels and swains
That an excellent custom at these times obtains,
When each to his friends is expected to make
Some little donation to keep for his sake.

And thus, when the tour of the fair was completed,
The father resolved that the boy should be treated ;
So, pausing an instant, he said, “ My dear son,
A new era to-day in your life has begun :

“ Though the plans I've adopted to some may seem strange,
You have never induced me to wish for a change ;
And each day that passes delights me to find
Fresh proofs of a sensible well-order'd mind.

“And now, in remembrance of Nottingham Fair,
As a proof of your father’s affection and care,
Of all this bright scene, and the gaities in it,
Choose whatever you like, it is yours from this minute.”
“Choose whatever I like!” cried the youthful recluse,
“Oh, thank you, dear father,—then give me a Goose!!”

GRIG: *Bentley Ballads.*

HOMŒOPATHIC SOUP.

TAKE a robin’s leg
(Mind, the drumstick merely);
Put it in a tub
Filled with water nearly;
Set it out of doors,
In a place that’s shady;
Let it stand a week
(Three days if for a lady);
Drop a spoonful of it
In a five-pail kettle,
Which may be made of tin
Or any baser metal;
Fill the kettle up,
Set it on a boiling,
Strain the liquor well,
To prevent its oiling;
One atom add of salt,
For the thickening one rice kernel,
And use to light the fire
“The Homœopathic Journal.”
Let the liquor boil
Half an hour, no longer,
(If ’tis for a man
Of course you’ll make it stronger).
Should you now desire
That the soup be flavoury,
Stir it once around,
With a stalk of savory.

When the broth is made,
 Nothing can excel it:
 Then three times a day
 Let the patient *smell* it.
 If he chance to die,
 Say 'twas Nature did it:
 If he chance to live,
 Give the soup the credit.

ANON.: *Fugitive Poetry.*

SHADOWS.

YES; I own I start at shadows;
 Listen—I will tell you why;
 (Life itself is but a taper,
 Casting shadows till we die).

Once in Italy, at Florence,
 Was a radiant girl adored;
 When she came, she saw, she conquered;
 And by Cupid I was floored.

“Mia cara Mandolina!
 Are we not, indeed,” I cried,
 “All the world to one another?”
 Mandolina smiled and sighed.

Earth was Eden—she an angel—
 I a Jupiter enshrined:
 Till one night I saw a fatal
 Double shadow on the blind.

“Fire and fury! Double shadows
 On their window curtains ne’er
 To my knowledge have been cast by
 Ladies virtuous as fair.

"False and fickle Mandolina!
Fare-thee-well for evermore.
Vengeance!" shrieked I, "vengeance! vengeance!"
And I thundered at the door.

This event occurred next morning:—
Mandolina staring sat,
Stark-amazed, as out I stumbled,
Raving mad, without a hat.

Six weeks after I'd a letter,
On its road six weeks delayed,
With a dozen re-directions,
From the lost one, and it said—

"Foolish, wicked, cruel Albert!
Base, suspicious doubt resign.
Double lights throw double shadows—
Mandolina, ever thine!"

"Heavens, what an ass!" I muttered,
"Not before to think of that."
And again I rushed excited
To the rail, without my hat.

"Mandolina, Mandolina!"
Rushing to her house, I cried.
"Pardon, dearest A.," she answered,
"I'm the Russian Consul's bride!"

The Lantern.

A FACTION FIGHT.

THE first time I went to a fair,
I saw a man *sthreelin'* his coat in the gutther,
With a shout and a splutther,
And thought it was *quare*;
"What's that for?" says I to my mother,
Who was minding both me and my brother.

"Don't you see it was out of that tint that he wint,
Where all the M'Carthys is dhrinkin' so gaily?
And *them* and th' O'Mayley
Is never contint'
Till they prove to each other their merit :
'Tis a proof," says my mother, "of *sperit*."

Then I saw a man rush to the fray
And stamp on that coat that was dragg'd in the gutther ;
But a shutther

Was very soon call'd for to take him away,
For the coat-sthreeler, with his shillaley,
Crack'd the crown of the headstrong O'Mayley.

But other O'Mayleys soon gather'd,
And, rattling down swiftly, the cudgels came clusthering,
With blusthering,

And oaths that M'Carthy for ever be *smather'd* !
And in mutual defacing "God's image"
Both clans had a darlin' fine scrimmage !

Well, when I grew up to a man,
I copied the doin's of them went before me
In glory ;

But I've now changed my plan,
"For," says I, "'tis but spoilin' of frieze
For gainin' sore bones and black eyes."

And my Molly, that fondly I dote on,
She used to complain of the numberless patches,
To cover the gashes,

She stitch'd my long coat on ;
So, to shun all temptation to racket,
I now go to fairs in a jacket.

SAMUEL LOVER : *Poetical Works*.

THE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE :

A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

O, TERRIBLY proud was Miss Mac Bride,
 The very personification of Pride,
 As she minced along in Fashion's tide,
 Adown Broadway—on the proper side—

When the golden sun was setting ;
 There was pride in the head she carried so high,
 Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
 And a world of pride in the very sigh
 That her stately bosom was fretting

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
 Sandalled in satin, should kiss the street,—
 The very same that the vulgar greet
 In common leather not over "neat,"—

For such is the common booting ;
 (And Christian tears may well be shed,
 That even among our gentlemen bred,
 The glorious day of Morocco is dead,
 And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
 On a much inferior footing !)

O, terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride,
 Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
 And proud of fifty matters beside

That wouldn't have borne dissection ;
 Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
 Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
 Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"

On a very slight inspection !

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
 Proud wherever she chanced to come,
 When she was glad, and when she was glum ;

Proud as the head of a Saracen
 Over the door of a tippling-shop !—
 Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
 "Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
 Proud beyond comparison !

It seems a singular thing to say,
 But her very senses led her astray
 Respecting all humility;
 In sooth, her dull auricular drum
 Could find in *Humble* only a "hum,"
 And heard no sound of "gentle" come,
 In talking about gentility.

What *Lowly* meant she didn't know,
 For she always avoided "everything low,"
 With care the most punctilious,
 And queerer still, the audible sound
 Of "super-silly" she never had found
 In the adjective supercilious!

The meaning of *Meek* she never knew,
 But imagined the phrase had something to do
 With "Moses,"—a peddling German Jew,
 Who, like all hawkers the country through,
 Was a person of no position;
 And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
 If the word was really known to pertain
 To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
 To a lady of high condition.

Even her graces,—not her grace,
 For that was in the "vocative case,"—
 Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
 Sat very stiffly upon her;
 She never confessed a favour aloud,
 Like one of the simple, common crowd,
 But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
 As who should say, "You do me proud,
 And do yourself an honour!"

And yet the pride of Miss Mac Bride,
 Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
 Had really no foundation;
 But, like the fabrics that gossips devise,—
 Those single stories that often arise
 And grow till they reach a four-storey size,—
 Was merely a fancy creation!

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

That her wit should never have made her vain
Was, like her face, sufficiently plain;
And, as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a Banker's force,
They were just such notes as we never endorse
For any acquaintance of ours!

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,
For Miss Mac Bride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion,
And, in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce Democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers,—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of Blood, indeed,
No heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family thread you can't ascend,
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You may find it waxed at the farther end

By some plebeian vocation.

Or, worse than that, your boasted Line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,
 That plagued some worthy relation !

But Miss Mac Bride hath something beside
 Her lofty birth to nourish her pride,—
 For rich was the old paternal Mac Bride,
 According to public rumour ;
 And he lived " Up Town," in a splendid Square,
 And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
 And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
 And the finest rings and things to wear,
 And feathers enough to plume her !

An honest mechanic was John Mac Bride,
 As ever an honest calling plied,
 Or graced an honest ditty ;
 For John had worked in his early day,
 In " Pots and Pearls " the legends say,
 And kept a shop with a rich array
 Of things in the soap and candle way,
 In the lower part of the city.

No *rara avis* was honest John,
 (That's the Latin for " sable swan,")
 Though in one of his fancy flashes,
 A wicked wag, who meant to deride,
 Called honest John " Old *Phoenix* Mac Bride,"
 " Because he rose from his ashes ! "

Little by little he grew to be rich,
 By saving of candle-ends and " sich,"
 Till he reached, at last, an opulent niche,—
 No very uncommon affair ;
 For history quite confirms the law
 Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw,
 A MICKLE may come to be May'r !*

* Mickle wi' thrift may chance to be mair.—*Scotch Proverb*. Andrew Mickle, formerly Mayor of New York.

Alack ! for many ambitious beaux !
She hung their hopes upon her nose,
 (The figure is quite Horatian ! *)
Until from habit the member grew
As queer a thing as ever you knew
 Turn up to observation !

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
 By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
 An exceedingly Vulgar Fraction !

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
 In a way that was quite appalling ;
For though a regular *sutor* by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw,—and bade
 "The cobbler keep to his calling."

(The Muse must let a secret out,—
There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt,
That folks who often sneer and flout
 At "the dirty, low mechanicals,"
Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees,
Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,
Contrived to win their children ease
 From Poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth and liberal views,
Began, at once, with "If you choose,—
 And could you really love him—"
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
 And altogether above him !

* "Omnia suspendens naso."

A young attorney of winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss Mac Bride had closed his case
 With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
 Is merely a double verity.

The last of those who came to court
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"—
 A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
 A ragged fellow "a vagrant."

A courtly fellow was Dapper Jim,
Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb;
 And, maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,
 With Fortunatus to rock it!

Now Dapper Jim his courtship plied,
(I wish the fact could be denied,)
With an eye to the purse of the old Mac Bride,
 And really "nothing shorter!"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies,—as die he must,—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
 In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss Mac Bride,
Half in love and half in pride,
 Quite graciously relented;
And, tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack,
To be a Bride without the "Mac,"
 With much disdain, consented!

Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
And madly rush upon Wall-street rocks,
Without the least apology!
Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
Of Mammon's fierce Zoology!

Old John Mac Bride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of Fortune's undertakers;
And, staking his all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!

At his trade again in the very shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
He follows his ancient calling,—
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night,
As when, at Fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas for the haughty Miss Mac Bride!
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
She couldn't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs
From a Place "Up Town," to a nook "Up Stairs,"
From an Avenue down to an Alley!

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot,
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from Sorrow!

They owned it couldn't have well been worse,
 To go from a full to an empty purse;
 To expect a reversion and get a "reverse,"
 Was truly a dismal feature;
 But it wasn't strange,—they whispered,—at all;
 That the Summer of pride should have its Fall,
 Was quite according to Nature!

And one of those chaps who make a pun,—
 As if it were quite legitimate fun
 To be blazing away at every one,
 With a regular double-loaded gun,—
 Remarked that moral transgression
 Always brings retributive stings
 To candle-makers as well as kings:
 And making light of cereous things
 Was a very wick-ed profession!

And vulgar people, the saucy churls,
 Inquired about "the price of Pearls,"
 And mocked at her situation;
 "She wasn't ruined,—they ventured to hope,—
 Because she was poor, she needn't mope,—
 Few people were better off for soap,
 And that was a consolation!"

And to make her cup of woe run over,
 Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
 Was the very first to forsake her;
 "He quite regretted the step, 'twas true,—
 The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
 But that alone would never do
 To quiet the butcher and baker!"

And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride,
 The merest ghost of her early pride,
 Bewails her lonely position;
 Cramped in the very narrowest niche
 Above the poor, and below the rich,
 Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems*.

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
 He'd make a grenadier.

A sergeant soon came down to York,
With ribbons and a frill;
My lads, said he, let broadcast be,
And come away to drill.

But when he wanted John to 'list,
In war he saw no fun,
Where what is call'd a raw recruit
Gets often over-done.

Let others carry guns, said he,
And go to war's alarms,
But I have got a shoulder-knot
Imposed upon my arms.

For John he had a footman's place
To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, tho'
Her family was high.

Now when two years had past away,
Her Lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, I am a proper man,
And very tall to see ;
Who knows, but now her Lord is low,
She may look up to me ?

A cunning woman told me once
Such fortune would turn up ;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup !

So he walk'd up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amazed,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
He wanted to be raised.

But John—for why ? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

Said he, your Lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain ;
Not all the Cries of London now
Could call him back again !

You'll soon have many a noble beau,
To dry your noble tears—
But just consider this, that I
Have follow'd you for years.

And tho' you are above me far,
What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine
And I am six foot three ?

For tho' you are of lofty race,
And I'm a low-born elf ;
Yet none among your friends could say,
You matched beneath yourself.

Said she, such insolence as this
Can be no common case ;
Tho' you are in my service, sir,
Your love is out of place.

O Lady Wye ! O Lady Wye !
Consider what you do ;
How can you be so short with me ?
I am not so with you !

Then, ringing for her serving men,
They show'd him to the door :
Said they, you turn out better now ;
Why did'nt you before ?

They stripp'd his coat, and gave him kicks
For all his wages due ;
And off, instead of green and gold,
He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
Because of this discharge ;
So he made up his mind to serve
The country all at large.

Huzza ! the Serjeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he look'd too tall
And so he cut him down !

THOMAS HOOD : *Poetical Works.*



AD CHLOEN, M.A.

(Fresh from her Cambridge Examination.)

LADY, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
 And your hose;
And your brow is like the snow,
And the various things you know
 Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek,
 Perfect are;
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognises in the sky
 Every star.

You have pouting piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
 Calculate;
But for your cærulean hue,
I had certainly from you
 Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
 Then some day
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
 Magistra.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Selection from the Poetical Works of Mortimer Collins.*



CHLOE, M.A.,

AD AMANTEM SUUM.

CARELESS rhymer, it is true
That my favourite colour's blue:


But am I
To be made a victim, sir,
If to puddings I prefer
Cambridge π ?

If with giddier girls I play
Croquet through the summer day
On the turf,
Then at night ('tis no great boon)
Let me study how the moon
Sways the surf.

Tennyson's idyllic verse
Surely suits me none the worse
If I seek
Old Sicilian birds and bees—
Music of sweet Sophocles—
Golden Greek.

You have said my eyes are blue;
There may be a fairer hue,
Perhaps—and yet
It is surely not a sin
If I keep my secrets in
Violet.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Selection from the Poetical Works of Mortimer Collins.*



ST. SMITH OF UTAH (A.D. 1844).

(A LA WALT WHITMAN.)

I.

A SONG of the Far West,
 A song of the Great Salt Lake, of Utah, Nauvoo, Jackson
 County, and the New Jerusalem.
 Listen, individuals, communities, sects, nations;
 I am (for this occasion only) a Transatlantic bard,
 None of your smooth court-poets of worn-out Euròpian
 monarchies,
 But a bird of the backwoods—a loud-throated warbler of the
 forest;
 My inspiration is the breath of the boundless prairie; my
 mental food is the *roll* of the raging Atlantic.
 Rhyme?—I scorn it. Metre?—Snakes and alligators! what
 is that to ME?
Libertad for ever! I intend to sing anyhow—and all how,
 just as I tarnation please.
 Universe, are you listening? very well, then; here goes,
 right away.

II.

SMITH!!!!

Smith the Apostle!!!

Smith the Evangelist!!

Smith the Discoverer of the Book of Mormon!

His name was Joseph, and he was raised at Sharon, Windsor,
 County Vermont, U.S.

His parents were tillers of the soil—poor, but dishonest,

When they wanted money, they took it; horses, they boned
 them; sheep, they annexed them;

But saints may spring from sinners, as a butterfly springs from
 a maggot.

III.

Angels! heavenly visions!!

In white robes, with crowns, harps, and everything according,
Bless'd the youthful Smith with their présence beatific.

He went into solitude, loafing in caves, backwoods, and lonely
canyons.

Those angels meant business; thrice in one night they sought
him.

They told him all his sins were liquidated,

Told him the history of the World (*not* according to Moses),

Told him the Red Injuns were one of the lost tribes of Israel;

Told him where to find the sacred book of the Prophet
Mormon,

Told him to bring it out, and make a good "spec" of the
business.

IV.

Leap, O my soul, every 22nd of September,

For on that date Smith found the sacred volume!

Eighteen-twenty-seven—a year to be remembered!!!

Sheets of tin, with characters antique engraven—

Such was the wondrous Book of Mormon.

From that prophet Smith profited, and became a prophet also.

Mahomet, Brahma, Buddha, Confucius—Smith surpassed them
all.

Getting behind a screen, he dictated to Oliver Cowdrey
(Smith was not a *literatus*, and couldn't have jerk'd it gram-
matically).

In eighteen-thirty, hurrah! the glorious Book was publish'd.

But carping critics of orthodoxy murmured "fraud!" and
"humbug!"

"Where's your authority? Show us the original!"

Smith disdained to do so; he and his friends had seen it,

But nobody else had seen it, nor will they see it forever.

Yet did Smith triumph, and gather'd in converts like hay in
the sunshine.

Virtue will ever prevail, as long as the world circumvolvolutes
on its axis.

V.

Huzza for the New Jerusalem!
 At Kirtland, Ohio, Smith with his Saints located,
 Till, in March, '32, there came a band of Nonconformists,
 Seized Joseph the Saint, and Rigdon his mate, and gave them
 tar and feathers!
 O my soul, boil, boil like a potato with indignation!
 From county to county, and state to state, for years the Mor-
 mons were driven,
 Sometimes camping out 'neath the snow-cold stars of winter.
 At last they found a resting place—Clay County, in Missouri.
 Thither came Brigham Young—at that time Brigham younger.
 Smith sent him out to bring to grace those sceptical down-
 easters,
 Whilst Orson Pratt and Heber C. Kimball were missionaries
 in Europe.

VI.

In this world banks will break and promoters be call'd
 swindlers:
 This was the luck of Smith and his saintly companions—
 Lo! the bank of Kirtland busted, the Mormons were clapp'd
 in prison;
 Not long afterwards they received this heavenly revelation—
 "Missouri's too hot to hold you"—they "vamosed the ranche,"
 according.

VII.

O, Nauvoo, city of Beauty!
 Land of delight, fertility, promise, and blossoming realizations!
 When I beheld thee my soul was enthralld, and danced a
 spirited *can-can*.
 Thither came 15,000 saints, and squatted in glory,
 And the desert blossom'd as the rose, beneath the smile of
 Smith.
 He preach'd the gospel, and got up a government-house and
 militia,
 Was mayor of the town, high priest, and commander-in-chief
 of the army;
 O, *gloria!* triumph! bravo! hosannah! huzza! halleluiah!
 (These are the words of a soul jumping out of its skin with
 felicity.)

VIII.

Once more "revelation" came, and spake unto Smith the prophet.

"The relation between man and woman is not only social but spiritual.

The social is bounded by two, the spiritual knows of no limit ;
Wherefore, O Smith, you may take what number of wives you think proper,

Sanctifying them by sacred mysterious 'sealings.'"

(Reader, seekest thou further to know, then go and consult Hepworth Dixon.)

But the cold hard world disapproved of spiritual marriage ;
War rose up against Smith, and again, with his mates, he was cast into prison,

"Revelation" helped them no more ; no, nor did angels assist them ;

But a gang of rowdies (A.D. 1844) broke into the prison,
Haul'd out Joseph Smith and his brother Hyram,
And with their too-true revolvers they sent them both to glory !

IX.

Sinners make martyrs, and martyrs make saints (this is logic).
Smith was a martyr, and mourned by the Mormons according,
Especially Brigham Young, who came in for his fortune and fixtures.

In 1850 they established the Salt Lake City,
And two years later another great "revelation" set up spiritual
wifehood, the glorious cause that Smith died for.

Thus, like a beautiful tree, grew up the doctrine of spiritual
marriage,

Monogamy, bigamy, trigamy, quadrigamy, quinquigamy, and
lastly polygamy—

Till, if you ask me, "How many wives has Brigham?"

I shall answer, "Go, count the waves of the boundless
Atlantic!"

X.

They made Smith a saint—a boss saint—and was he not
 worthy?
 Far more than the worn-out saints of your rotten European
 kingdoms!
 Bully for Joseph! my eyes fill with tears; don't yours?
 I admire Joe Smith—I *du*—I'll wrap up his memory in
 lavender,
 And if you love me, reader (as I'm sure you cannot help it),
 Go thou and do likewise.

XI.

Mourn for Smith; mourn, mourn, ye peoples!
 O songsters, bards of all times, climes, regions, and genera-
 tions,
 O warblers, tenori, bassi, contralti, and mezzi-soprani,
 O Christian men of every land and language,
 O kings, priests, presidents, khans, kaisers, and subjects,
 O infinitely diversified inhabitants of this revolving kosmos,
 Sing, and sing, and sing, and keep on singing his honour and
 glory,
 Echo and re-echo forever the name of Joe Smith, boss Saint of
 the Mormons!

WALTER PARKE: *Lays of the Saintly.*

 THE COLUBRIAD.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast,
 Three kittens sat; each kitten looked aghast.
 I, passing swift and inattentive by,
 At the three kittens cast a careless eye;
 Not much concerned to know what they did there;
 Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
 But presently, a loud and furious hiss
 Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this

When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who, having never seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are you?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe:
With which well armed, I hastened to the spot
To find the viper,—but I found him not.
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only that he was not to be found;
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipped between the door and the door-sill;
And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard:"
(For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.)
E'en there I found him: there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat;
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat;
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him never to come there no more!

WILLIAM COWPER: *Poetical Works.*

COOKING AND COURTING.

TOM TO NED.

DEAR Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised
When you receive and read this letter !
I've railed against the married state—
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I met a lovely girl out here ;
Her manner is—well—very winning ;
We're soon to be—well, things to clear,
I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride
Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather ;
She said she couldn't possibly ;
The servants had gone off together—
(Hibernians always rush away,
At cousins' funerals to be looking)—
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

“Oh, let me help you,” then I cried ;
“I'll be a cooker, too ; how jolly !”
She laughed and answered with a smile :
“All right ; but you'll repent your folly,
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple ;
So sit down there and don't you stir,
But take this knife and pare that apple.”

She rolled her sleeve above her arm—
That lovely arm, so plump and rounded ;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright,
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded ;
Her little fingers sprinkled flour
And rolled the piecrust up in masses ;
I passed a most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle;
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust she'd settle—
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were slightly twisted;
But locks would break out, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up—her hands were doughy;
Oh, it did take the longest time—
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy;
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy;
Somehow that made me all the bolder;
Her arch lips looked so red that I—
Well—found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month;
Come and attend the wedding revels;
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils;
You'd better go for some girl's hand,
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

ANON.

ASPIRATIONS.

THE engine bears me swiftly o'er
The line that runs to London town,
Amid the rattle and the roar
I drop into a study brown.
Between the bars I catch a peep
Of verdant field and leafy bough
And cows in shady spots asleep;
I want to be a lazy cow!

I feel the fret of modern strife—
The endless work and endless woe;
The boughs upon my tree of life
With Dead Sea fruit are bending low.
I see an old brown horse at play—
He has no conscience, no remorse—
O, if within some meadow gay
I could but be a romping horse!

Fast, fast the engine tears along
By sleepy village, quiet town;
A scarecrow pauses in his song,
And lifts his stupid face of brown.
Ah, country clod, your addle pate
No fret and no foreboding knows;
O, would that it had been my fate
To be a fool and frighten crows!

Through happy valleys tears the train,
Where peace eternal seems to be;
And, loafing down a country lane,
A tinker and a tramp I see.
They're free to rove o'er dale and hill,
And where they will they pitch their camp;
I'd be, if I could have my will,
A gipsy tinker or a tramp!

The air grows thick, the smoke lies low,
The brick and mortar prisons rise;
With jolt and jar along we go—
We're under London's leaden skies.
I'm home—my dogs are wild with glee,
My cats to give me welcome try—
A dish of home-made cakes for tea!
Well, now I'm rather glad I'm I.

GEORGE R. SIMS: *The Land of Gold.*

TIPPERARY TOM.

SURE Tipperary Tom's the boy—
Och! Tom of Tipperary!
His heart is full of whisky joy,
His blarney's soft and airy.
Now, whether it be wake or fair,
The girls are always round him there;
And he declares each "sweet" his joy—
Och! Tipperary Tom's the boy!

Now, Tom was born in Shandon Town,
Where boys are 'cute and wary;
But how to crack another's crown
He learnt in Tipperary.
Och! faith, but it's a sight to see
How that sweet child will, in his glee,
Twirl his shillelagh! Whack, my joy!—
Och! Tipperary Tom's the boy!

Sure, how to tip the whisky down,
And kiss each Kate and Mary,
To sing like bard of great renown,
He learnt in Tipperary.
Och! Tom, but he is nate and trim;
And sure a playful tap from him
Makes Paddy quick his heels employ;
For Tipperary Tom's the boy!

Then Tom he has a heart as big
As any man in Derry;
And he can dance a rattling jig,
And sing a song as merry;
But when to love he bends his mind,
His whispered words are soft and kind;
He makes the darlings dance with joy—
Och! Tipperary Tom's the boy!

He'll drink or dance, he'll shout or sing—
To fight he isn't chary;
And he can make the rafters ring
The best in Tipperary.
In faction feud he's never slow—
The first to come, the last to go;
He twirls his blackthorn like a toy—
Och! Tipperary Tom's the boy!—
Whoop! Tom of Tipperary!

GEORGE DALZIEL: *Pictures in the Fire.*

THAT PROUD YOUNG MAN.

It was a young tourist the brave and the free—
So loudly, so strongly, so sweetly sang he;
He was dressed as he should be in Cheviot check,
And gaily and chirpily roamed he the deck.

From his neck hung his glass, from his chain hung a
charm;
A *lorgnette* suspended by strap 'neath his arm;
A shiny-topped straw on the back of his head—
His cheeks, though not pallid, were wanting in red.

His gloves in his pockets he wore on that day,
To give both his hands, if they wanted, fair play;
For the deck seemed to rise up, and then down to sink,
And I saw an old sailor the steward to wink.

But the tourist he laughed in the height of his glee,
And at travellers' troubles so freely smiled he;
He chaffed poor "Mossoo," as he yellower grew,
And he laughed at a dame who cried, "Take me down,
do!"

And he grinned at a youth who was terribly ill,
And he roared as the boy said, "Oh, keep the boat still;"
And he gave cheery nods to the man at the wheel,
And sucked a large lemon quite close to the peel.

And he straight spoke the skipper along o' the weather,
As they stood by the taffrail so cheery together ;
And he called all the ailing ones "muffs" and "poor
sailors,"
And declared that the French were no better than tailors.

And he looked o'er the bulwarks so bold and defiant,
And vowed that he felt all the strength of a giant ;
And again and again, in the midst of his glee,
He sang out so bravely—so bravely sang he :—

"What ho ! there, for Calais ! the ship cleaves the sea,
The paddles beat bravely, the mainsle fills free ;
'Tis sweet without sickness the ocean to ride,
And gaily——
(*Oh, steward ! your arm to the side.*)

"Oh, think not, brave seaman, from foul *mal de mer*
I suffer ! 'Twas nothing ; I love the brisk air,
The white-maned sea-horses, the green heaving tide,
And grey gulls——
(*Oh, steward ! your arm to the side.*)

"'Twas fancy, good fellow ! Ye gods, what a joy
Is freedom from sickness ! I've conquered, my boy ;
I feel, oh ! I feel, as I Neptune deride,
So reckless——
(*Oh, steward ! your arm to the side.*)

"Yes, how brisk smells the briny, how soft curls the wave !
What painful sensations long usage can save !
I cross the rough Channel—walk gangways in pride,
And never——
(*Oh, steward ! your arm to the side.*)

"That wave, how transparent ! (*Just give me a chair.*)
The ozone, how nerving ! (*Good sailor, take care !*)
Like a sea-king of old, I defy wave and tide,
And daring——
(*Oh, steward ! your arm to the side.*)

"Thanks, steward! What? Really! You thought I was ill?

Absurd! (*If those engines would only keep still!*)

I could eat chops or oysters. Last time I near died;

While this trip——

(*Oh!!! steward; your arm to the side!*)"

It was not the steward, but two of the men

Who picked up the tourist so tenderly then,—

For he certainly not quite as crisp as a rusk was,

But wretchedly limp, and extremely molluscous.

They lifted him tenderly, lifted with care,

"Fashioned so slenderly," laughingly bare;

Unhinged and dismantled, depressed and half dead,

They took him below, and they popped him to bed—

Or rather they tucked him, for what he was worth,

On the top of the shelf that on shipboard's "a berth."

But he cared not a whit did the boat swim or sink,

And his feeble lips parted, pale brandy to drink;

Yea! he cared not a jot were it hovel or palace,

Till he reached the smooth water just outside of Calais,

Where they helped him ashore like a sack.

Oh! perhaps

We may all of us be in this state of collapse.

MORAL.

If ever you go o'er the ocean to roam

(You had much better stay on the dry land at home),

Take a large piece of lemon and mind that you chew hard,

(If it does you no good you can call for the steward).

G. MANVILLE FENN: *Hood's Comic Annual*, 1884.

LITTLE SIMPLICITY.

GOLDEN her tresses, and blue were her eyes,
Beaming with innocence, loving and baby-like,
Cheeks like a cherry's which never disguise
Modesty's blushes—whatever may *they* be like !
Peeping from under her bonnet of straw,
Trimmed in the fashion of simple rusticity,
These, when we met, were the features I saw,
Features belonging to Little Simplicity.

Dressed in a faded and old-fashioned gown,
She, with her prattle so sweet, captivated me ;
Gladly forgetting the belles of the town,
Love in a cottage I fancied awaited me ;
Sighing no longer for fortune and fame,
Life seemed to dance with renewed elasticity ;
Rich my reward if I only could claim
Wealth from the lips of my Little Simplicity.

Why should I trouble if empty my purse ?
What did I care for importunate creditors ?
Unto her praise would I tune all my verse,
Snapping my fingers at printers and editors ;
I could have worshipped for aye at her shrine,
There at the sanctified shrine of pudicity ;
Out in the meadows I whispered, "Be mine !"
"What is your income?" asked Little Simplicity.

Oh ! disenchantment, to ask what I earned,
I, who had been such a dutiful slave to her !
Vainly I begged she would then see returned
All the odd presents (unpaid for) I gave to her.
This small adventure was ten years ago,
Still am I verging on genteel mendicity,
Five little pledges of love I can show—
Wonder how many has Little Simplicity.

THE BELLMAN AND THE BAKER.

From "*The Hunting of the Snark*."

THE Bellman himself they all praised to the skies—
Such a carriage, such ease and such grace !
Such solemnity, too ! One could see he was wise,
The moment one looked in his face !

He had bought a large map representing the sea,
Without the least vestige of land :
And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be
A map they could all understand.

"What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines ?"
So the Bellman would cry : and the crew would reply
"They are merely conventional signs !

"Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes !
But we've got our brave Captain to thank"
(So the crew would protest) "that he's bought *us* the best—
A perfect and absolute blank !"

This was charming, no doubt : but they shortly found out
That the Captain they trusted so well
Had only one notion for crossing the ocean,
And that was to tingle his bell.

He was thoughtful and grave—but the orders he gave
Were enough to bewilder a crew.
When he cried "Steer to starboard, but keep her head
larboard !"
What on earth was the helmsman to do ?

Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes :
A thing, as the Bellman remarked,
That frequently happens in tropical climes,
When a vessel is, so to speak, "snarked."

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he *had* hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East
That the ship would *not* travel due West !

But the danger was past—they had landed at last,
With their boxes, portmanteaus, and bags :
Yet at first sight the crew were not pleased with the view
Which consisted of chasms and crags.

The Bellman perceived that their spirits were low,
And repeated in musical tone
Some jokes he had kept for a season of woe—
But the crew would do nothing but groan.

He served out some grog with a liberal hand,
And bade them sit down on the beach :
And they could not but own that their Captain looked
grand,
As he stood and delivered his speech.

“Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears !”
(They were all of them fond of quotations :
So they drank to his health, and they gave him three cheers
While he served out additional rations.)

“We have sailed many months, we have sailed many weeks,
(Four weeks to the month you may mark,)
But never as yet ('tis your Captain who speaks)
Have we caught the least glimpse of a Snark !

“We have sailed many weeks, we have sailed many days,
(Seven days to the week I allow,)
But a Snark, on the which we might lovingly gaze,
We have never beheld till now !

“Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again
The five unmistakable marks
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
The warranted genuine Snarks.

Let us take them in order. The first is the taste,
Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp :
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavour of Will-o'-the wisp.

“ Its habit of getting up late you'll agree
That it carries too far, when I say
That it frequently breakfasts at five o'clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

“ The third is its slowness in taking a jest,
Should you happen to venture on one,
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed :
And it always looks grave at a pun.

“ The fourth is its fondness for bathing-machines,
Which it constantly carries about,
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes—
A sentiment open to doubt.

“ The fifth is ambition. It next will be right
To describe each particular batch :
Distinguishing those that have feathers, and bite,
From those that have whiskers, and scratch.

“ For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm,
Yet I feel it my duty to say
Some are Boojums—” The Bellman broke off in alarm,
For the Baker had fainted away.

They roused him with muffins—they roused him with ice—
They roused him with mustard and cress—
They roused him with jam and judicious advice—
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried “ Silence ! Not even a shriek
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme ! Not a shriek, not a scream ;
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they called " Ho ! " told his story of woe
In an antediluvian tone.

" My father and mother were honest, though poor—"
" Skip all that ! " cried the Bellman in haste.
" If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark—
We have hardly a minute to waste ! "

" I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears,
" And proceed without further remark
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

" A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
Remarked, when I bade him farewell—"
" Oh, skip your dear uncle ! " the Bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

" He remarked to me, then," said that mildest of men,
" ' If your Snark be a Snark, that is right :
Fetch it home by all means—you may serve it with greens,
And it's handy for striking a light.

" ' You may seek it with thimbles—and seek it with care ;
You may hunt it with forks and hope ;
You may threaten its life with a railway-share ;
You may charm it with smiles and soap—' "

(" That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried,
" That's exactly the way I have been always told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried ! ")

" ' But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum ! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again ! ' "

"It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul,
 When I think of my uncle's last words :
 And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
 Brimming over with quivering curds !

"It is this, it is this—" "We have had that before !"
 The Bellman indignantly said.
 And the Baker replied "Let me say it once more.
 It is this, it is this that I dread !

"I engage with the Snark—every night after dark—
 In a dreamy delirious fight :
 I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
 And I use it for striking a light :

"But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
 In a moment (of this I am sure),
 I shall softly and suddenly vanish away—
 And the notion I cannot endure !"

LEWIS CAROLL: *Rhyme? and Reason?*



PHIL McKEOWN'S PIG.

'Twas Phil McKeown lived at Innistrogue for many a year,
 An' had a pig whose history may be ye'd like to hear,
 Regardin' how it lived an' died, an' what was heard of it there-
 after ;

Sure ! she was the handy pig he was proud to sthramp the
 country after.

Whack ! hurrish, stadh anish ! she'd hear from Phil McKeown.

A vagabone by name O'Terence saw the pig wan day,
 An', unbeknown to Phil, the blackguard stole the beast away ;
 An' niver a one suspectit him till wanst he tould about the
 matther,

For 'twas just a common pig, 'twas, and Terence looked
 dacent crathur ;

That was the circumstance that bothered Phil McKeown.

But, barrin' bein' a thief, this Terence was a dacent bhoy,
 So takin' that same pig began his conscience to annoy;
 An' so the priest he thought he'd ax the asiest way to abso-
 lution,
 For the thought o' what he'd done was disorderin' his consti-
 tution:
 Sorra wonder at it, after robbin' Phil McKeown.

Thin, says his riverence in a word, the first thing to be done
 Is to restore the pig to Phil, and when ye have begun
 To show ripintance in that way, I'll see if ye can be forgiven;
 For it's not a stolen pig that the likes of yez ought to be havin',
 Worse still an animal that's tuk from Phil McKeown.

Oh! murdher thin, says Terence, ye're too hard upon me now,
 For to restore that pig to Phil would bate me anyhow;
 More by token that the crathur's killed, an' salted too, an'
 cooked an' atin,
 Sure I scraped the pig myself, an' I've ever since been on
 it feedin',
 Worse luck, for knowin' it was fed by Phil McKeown.

Says the father, If the pig ye've killed an' ate, av coorse it's
 plain
 Wan other way of restitution only does remain—
 An' that is, pay the price of it, an' send the same to Phil to-
 morrow—
 For his heart was on the pig, an' *considherin'* that might cure
 his sorrow,
 Savin' ye're a murdherin' thief, thin, pay poor Phil McKeown.

Ye're spakin' of no asy task, says Terence to the priest,
 For if I'd had the price of it, d'ye think I'd steal the beast?
 An' buyin', as yer riverence knows, is sinful wid an empty
 pocket;
 Besides, ye *disrimimber*, family pigs are niver in the market;
 Phoo! divil a chance I had to *buy* from Phil McKeown.

Then, says the priest, when wanst yer dead, the pig an' Phil
McKeown

Will stand forninst yez, an' ye'll hear him claim it as his own ;
An' ye'll hear the poor dumb crathur spake, and charge ye
wid yer mane transaction,

For she had *galore* of sinse, an' was just the pig for such an
action.

What will ye say then, when ye meet bould Phil McKeown ?

Sure, father dear, says Terence, now ye've set my mind at ase ;
For if the pig be *there*, as ye've just said will be the case,
I'll plaze ye all ; for to McKeown, wid a blessin', back I'll
give her,

Sayin', There's yer thunderin' pig ! Now she's aff my hands an's
yours for ever !

That's how I'll pacify the pig an' Phil McKeown.

JOHN SMITH, M.D.: *College Lays.*



LEGEND OF DON DITTO AND THE DUTCHMEN ;

OR,

THE DEY AND THE NIGHT.

DON Ditto was as brave a knight
As any knight in Spain,
He loved with Moors and Turks to fight,
To cut and come again.

He hated much the Double Dutch,
Because they were such boors,
And always thought the greatest sport
A day among the Moors.

The Double Dutch too hated him,
Because he spoiled their trade,
And once when he'd gone out to swim
('Twas in the summer twilight dim)
Him prisoner they made.

Unto Algiers, with shouts and cheers,
They brought him all the way,
And there the Christians saw, with tears,
The Knight before the Dey.

But by the Dey there stood a girl,
Who caught Don Ditto's eye,
And his caught hers, and in a whirl
Their heads went rapidly.

She was the daughter of the Dey,
(Katinka was her name),
With him she always had her way,
For which he was to blame.

"And now," she cried, "O dearest pa,
I prithee spare this youth."
The Dey replied, "I think you are
In love." She said "That's truth."

"I'll be a Christian," quoth the Dey,
"And you shall wed this maid,
If all my debts the Don will pay,"
"I'm there," Don Ditto said.

The Dutchmen swore, that never more
They'd lend the Dey a rap.
They saw Don Ditto quit the shore,
Waving his feathered cap.

PART TWO.

Don Ditto went to Palestine,
(Described in works of Kitto's),
And there his chain-mail-armour fine
Was called a suit of Ditto's.

He rode about the desert red
Until he met a Paynim,
He gave him one upon his head,
And cried, "I think I've slain him."

Don Ditto rode from six to ten,
All ready for a tussle;
He met a lot of Mussulmen,
But none were men of muscle.

He used to hide behind the rocks
Until they got quite near him,
And then he would take off his socks
That so they shouldn't hear him..

Upon the Paynim dog he'd fly,
Or slily with a knife come,
Then raise the Christian battle-cry,
"Your money or your life ! Come !"

And thus he made of coin a heap,
And in his bags he stored it,
He bought a lot of armour, cheap,
Because he could afford it.

But Abon Al Effendi Sam,
Swore by the Holy Prophet,
He'd make Don Ditto into jam,
And send him down to Tophet.

Effendi Sam at night stole out,
While Ditto lay a-sleeping,
When there was nobody about,
Save one, who watch was keeping.

Effendi to the teeth came armed,
And creeping like an adder,
The secret watcher was alarmed
To see this horrid shadder.

This secret watcher was a page
Who'd joined Don Ditto lately—
His means allowed him to engage
A boy, it looked so stately.

Effendi, crazed, with arm upraised,
Was bent on doing murther,
When—ah !—he felt a sudden smart,
Something went through him like a dart,
And he did nothing further.

The boy to Ditto's thanks replied
No word ; he blushed far pinker
Than maidens do. "For you," he cried,
"I'd risk my life . . . I am your bride."
She swooned. It was Katinka !

Don Ditto now recalled his vow,
And grateful knelt to thank her.
And so before the hour of noon,
They married, and their honeymoon
They spent at Salamanca.

F. C. BURNAND : *The New History of Sandford and Merton.*



THE THEATRE.

By the Rev. George Crabbe.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start ;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane ;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please ;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing-room*.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order that chaotic din.
Now all seems hush'd—but no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man:
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry "Hats off!"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above;
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl,
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain !—
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane ;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court ;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk ;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,
With pence twice five—they want but twopence more ;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk ;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;
Jews from St. Mary Axe,* for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary ;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait ;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ ;
In Holywell street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head :
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

* A street and parish in Lime Street Ward, London—chiefly inhabited by Jews.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat—
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, "Take
mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow down darts the painted clue,
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
Upsoars the prize! The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

JAMES SMITH: *Rejected Addresses.*

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes:
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
 In the great Press's freedom,
 To pint the people to the goal
 An' in the traces lead 'em;
 Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
 At my fat contracts squintin',
 An' withered be the nose thet pokes
 Into the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
 Wut's his'n unto Caesar,
 Fer it's by him I move an' live,
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
 I du believe thet all o' me
 Doth bear his superscription,—
 Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him thet hez the grantin'
 O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
 But most of all in CANTIN';
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
 I *don't* believe in princerple,
 But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or t'other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin';
 It ain't by princerples nor men
 My preundunt course is steadied,—
 I scent which pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pasturs sweet heth led me;
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers* (First Series).



TEA-TABLE OMENS.

It befell on a day, when the bright summer air
Left the boudoir quite cool in the shade,
That together were met of young damsels a pair
As pretty and nice as they're made.

If one was romantic, the other was too
In fully as marked a degree,
Yet they did what most commonplace ladies will do—
They sat down to afternoon tea.

Now Lottie poured out, and she handed her guest
A cup of the favourite drink,
When Tottie a feeling of pleasure expressed—
“Oh, look!” and what was it, d'you think?

Why, just one single tea-leaf the liquid contained
 Had floated its way to the brim;
 But Tottie was filled with delight, and explained
 "It's a stranger for me—and a *him*."

"Ah, would I could tell what's the coming man's name!
 Is he youthful and handsome, or which?
 Is he humble and stalwart, or noble and lame,
 And can he be dreadfully rich?"

"Don't know," pouted Lottie, and held the jug up
 With a little dissatisfied scream,
 "But no stranger at all has appeared in *my* cup,
 And I've only a fly in the cream."

"Nay, Lottie," said Tottie, "you're blind, I can see,
 To the luck your good fortune has brought;
 For my stranger may still be a stranger to me,
 But your fly in the cream—he is *caught*!"

JOHN NORMAN: *Hood's Comic Annual*, 1886.

THE RAVING.

ONCE upon a midnight gloomy, when a railway carriage roomy
 Held alone your humble servant (weather cold, inclined to
 freeze),
 Who, amid tobacco vapour, ruminated o'er a paper,
 Sadly disinclined to caper, being rather at my ease;
 I could prove that people never wish to caper when at ease,
 But—my story, if you please:

Yes, distinctly I remember, it was late-ish in December,
 (Such were inauspicious Fortune's unavoidable decrees);
 Eager my anticipation of my final destination,
 Where I knew the salutation would include a tender squeeze;
 Reader, have you not experienced that peculiar kind of squeeze?
 Come, confess it, if you please.

Then the fitful, wild, uncertain flapping of each window curtain
Made a vague, perhaps unfounded, fear upon my spirit seize ;
And my cause of agitation, not unmixed with indignation,
Was excessive ventilation, just amounting to a breeze :
Calculated to enliven no one but—my legatees.

But I'll see them—pardon, please.

As I said, I had been smoking, but discovered—how provoking!—
I had foolishly expended every one of my fusees ;
So, determined upon napping, and, my railway-rug unstrapping,
I betook myself to wrapping that encumbrance round my knees ;
For you never can be truly snug with nothing round your knees,
Wrap your shoulders how you please.

While the rain the windows peppered, plaid and wrapper (former
“shepherd,”

Latter imitation leopard) helped me to defy the breeze ;
So, my eyelids gently closing, soon I felt myself reposing,
Very, very nearly dozing or completely at my ease :
(Can't determine when precisely slumber takes the place of ease ;
Your opinion, if you please ?)

Still, it's hard to find perfection, and a very grim reflection
Would insist upon intruding, seemed my inmost soul to seize ;
Ere the drowsy god enchained me, this reflection only pained me :
That I had already drained my pocket-pistol to the lees.
(Pocket-pistols hold so little, you can drain them to the lees,
Just as many as you please.)

Sped the hours by me unnumbered, for methinks I must have
slumbered,
Till at length the locomotion seemed to slacken by degrees :
Yet my memory was hazy, and to me supine and lazy
Spoke a voice that sounded mazy, like the murmuring of bees :
(Everybody knows the misty, mazy murmuring of bees,)
And the words were “Tickets, please !”

Scarce a moment more he waited, then the phrase reiterated ;
And I scorned the base intruder who could use such words as
these ;—

“ Tickets, tickets ! ” I retorted, for I felt unfairly thwarted,
And the words appeared distorted, like the faces that one sees
Crowding round one in a nightmare, after having—bread and
cheese

Late at night at—where you please.

Then I thundered “ Does your mother know you ’re out ? ” and
“ You ’re another ! ”

Interspersed with “ Who’s your hatter ? ” and the like civilities :
Such as “ Can you give instruction in the art of oval suction
To ”—but here the same obstruction terminates my courtesies—
(Pray remember that my queries were designed for courtesies) ;
Quoth the “ other ”—“ Tickets, please ! ”

Presently the row grew stronger, I restrained myself no longer,
For I felt the “ other ” brandish in my face a bunch of keys ;
Rage my eloquence inflaming, soon I found myself exclaiming,
Like a barrister declaiming in the Court of Common Pleas :
(Like in point of intonation, though the words were not “ the
cheese.”)

Quoth the “ other ”—“ Tickets, please ! ”

“ Fiend,” I shrieked, “ usurper, torment ! ” for I still was lying
dormant,

And I might have yet proceeded to severer terms than these ;
But my rage in part abated when the “ fiend ” expostulated :—
“ Having now some minutes waited, I shall have your wheels to
grease ;

People haven’t time to argue when they’re busy, as we be’s—
Show your ticket, if you please.”

Fancy then my consternation when my real situation,
Evidently inconvenient, dawned upon me by degrees.
Much I feared that stern official might be somewhat prejudicial,
So I said, with artificial manner and pretended ease :—
“ Does the company permit you to accept gratuities ? ”
Quoth the “ other ”—“ Tickets, please ! ”

Then he did accept my shilling, though apparently unwilling :
(Railway servants are supremely unsusceptible of fees),
And, though many weeks are numbered since the night when
 thus I slumbered,
Still my brain is nightly cumbered, nightly fraught with
 fantasies ;
Nightly in the ear of fancy, when the world nor hears nor sees,
 Breathes a phantom—" Tickets, please ! "

EDWIN HAMILTON : *Dublin Doggerels.*

THE STRANGER.*

By MOMUS MEDLAR.

WHO has e'er been at Drury must needs know the Stranger,
A wailing old Methodist, gloomy and wan,
A husband suspicious—his wife acted Ranger,
She took to her heels, and left poor Hypocon.
Her martial gallant swore that truth was a libel,
That marriage was thralldom, elopement no sin ;
Quoth she, I remember the words of my Bible—
My spouse is a Stranger, and I 'll take him in.
 With my sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar'em,
 And pathos and bathos delightful to see ;
 And chop and change ribs, à-la-mode Germanorum,
 And high diddle ho diddle, pop tweedle dee.

To keep up her dignity no longer rich enough,
Where was her plate ?—why, 'twas laid on the shelf ;
Her land fuller's earth, and her great riches kitchen-stuff—
Dressing the dinner instead of herself.
No longer permitted in diamonds to sparkle,
Now plain Mrs. Haller, of servants the dread,
With a heart full of grief, and a pan full of charcoal,
She lighted the company up to their bed.

* A translation from Kotzebue by Thompson, and first acted at Drury Lane, 24th March, 1798. Mrs. Siddons was famous in the part of Mrs. Haller.

Incensed at her flight, her poor Hubby in dudgeon
 Roam'd after his rib in a gig and a pout,
 Till, tired with his journey, the peevish curmudg
 Sat down and blubber'd just like a church-spout.
 One day, on a bench as dejected and sad he laid,
 Hearing a squash, he cried, D—n it, what 's that?
 'Twas a child of the count's, in whose service lived Adelaide,
 Soused in the river, and squall'd like a cat.

Having drawn his young excellence up to the bank, it
 Appear'd that himself was all dripping, I swear;
 No wonder he soon became dry as a blanket,
 Exposed as he was to the count's *son* and *heir*.
 Dear Sir, quoth the count, in reward of your valour,
 To show that my gratitude is not mere talk,
 You shall eat a beefsteak with my cook, Mrs. Haller,
 Cut from the rump with her own knife and fork.

Behold, now the count gave the Stranger a dinner,
 With gunpowder-tea, which you know brings a ball,
 And, thin as he was, that he might not grow thinner,
 He made of the Stranger no stranger at all.
 At dinner fair Adelaide brought up a chicken—
 A bird that she never had met with before;
 But, seeing him, scream'd, and was carried off kicking,
 And he bang'd his nob 'gainst the opposite door.

To finish my tale without roundaboutation,
 Young master and missee besieged their papa;
 They sung a quartetto in grand blubberation—
 The Stranger cried Oh! Mrs. Haller cried Ah!
 Though pathos and sentiment largely are dealt in,
 I have no good moral to give in exchange;
 For though she, as a cook, might be given to melting,
 The Stranger's behaviour was certainly strange,
 With this sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar'em,
 And pathos and bathos delightful to see,
 And chop and change ribs, à-la-mode Germanorum,
 And high diddle ho diddle, pop tyeedle dee.

JAMES SMITH: *Rejected Addresses*.



TOO HOT.

CLAD in white flannel, and lolling most lazily
 Down in the bows of our slow-drifting boat,
 Watching the gnats as they skim about mazily
 Over our heads, as in silence we float :

Topaz-hued cider-cup, cool and delectable,
 Stands by my head (a right excellent brew) ;
 While 'twixt my lips rests a very respectable
 Weed, that I'm sure in Havana once grew.

Opposite me, in diaphanous drapery,
 Someone is seated pretending to steer,
 Daintily toying with spoils from the grapery,
 Paying small heed to our shallop's career.

Thus at our ease we float onward deliciously,
 Thinking of nothing, and hardly awake,
 Save when a wasp all unasked and officiously
 Strives in his way our acquaintance to make.

When we embarked I had views matrimonial,
 Meaning to ask my companion to wed ;—
 Soon all is changed, for the heat—*Torrid-zonial*—
 Drives such intentions right out of my head.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY: *The Tablets of the Heart.*

 FORTY-FIVE.

How is it that I'm forty-five
 And still so very much unmarried?
 Why did I wait so long to wive,
 Or was it that the Ladies tarried?

I rather think that as a boy
 My notions were not celibatic ;
 At fourteen I was scarcely coy
 But dreamt of heav'n in an attic,—

With Katy, aged thirty-two,
 And wrote her an amazing ditty;
 "For her my heart should still be true"—
 And she refused it—heartless Kitty!

I did not weep! if she'd said "yes"
 It might have been a theme for laughter;
 My anguish led me to confess
 To Mary Anne a fortnight after.

Poor Poll! (I call you so because
 No sense of injury now rankles—)
 I think our *casus spooni* was
 You had such pretty feet and ankles!

Præterea nil! might end the clause,
 Tho' that would be ungallant, very . . .
 Lizette had elephantine paws
 But cheeks as rosy as a cherry.

Louisa next—my little Loo!—
 Whose hand I claimed with fervent kisses.
 Unluckily these things take *two*,
 And *one* declined becoming "Mrs."

A time arrives when every man
 Has fatuous feelings for a cousin,
 And if the first "draws blank" he can
 (At least I did) try half a dozen;—

First, second, third—still no success—
 Fourth, fifth, and sixth, the numbers ran on—
 Not one my lonely lot would bless,
 And two were contrary to the canon.

At last, *at last!* my pulse still stirs
 As I recall thy vision, 'Dora!
 The rose-bud lip that owned me hers—
 The brow suggestive of Aurora;

I swore that we should never part,
 Nor time nor change our love make colder,
 I clasped her to my beating heart . . .
 And ran my scarf-pin in her shoulder!

* * * * *

The temper's warm at "sweet sixteen";
We parted more in wrath than sorrow—
Medora's married Jack since then,
It's just ten years ago to-morrow. . . .

And now life's chords no music wake,
I'm getting in the sere and yellow,
Is there no goddess that will take
Compassion on a lonely fellow?

Some Heré with less "angry eyes?"
I think I've still some love to give her—
No more scarf-pins I'll patronise
But stick to Rings, henceforth for ever.

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL: *Pegasus Re-saddled.*

LADY MINE.

LADY mine, most fair thou art
With youth's gold and white and red;
'Tis a pity that thy heart
Is so much harder than thy head.

This has stayed my kisses oft,
This from all thy charms debarr'd,
That thy head is strangely soft,
While thy heart is strangely hard.

Nothing had kept us apart—
I had loved thee, I had wed—
Hadst thou had a softer heart
Or a harder head.

But I think I'll bear Love's smart
Till the wound has healed and fled,
Or thy head is like thy heart,
Or thy heart is like thy head.

H. E. CLARKE.

A TRUE BALLAD OF ST. ANTIDIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL.

It is Antidius the Bishop
Who now at eventide,
Taking the air and saying a prayer,
Walks by the river side.

The devil had business that evening,
And he upon earth would go ;
For it was in the month of August,
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle,
And up to earth he hied,
To do it there in the evening air,
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,
Of his affairs to tell ;
From the north, and the south, and the east, and
the west ;
They brought him the news that he liked best,
Of the things they had done,
And the souls they had won,
And how they sped well
In the service of Hell.

There came a devil posting in
Return'd from his employ,
Seven years had he been gone from Hell,
And now he came grinning for joy.

“Seven years,” quoth he, “of trouble and toil
Have I labour'd the Pope to win ;
And I to-day have caught him,
He hath done a deadly sin !”
And then he took the Devil's book,
And wrote the deed therein.

Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy,
He drew his mouth so wide,
You might have seen his iron teeth,
Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail,
He knew not for joy what to do,
In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,
It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this,
Straight how to act bethought him ;
He leapt upon the Devil's back,
And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And made a cross on the Devil's head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew,
All through the clear moonlight ;
I warrant who saw them on their way
He did not sleep that night.

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or spur,
Away they go like the wind ;
The beads of the Bishop are hanging before,
And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a Witch and she hail'd them
As soon as she came within call ;
"Ava Maria !" the Bishop exclaim'd,
It frightened her broomstick and she got a fall.

He ran against a shooting star,
So fast for fear did he sail,
And he singed the beard of the Bishop
Against a comet's tail ;
And he pass'd between the horns of the moon,
With Antidius on his back ;
And there was an eclipse that night,
Which was not in the Almanack.

The Bishop just as they set out,
To tell his beads begun ;
And he was by the bed of the Pope
Before the string was done.


The Pope fell down upon his knees,
In terror and confusion,
And he confess'd the deadly sin,
And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,
Sung, O be joyful ! then ;
And all the Popes in bale that be,
They howl'd for envy then ;
For they before kept jubilee,
Expecting his good company,
Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done
To bind his soul to Hell ?
Ah ! this is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And I wish that I could tell !

But would you know where you must go,
You can easily find the way ;
It is a broad and a well-known road
That is travell'd by night and by day.
And you must look
In the Devil's book ;
You will find one debt that was never paid yet
If you search the leaves throughout ;
And that is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And the way to find it out.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: *Poetical Works.*



A DROP OF GIN.

GIN! Gin! a drop of Gin!

What magnified monsters circle therein!

Ragged, and stained with filth and mud,
Some plague spotted, and some with blood!

Shapes of misery, shame, and sin!

Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human that more resemble

Broods of diabolical kin,

Ghost and vampyre, demon and Jin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!

The dram of Satan! the liquor of Sin!—

Distilled from the fell

Alembics of hell,

By Guilt, and Death,—his own brother and twin!—

That man might fall

Still lower than all

The meanest creatures with scale and fin.

But, hold;—we are neither Barebones nor Prynne,

Who lashed with such rage

The sins of the age;

Then, instead of making too much of a din,

Let Anger be mute,

And sweet Mercy dilute,

With a drop of pity, the drop of Gin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!

When, darkly, Adversity's days set in,

And the friends and peers

Of earlier years

Prove warm without, but cold within,

And cannot retrace

A familiar face

That's steeped in poverty up to the chin;

But snub, neglect, cold-shoulder, and cut

The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt;

Hardly acknowledged by kith and kin,

Because, poor rat!
 He has no cravat,
 A seedy coat, and a hole in that!—
 No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat;
 Nor a change of linen—except his skin;
 No gloves, no vest,
 Either second or best;
 And, what is worse than all the rest,
 No light heart, though his trousers are thin—
 While time elopes
 With all golden hopes,
 And even with those of pewter and tin;
 The brightest dreams,
 And the best of schemes,
 All knocked down, like a wicket by Mynn.
 Each castle in air
 Seized by giant Despair,
 No prospect in life worth a minnikin pin;
 No credit, no cash,
 No cold mutton to hash,
 No bread—not even potatoes to mash;
 No coal in the cellar, no wine in the bin—
 Smashed, broken to bits,
 With judgments and writs,
 Bonds, bills, and cognovits distracting the wits,
 In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin—
 Till, weary of life, its worry and strife,
 Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife;
 Of poison—a rope—“louping over a linn.”

 Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
 Oh! then its tremendous temptations begin,
 To take, alas!
 To the fatal glass;—
 And happy the wretch that does not win
 To change the black hue
 Of his ruin to “blue”—
 While angels sorrow, and demons grin—
 And lose the rheumatic
 Chill of his attic
 By plunging into the Palace of Gin!

A WINTER'S TALE.

(SEE HORACE, BOOK I. ODE II.)

THE wretched world has had enough
Of snow and ice, and quantum suff.,
Altogether,
Of floundering over field and park,
And shivering through the light and dark,
And vain petitions to the clerk
Of the weather.

I try to keep the cold at bay,
By storing brandy night and day
In my cupboard;
And every pretty girl I meet
Wants to avoid me in the street,
Because her nose is red, and feet
India-rubbed.

Man likes his skating for a bit,
But grows a little tired of it;
Si sic semper,
Although both amiable and mild,
And very gentle from a child,
It strikes me that I may get riled
In my temper.

Next must the times return again,
When on the wooden heads of men
Down there fell huge
Torrents of rain—the largest out,
As Yankees say—in fact, about
The worst recorded waterspout,
Called the Deluge?

Then did the globe, they say, become
 A sort of large Aquarium,
 And their senses
 The finned and feathered tribes forsook;
 The thrushes swam by hook or crook,
 And all the little fishes took
 All the fences.

If Father Thames should overflow
 His banks for just a month or so?
 And, unsparing
 Of Beauty's self, upset the King-
 ston Waterworks, that lovely thing,
 Or the fair bridge to ruin bring
 Down at Charing!

Whom shall we call on to assuage
 The Winter-God's resistless rage,
 Even while foemen
 Of savage race destroy the flower
 Of England's youth, and all the power
 Of Evil round us seems to lower?
 Absit omen!

The good Sir Walter's moral ran,
 How swift and sure from Folly man
 Into Sin goes;
 Kind Heaven, the cup of Reason mix,
 And save us from the conjuring tricks,
 And blood-and-thunder politics
 Of the Jingo!

HERMAN C. MERIVALE: *The White Pilgrim*.



THE KING AND THE ASTROLOGER.

'Twas in a land, no matter where,
 And distant far the time,
 A monarch reigned of whom I wish
 To speak to you in rhyme.

His locks were white, his nose was red,
His temper rather short;
In youth he'd loved his exercise,
In age, he loved his port.

The period was rather dark,
Such ignorance prevailed,
The wise and good too often starved,
Where charlatans regaled.

But still this king was fair and just
According to his light,
And those who fought for him by day
Might feast with him by night.

Promotion came to most who showed
Capacity, 'twas said,
While those who ill-performed their *rôle*
Ran quickly short of bread.

The fashion had gone out for fools,
And dwarfs and giants too;
So these old Court monstrosities
Had got no work to do.

Astrology was all the rage,
And alchemy a thing
That found its readiest patron in
A needy prince or king.

Now, King Come-over-em was not
A man to be behind
The times, and so he very soon
To alchemy inclined.

But after working for awhile
With the great Doo-da-dô,
Finding the gold but slow to come,
He told the Doo to go.

“Go! forthwith, go! my clever friend,”
Said he; “quick, disappear!
You’ve failed—enough for such as you;
Life’s but uncertain here.”

Upon that hint the great Doo-da
Packed up his vampire bat,
His crocodile, his crucibles,
His furnace, and his cat;

And very soon was off; ill luck
Sometimes attends such cheats;
And Doo-da’s days were ended as
A juggler’s on the streets.

Come-over-em invited now
A man who read the stars,
And was upon the closet terms
With Venus and with Mars,

And other planetary worlds
That in our system swim;
Spoke of the Zodiac as though
Those signs belonged to *him*.

He’d books of fate and mystic charts,
And magic circles three,
And wore a dark and dingy skirt
Which went below the knee.

And hieroglyphics round that skirt
Which no one could explain
Ran riot till they’d compassed it,
And then ran back again.

His lamp was an old nigger’s skull,
And he was very fond
Of flourishing a stick he termed
His talismanic wand.

Magnus Germanicus could cast
Nativities, and tell
The fortune of your future days,
If you but paid him well.

And for our king he prophesied
Such wealth and length of days,
The Monarch felt in duty bound
His wage at once to raise.

When some prognostics, falling due,
By chance turned out all right,
His Majesty went well nigh mad
With liquor and delight.

The Court Astrologer forthwith
Increased in pelf and power,
And worldly honours fell on him
In one continual shower.

Good fortune sometimes proves a snare,
And Magnus G. let fly,
His genius now uncurbed, and went
At wholesale prophecy.

Until the King ne'er thought to make
A motion or a move,
Unless the Court Astrologer
His action did approve.

One day Come-over-em declared
He would a hunting go,
If but assured that there would be
No fall of rain or snow.

"My liege," said Magnus G., "there'll be
Nor sign of rain or snow
Till you have ridden to your sport,
And safe returned, I trow."

Away, away, without delay,
The merry courtiers fly,
Free from all fear, to chase the deer,
A jolly company!

A peasant with a panniered ass,
Encountered in a lane,
Advancing cries, "O King, go back!
Go back! it's going to rain."

The monarch gives a loud "Ha! ha!"
Then answers, "Knave, thou'rt wrong;
The sun doth shine, it will be fine,"
And then careers along.

But soon the sky grows overcast,
And in a half-an-hour
Come-over-em is overcome
By a tremendous shower.

With rage and disappointment mad,
He for the Castle flies,
Upsets his warder, kicks his page,
And blacks his Gold-stick's eyes.

Soon for the Court Astrologer
A messenger hath sped:
Or rather for a part of him,
And that part—is—his head.

"Find out the peasant," cried the King,
"Who prophesied the wet;
With him for Court Astrologer,
We may be happy yet."

They found the poor man, brought him in,
All trembling with dismay;
"I could'nt help the rain, my liege,
Oh, pardon me, I pray!"

“Pardon? we’ve nothing to forgive!
Your prophecy proved true;
We’ve slain our old Astrologer:
We give his place to you.”

“Nay, sire; I really don’t deserve
The post, pray, let it pass;
I only knew ’twas going to rain,
Because my faithful ass—

“Whenever we’re to get a fall
Of snow, or rain, or hail,
Down flops his ears, and gives a twitch
Peculiar with his tail.”

“Enough! enough!” exclaims the King;
“Your donkey is no dunce;
We give to him the vacant place,
So send him here at once!”

Forthwith the jackass was installed,
And, prospering at his post,
He told his friends of his success,
Who came to court a host.

And since that day, mark what I say—
The truth I don’t distort—
Donkeys have found the best of berths
About a king and court.

J. G. WATTS: *A Lay of a Cannibal Island.*

IN THE GLOAMING.

IN the Gloaming to be roaming, where the crested waves are
foaming,

And the shy mermaidens combing locks that ripple to their
feet;

When the Gloaming is, I never made the ghost of an endeavour
To discover—but whatever were the hour, it would be sweet.

“To their feet,” I say, for Leech’s sketch indisputably teaches
That the mermaids of our beaches do not end in ugly tails,
Nor have homes among the corals; but are shod with neat
balmorals,

An arrangement no one quarrels with, as many might with
scales.

Sweet to roam beneath a shady cliff, of course with some young
lady,

Lalage, Neæra, Haidée, or Elaine, or Mary Ann:

Love, you dear delusive dream you! Very sweet your victims
deem you,

When, heard only by the seamew, they talk all the stuff one
can.

Sweet to haste a licensed lover, to Miss Pinkerton the glover,

Having managed to discover what is dear Neæra’s “size:”

P’raps to touch that wrist so slender, as your tiny gift you
tender,

And to read you’re no offender in those laughing hazel eyes.

Then to hear her call you “Harry,” when she makes you fetch
and carry—

O young men about to marry, what a blessed thing it is!

To be photographed—together—cased in pretty Russia lea-
ther—

Hear her gravely doubting whether they have spoilt your
honest phiz!

Then to bring your plighted fair one first a ring—a rich and rare one—

Next a bracelet—if she'll wear one, and a heap of things beside;

And, serenely bending o'er her, to enquire if it would bore her
To say when her own adorer may aspire to call her bride!

Then, the days of courtship over, with your WIFE to start for Dover

Or Dieppe—and live in clover evermore, whate'er befalls:
For I've read in many a novel that, unless they've souls that grovel,
Folks *prefer* in fact a hovel to your dreary marble halls:

To sit, happy married lovers; Phillis trifling with a plover's Egg,
while Corydon uncovers with a grace the Sally Lunn,
Or dissects the lucky pheasant—that, I think, were passing pleasant;

As I sit alone at present, dreaming darkly of a Dun.

C. S. CALVERLEY: *Fly Leaves.*

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

ONE OF THE "NINE STORIES OF CHINA."

VERSIFIED AND DIVERSIFIED.

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was little Min-Ne,
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke:
Her skin had the colour of saffron tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be;
And never were seen such beautiful eyes,
Two almond-kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes;

And then such feet!

You'd scarcely meet

In the longest walk through the grandest street,
(And you might go seeking
From Nanking to Peeking.)

A pair so remarkably small and neat!

Two little stumps,
 Mere pedal lumps,
 That toddle along with the funniest thumps,
 In China, you know, are reckoned trumps.
 The rank of the owner they instantly show forth,
 By the classical rule, "*ex pede*," and so forth.
 It seems a trifle, to make such a boast of it;
 But how they *will* dress it,
 And bandage and press it,
 By making the least, to make the most of it!

As you may suppose,
 She had plenty of beaux
 Bowing around her beautiful toes,
 Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose,
 In rapturous verse and elegant prose!
 She had lots of lovers, old and young;
 There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
 Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
 Musical Sing, and, the rest among,
 Great Hang-Hu and Hu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled and smirked and bowed,
 None could please her of all the crowd;
 Lung and Tung she thought too loud;
 Opulent Tin was much too proud;
 Lofty Long was quite too tall;
 Musical Sing sung very small;
 And, most remarkable freak of all,
 Of great Hang-Hu the lady made game,
 And Hu-be-Hung she mocked the same,
 By echoing back his ugly name!
 But the hardest heart is doomed to melt;
 Love is a passion that *will* be felt;
 And just when scandal was making free
 To hint "what a pretty old maid she'd be"—
 Little Min-Ne,
 (Who but she?)

Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!
 A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
 And low in purse, though high in station—
 A sort of Imperial poor-relation

Who ranked as the Emperor's second cousin,
Multiplied by a hundred dozen;
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
 Had a pension clear
 Of three pounds a-year,
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt!
 And gallant Ho-Ho
 Could really show
A handsome face, as faces go
In the Flowery Land where, you must know
The finest pinks of beauty grow.
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
And—though it may seem a wondrous tail—
(Truth is mighty and will prevail!)
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
Under the Emperor's chancery laws!

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne,
The men declared they couldn't see;
But all the ladies, over their tea,
In this one point were known to agree:—
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea:
A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
A box of tea and a poodle dog,
And a painted heart that was all a-flame,
And bore, in blood, the lover's name.

Ah! how could presents pretty as these
A delicate lady fail to please?
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
And kept the heart,—and that's the way
The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May;
Nor stop to tell of the Honey-Moon,
And how it vanished all too soon;

Alas! that I the truth must speak,
 And say, that in the fourteenth week,
 Soon as the wedding-guests were gone,
 And their wedding-suits began to doff,
 Min-Ne was weeping and "taking on,"
 For *he* had been trying "to take her off!"

Six wives before he had sent to Heaven,
 And being partial to number "Seven,"
 He wished to add his latest pet,
 Just, perhaps, to make up the set.
 Mayhap the rascal found a cause
 Of discontent in a certain clause
 In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
 Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,
 Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed;
 And if, in turn, he marry a score,
 With every wife six hundred more.

First he tried to murder Min-Ne
 With a special cup of poisoned tea;
 But the lady, smelling a mortal foe,
 Cried "Ho-Ho!—
 I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
 But you—my love—you make it too strong!"

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
 Contrived the most infernal plan
 Invented since the world began:
 He went and got him a savage dog,
 Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog,
 Kept him a day without any prog,
 Then shut him up in an iron-bin,
 Slipped the bolt, and locked him in;
 Then giving the key
 To poor Min-Ne,
 Said, "Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
 In the chest beneath the orange tree."

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath,
She told her father the cause of her death;
And so it reached the Emperor's ear,
And his Highness said, "It is very clear
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here!"

And he doomed Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that killed his wife;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboosed, in the mildest way
For a calendar month, three times a day;
And that's the way that Justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems.*

A KNIGHT OF MISERY.

WHY was he sad? that noble knight,
Why seem'd he ill at ease?
Such dazzling throngs, such scenes of light,
Could scarcely fail to please.

With lordly step he trod the stage,
Each action gained applause,
The audience proved him "quite the rage;"
What *was* the hidden cause

That thus disturbed his mental rest?
Oh! reader, I implore,
Lock, lock the secret in your breast,
'Twas ne'er revealed before.

Know, then, that when that touching scene
Had reach'd its tenderest pitch,
When all was pathos, calm, serene,
His nose began to itch.

'Twas sad, but so it came to pass,
 The knight might chafe and frown,
 But could not reach it, for, alas!
He wore his visor down.

WALTER PARKER: *Songs of Singularity.*

RIDING TO THE FAIR.

(TWO IRISH IDYLLS.)

I.—RIDING DOUBLE.

TROTTIN' to the fair,
 Me and Moll Malony,
 Sated, I declare,
 On a single pony;
 How am I to know that
 Molly's safe behind,
 Wid our heads, in oh! that
 Awk'ard way inclined?
 By her gintle breathin',
 Whispered past my ear,
 And her white arms wreathin'
 Warm around me *here*.
 Trottin' to the fair,
 Me and Moll Malony,
 Sated, I declare,
 On a single pony.

Yerrig! Masther Jack,
 Lift your fore-legs higher,
 Or a rousin' crack
 Surely you'll require.
 "Ah!" says Moll, "I'm frightened
 That the pony'll start,"
 And her hands she tightened
 On my happy heart;
 Till, widout reflectin'
 'Twasn't quite the vogue,
 Somehow, I'm suspectin'
 That I snatched a pogue.

Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Sated, I declare,
On a single pony.

II.—RIDING TREBLE.

Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon a pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.
“How can three be on, boy?
Sure, the wife and you,
Though you should be *wan*, boy,
Can't be more nor *two*.”
Arrah, now, then may be
You've got eyes to see
That this purty baby
Adds us up to *three*.
Joultin' to the fair
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.

Come, give over, Jack,
Cap'rin' and curvettin',
All that's on your back
Foolishly forgettin';
For I've tuk the notion
Wan may cant'rin' go,
Trottin' is a motion
I'd extind to *two*;
But to travel steady
Matches best with *three*,
And we're that already,
Mistress Moll and me.
Joultin' to the fair
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES: *Irish Songs and Ballads*.



THE WEATHER IN VERSE.

THE undersigned desires, in a modest sort of way,
To make the observation, which properly he may,
To wit: That writing verses on the several solar seasons
Is most uncertain business, and for these conclusive reasons:

In the middle of the autumn the subscriber did compose
A sonnet on November, showing how the spirit grows
Unhappy and despondent at the season of the year
When the skies are dull and leaden, and the days are chill and
drear.

Perhaps you may recall to mind that, when November came,
No leaden skies nor chilly days accompanied the same;
But the weather was as balmy as in Florida you'd find,
And that sonnet on November was respectfully declined.

With laudable ambition to prepare a worthy rhyme,
The writer wrote a Christmas song three weeks ahead of time;
And there was frequent reference to the sharp and piercing air,
And likewise to the cold white snow that covered earth so fair:

I scarcely need remind you that the Christmas did not bring
The piercing air and cold white snow of which I chose to sing,
'Twas all ethereal mildness while for icicles I yearned,
And of course my frigid verses were with cordial warmth
returned.

This very spring I set to work—'twas on an April day
As warm as June—I set to work and wrote an ode on May;
The inspiration may have come in part from what I owed,
But while I sang of gentle spring, why then it up and snowed!

And once when dew inspired me a pastoral to spin,
It happened, when the piece was done, a fearful drought set in ;
There was no moisture in the earth, which dry and dryer grew,
And the piece on dew came back to me with six cents postage
due !

And for these conclusive reasons it is obviously plain
That verses on the weather are precarious and vain ;
And the undersigned would only add, so far as he can see,
The trouble's not the meter, but the meteorology.

VANDYKE BROWN: *One Hundred Choice Selections.* No. 26.

MY AUNT'S SPECTRE.

THEY tell me (but I really can't
Imagine such a rum thing),
IT is the phantom of my Aunt,
Who ran away—or something.

IT is the very worst of bores :
(My Aunt was most delightful).
IT prowls about the corridors,
And utters noises frightful.

At midnight through the rooms IT glides,
Behaving very coolly,
Our hearts all throb against our sides—
The lights are burning bluely.

The lady, in her living hours,
Was the most charming vixen
That ever this poor sex of ours
Delighted to play tricks on.

Yes, that's her portrait on the wall,
In quaint old-fangled bodice :
Her eyes are blue—her waist is small—
A ghost ! Pooh, pooh,—a goddess !

A fine patrician shape, to suit
 My dear old father's sister—
 Lips softly curved, a dainty foot:
 Happy the man that kissed her!

Light hair of crisp irregular curl
 Over fair shoulders scattered—
 Egad, she was a pretty girl,
 Unless Sir Thomas flattered!

And who the deuce, in these bright days,
 Could possibly expect her
 To take to dissipated ways,
 And plague us as a spectre?

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Selection from the Poetical Works of Mortimer Collins.*



ATTRACTIONS OF A FASHIONABLE IRISH WATERING-PLACE.

THE town of Passage*
 Is both large and spacious,
 And situated

Upon the say;
 'Tis nate and dacent,
 And quite adjacent,
 To come from Cork

On a summer's day:
 There you may slip in,
 To take a dippin'
 Fornent the shippin'
 That at anchor ride;

* Now called Queenstown, in commemoration of her late Majesty's visit to the noble harbour of Cork.

Or in a wherry
Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe
On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charming
With sailors' garments
Hung out to dry ;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious,
In their straw-built sty.
'Tis there the turf is,
And lots of murphies *
Dead sprats and herrings
And oyster-shells ;
Nor any lack, O !
Of good tobacco—
Though what is smuggled
By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is
In whisky-punch ;
And you may go in
Where one Molly Bowen
Keeps a nate hotel
For a quiet lunch.
But land or deck on,
You may safely reckon,
Whatsoever country
You came hither from,
On an invitation
To a jollification
With a parish priest
That's called "Father Tom."

Of ships there's one fixed
For lodging convicts—
A floating "stone jug"
Of amazing bulk ;

* Potatoes.

The hake and salmon,
 Playing at backgammon,
 Swim for diversion
 All round this "hulk;"
 There "Saxon" jailors
 Keep brave Repairers,
 Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh
 From the Em'rald Island,
 Ne'er to see dry land
 Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.*

FRANCIS MAHONY: *Reliques of Father Prout.*

QUITE BY CHANCE.

SHE flung the parlour window wide
 One eve of mid-July,
 And he, as fate would have it tide,
 That moment sauntered by.
 His eyes were blue and hers were brown,
 With drooping fringe of jet;
 And he looked up as she looked down,
 And so their glances met.
*Things as strange, I dare to say,
 Happen somewhere every day.*

* To the present generation it may not be unnecessary to state, that Botany Bay is the old name for the place of "transportation beyond the seas." "Australia" is a name coined since the early days of repeal. In Cook's Voyages of Discovery, it is stated that the name Botany Bay was given to the place in consequence of the number of strange plants and flowers found there by Dr. Solander (if I remember rightly). To give an instance of the playful spirit in which the Irish treat the most serious matters, I am tempted to trespass on the space usually allowed to a note; but redundancy is better than baldness. A gentleman issuing from the court where the Judge was delivering a somewhat lengthy address to some prisoners he was sentencing to transportation, was accosted by a friend, who asked what was going on inside—"Oh," says he, "Lord —— became so scientific that I got tired and came away." "How, scientific?" said the other. "Oh," answered he, "he is delivering a lecture on Botany." I remember, too, when a new pile of building was added to the Trinity College, Dublin, for additional chambers for the students, that they, in consequence of its being in a somewhat out-of-the-way place, called it "*Botany Bay*." Oh, merry Ireland! Fun presides in all your temples—those of the Muse and Justice included.—SAMUEL LOVER.

A mile beyond the straggling street,
 A quiet pathway goes;
 And lovers here are wont to meet,
 As all the country knows.
 Now she one night at half-past eight
 Had sought that lonely lane,
 When *he* came up, by will of fate,
 And so they met again.
Things as strange, I dare to say,
Happen somewhere every day.

The parish church, so old and gray,
 Is quite a sight to see;
 And he was there at ten one day,
 And so, it chanced, was she.
 And while they stood, with cheeks aflame,
 And neighbours liked the fun,
 In stole and hood the parson came,
 And made the couple one.
Things as strange, I dare to say,
Happen somewhere every day.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE: *Poor Folks' Lives.*

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

[“The Brazen Head” was the title of a magazine, founded by Charles Knight, with the active co-operation of Praed. The “Brazen Head” was a bust to which the Friar, introduced as a sort of permanent monologist, was wont to address himself in his thinkings aloud.]

The HEAD chaunts:—

I THINK, whatever mortals crave,
 With impotent endeavour,—
 A wreath, a rank, a throne, a grave,—
 The world goes round for ever:
 I think that life is not too long;
 And therefore I determine,
 That many people read a song
 Who will not read a sermon.

I think you've looked through many hearts,
And mused on many actions,
And studied Man's component parts,
And Nature's compound fractions :
I think you've picked up truth by bits
From foreigner and neighbour ;
I think the world has lost its wits,
And you have lost your labour.

I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of Woman's eyes,
The poet's cherished laurel,
And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they all are bubbles.

I think the thing you call Renown,
The unsubstantial vapour
For which the soldier burns a town,
The sonneteer a taper,
Is like the mist which, as he flies,
The horseman leaves behind him ;
He cannot mark its wreaths arise,
Or if he does they blind him.

I think one nod of Mistress Chance
Makes creditors of debtors,
And shifts the funeral for the dance,
The sceptre for the fetters :
I think that Fortune's favoured guest
May live to gnaw the platters,
And he that wears the purple vest
May wear the rags and tatters.

I think the Tories love to buy
"Your Lordship"s and "your Grace"s,
By loathing common honesty,
And lauding commonplaces :
I think that some are very wise,
And some are very funny,
And some grow rich by telling lies,
And some by telling money.

I think the Whigs are wicked knaves—
(And very like the Tories)—

Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
And ask the price of glories :

I think that many fret and fume
At what their friends are planning,
And Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham
As much as Mr. Canning.

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots :

I think, while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to Town,
And rather more to Heaven.

I think that, thanks to Paget's lance,
And thanks to Chester's learning,
The hearts that burned for fame in France
At home are safe from burning :

I think the Pope is on his back ;
And, though 'tis fun to shake him,
I think the Devil not so black
As many people make him.

I think that Love is like a play,
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended :
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,
Like trade, exposed to losses,
And like a Highland plaid,—all stuff,
And very full of crosses.

I think the world, though dark it be,
Has aye one rapturous pleasure
Concealed in life's monotony,
For those who seek the treasure ;
One planet in a starless night,
One blossom on a briar,
One friend not quite a hypocrite,
One woman not a liar !

I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
 Rich beggars court St. Stephen;
 And Death looks down with nods and smiles,
 And makes the odds all even:
 I think some die upon the field,
 And some upon the billow,
 And some are laid beneath a shield,
 And some beneath a willow.

I think that very few have sighed
 When Fate at last has found them,
 Though bitter foes were by their side,
 And barren moss around them:
 I think that some have died of drought,
 And some have died of drinking;
 I think that nought is worth a thought,—
 And I'm a fool for thinking!

W. M. PRAED: *Poems*, Vol. II.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,
 That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
 In one continuous round of shopping;
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
 For all manner of things that a woman can put
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
 In front or behind—above or below:

For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;
 All of them different in colour and pattern—
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin ;
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
 Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal ;
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-frances robes to twenty-sous frills ;
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore ;
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
 Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo ;
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
 Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested
 Such particular interest, that they invested
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows
 Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those.
 Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
 Gave good-bye to the ship, and go-by to the duties.
 Her relations at home all marvell'd, no doubt,
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
 For an actual belle and a possible bride ;
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
 And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
 Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
 Had enter'd the port without any entry.
 And yet, though scarce three months have pass'd since
 the day
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
 This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
 The last time we met, was in utter despair,
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Power's Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, see had on a dress,
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decay'd, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whisper'd our love;
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes;
Or blushes or transports, or such silly actions—
It was one of the quietest business transactions;
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaim'd, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the
week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be,
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free;
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus woo'd Miss M'Flinsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night :
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I consider'd it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found, I won't say, I caught, her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it did'nt need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more ;
So, being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty and grace, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora look'd up with a pitiful air,
And answer'd quite promptly, "Why Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there ;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear!"
"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are ;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon." I stopp'd, for her eye
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Open'd on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade";
 (Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
 "Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—
 "That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown moiré antique"—"Yes, and look like a
 Quaker;"

"The pearl-coloured"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-
 maker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
 As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dress'd like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;

That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich grenadine"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flush'd.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crush'd

Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turn'd the head of the head of the nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I ripp'd out something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though; but to use an expression

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling

Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh, you men have no
 feeling!

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers—

Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is !
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities ?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me " (here the nose went still higher).
" I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot ;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief.
But this only proved a spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder ;
It blew and it rain'd, thunder'd, lighten'd, and hail'd
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite fail'd
To express the abusive ; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears ;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an observation
Was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say.
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and side-walk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs, in my own easy chair ;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear ?
Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject ; and find to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of " Nothing to wear."

Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few :
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion near the same place,
Was found a deplorable heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
In a neighbouring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long-continued, of camels'-hair shawls ;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets ;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable ;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific ;
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars ;
And all, as to style, most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic,
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic ;
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for
days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets ;
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance.

One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear;
And when she proposed to finish the season

At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,

Except that the waters were good for his gout.
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.
But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe! Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,

And spur up humanity into a canter

To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.

Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?

Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,

Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter Cooper

The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name

In the union unending of honour and fame;

And found a new charity just for the care.

Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear;

Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claim'd,

The Laying-out Hospital well might be named?

Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,

Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?

Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,

And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,

Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,

Won't someone discover a new California?

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day

Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,

From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,

And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,

To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt

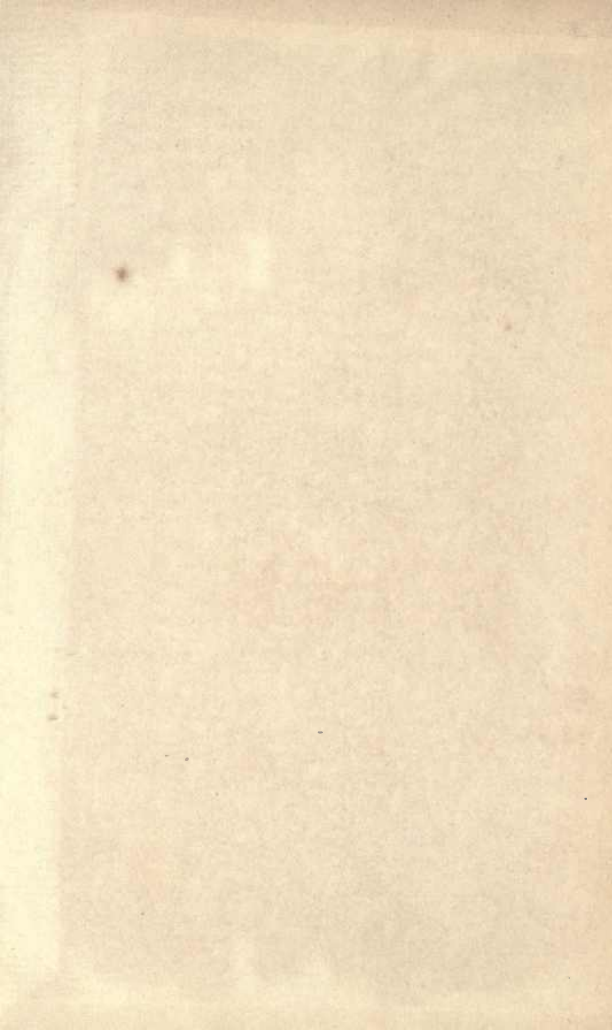
Their children have gather'd, their city have built;

Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair ;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broider'd skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street ;
Here the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor ;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door !
Then home to your wardrobes, and say—if you dare—
Spoil'd Children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear !

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime ;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love ;
Oh, daughters of Earth ! foolish virgins, beware !
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear !

WILLIAM ALLAN BUTLER: *Nothing to Wear.*

END OF VOL. I.





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